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ART. I.—THE KNIGHTS-TEMPLARS.

1. *Dupuy.—Traitez concernant l'Histoire de France, sçavoir la condamnation des Templiers, &c.* 4to. Paris. 1654.
2. *Gurtlerii.—Historia Templorum.* 8vo. Amsterdam. 1703.
3. *Alexandre Ferreira.—Memorias e noticias da celebre Ordem dos Templarios.* 2 Vols., 4to. Lisboa. 1735.
4. *Histoire critique et apologétique de l'Ordre des Chevaliers du Temple de Jérusalem, dits des Templiers.* Par feu le R. P. M. J. [le Père Lejeune], &c. 2 Vols., 4to. Paris. 1739.
5. *Copilaciõ de los establescimiẽtos spũales de la ordẽ de caualleria de Santiago.* 8vo. (black letter.) Valladolid. 1527.
6. *Cronica de la Orden de Alcantara.* Su Autor el Lic. Frey don Alonso de Torres y Tapia. Madrid. 1763.

THERE are few episodes connected with the history of the Middle Ages, which were in themselves so striking, or in their results so important, as the great effort made by the nations of Western Europe about the commencement of the eleventh century for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Saracens, under which title the Mohammedan conquerors of the East were, by a strange confusion of names, then designated, or subsequently for the defence of the Christian kingdom established in Palestine by Godfroi de Bouillon and his successors. We, who talk learnedly of political economy, and affect to despise those who act from conscientious impulse, can with difficulty explain to ourselves that whole nations, kindreds, and tongues, should, almost at a moment's notice, sacrifice home, comfort, and everything that makes life dear, for the sake of a religious conviction, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, for a

religious feeling; but it is certain that, at the period to which we refer, Europe was ready and willing to dare all, and to risk all, for the sake of its religious belief, nay, that it even did perform, under the influence of that motive, some of the brightest deeds of its history. No doubt mankind even now would be able to make sacrifices as great as those made by their ancestors, were they solicited by a motive equally cogent; and, indeed, the various phases of the great wars caused by the French Revolution, prove that the spirit of national sacrifice has not become entirely extinct. Still there was a sublime grandeur, almost Quixotic in its character, about the mediæval movement, which is hard to be explained according to our modern notions, and which in its detailed action produced some of the most extraordinary modifications of the frame-work of society itself. For, in the first place, we are, at the present day, either too reasonable or too void of enthusiasm, to enter upon works of labour, sacrifice, and devotion, merely for the sake of an historical association, however holy it may be; yet the nations of Europe and of Asia were then perfectly willing to do and to die for the possession of lands which had to them no other interest beyond that of being consecrated to both Christians and Mohammedans by the foot-prints of those with whom, as both believed, God had held direct intercourse. Then, the effects of the wars undertaken for the possession of the cradle of our religion, were of surpassing importance in their influence upon the development of the civilization of the barbarian tribes who had recently overthrown the religion and the polity of ancient Rome, by reason of the communications which forcedly took place during their continuance, between the Western nations and the more refined inhabitants of the East, where the arts, sciences, and literature of Greece and Rome still survived, dimmed and obscure though they certainly were. It would require more space than we can now devote to these considerations, to trace in detail the "Influence of the Crusades;" and moreover Heeren's work under that title renders any such examination unnecessary. But the subsidiary episodes of the History of the Knights-Templars, and of some other of the military monks, appear to us to present so many point of general interest, which are, we fear, still so little known to the majority of English readers, as to justify us in calling attention to the works mentioned at the head of this notice; and from them we have collected some facts hitherto omitted in the more generally known works upon the subject. We propose, in fact, to make a few remarks upon the principles and the fortunes of some of those important institutions.

Shortly after the official adoption of the Christian religion by Constantine the Great, stimulated by his mother's zealous attempts

to discover the relics of the founders of our faith, the passion for pilgrimages to the Holy Land seems to have taken strong hold of the popular mind amongst the Christian nations of the West. During the early periods of the Mohammedan conquest of Asia Minor, that is to say between 637 and 1065, the Arabian princes, who carried forward the work of the Prophet, do not appear to have interfered seriously with the security, or with the religious observances of the pilgrims who flocked to the scenes of the Passion. They are stated, on the contrary, after the conquest of Syria, rather to have encouraged a zeal from which they extracted a revenue, by means of a species of capitation-tax; and certainly the various foundations, or charities, organized by the Christians of the East for the relief of visitors to the holy places, were respected, even if not directly patronized, by the Saracenic rulers of Syria. Amongst the most remarkable of these foundations was the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem; but in the commencement it was solely a charitable institution, and such it remained so long as the Saracenic dominion continued; nor did it assume the military character of the Knights of St. John until after the events had occurred which gave rise to the first Crusade. During the desperate struggle in South-Western Europe between the Christians, and the Moors and Arabs—a struggle, for a long time evenly balanced, or rather in which the advantage for a time leant towards the Arabs, who succeeded in establishing themselves in Spain, Sicily, the islands of the Mediterranean, and the south of France—the religious enthusiasm of the Christian warriors was employed almost exclusively in the attempt to repel the invasion of their native lands. The history of the kingdom of Aquitaine, indeed, is almost exclusively composed of the phases of the struggle between the Arabs and the Christian tribes in the period which elapsed between the years 715 and 1019; and it is worthy of remark here, that the organization of military monks prevailed amongst the Arabs of Spain and of the East long before it was adopted by the Latin Christians. About the middle of the eleventh century, however, the onward movement of the Saracenic wave of invasion had been effectually checked in South-Western Europe; and it also happened that in 1065, the government of Syria was wrested from the more refined and humane Arabian tribes by the fierce and intolerant Turcomans, who took and sacked Jerusalem, butchering the garrison placed there by the Sultan of Egypt, the inhabitants of the town, and the pilgrims. All the sacred edifices were destroyed by these ruthless invaders, except the Holy Sepulchre; and *that* was only retained for the sake of the tax levied upon its visitors, who, however, were treated by the fierce conquerors with every imaginable cruelty and indignity. Gerard, the

master of the Hospital of St. John at the period of this invasion, appears, however, to have performed the duties of his office so nobly, that he almost alone was spared from the general doom; but the property of the hospital was seized, its various establishments closed, and even Gerard himself was thrown into prison.

For about twenty years the Christian nations of Europe supported patiently the insults and cruelties inflicted upon their pilgrims by the new masters of Syria, until at last their feelings of indignation found an exponent in Peter the Hermit. That extraordinary man had visited the Holy Sepulchre in person, and was thus an eye-witness of its profanation, and of the sufferings of his Christian brethren;—of scenes, in fact, which roused in his excited mind one of those strange contagious "madnesses which," in their turn, "make mankind mad." He obtained, therefore, as an introduction to the mission he conferred upon himself, letters to the Pope Urban II., successor and disciple of Gregory VII., who at once—partly from policy, and, no doubt, also partly from conviction—entered warmly into the scheme suggested by the Hermit, of organizing a collective effort of the Latin Christians for the purpose of wresting the holy places from the hands of the Infidels. Urban received Peter as a prophet, and set in motion every power under his control to add to the weight and influence of the preaching of that wild enthusiast, who was thus enabled, shortly after his return from the East, to rouse the spirit of the Crusades; or, in other words, to urge Europe into a general holy war with Asia, which lasted, with various fortunes, for more than two hundred years.

Peter the Hermit and a certain Gaultier-sans-Avoir placed themselves at the head of the first body of volunteers who offered to attempt the rescue of the Holy Land; but as they were totally incapable of establishing any discipline or organization amongst the immense multitude which had joined them, it cannot afford grounds for surprise that the result of this undertaking should simply have been to sacrifice 300,000 men, without securing any one object, or inflicting any serious injury upon the common enemy. The second expedition mustered its forces in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, and was reviewed by Alexis, the reigning Greek emperor, in May, 1097. It is said that on this occasion it numbered not less than 600,000 fighting men, besides a countless host of unarmed pilgrims,—a body, be it observed, which, with all the means and appliances of modern commissariats, we should find it difficult to support in the field —if we may judge by the recent experience of the Crimean campaigns—but which was so immeasurably in excess of the military organization of the particular period, that, after two

years of fighting and marching, only 40,000 men survived to lay siege to Jerusalem. The resistance offered by the Turks, in this crowning operation of the war, was desperate: at length, however, European valour prevailed, and the city was taken by storm on the 15th of July, 1099, when the Crusaders amply returned the lesson taught them by the Infidels—nay, even may be said to have surpassed the latter in cruelty and wanton mischief. For three days the excited victors indulged in a general and indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants and garrison, sparing neither sex nor age; and then, forsooth, these bloodthirsty disciples of Him who came upon earth to proclaim "Peace and good-will towards men," walked in procession, bareheaded and barefooted, to His tomb. Alas! for the contradictions of the human race.

In order to retain the prize so hardly won, the Christians left a portion of their army in Jerusalem, under the conduct of Godfrey of Boulogne; but the measures so adopted were not sufficient to secure the peaceful occupation of the new kingdom, and Godfrey passed the remainder of his life in a strange turmoil of foreign wars or domestic privations. One of the earliest measures of the King of Jerusalem, however, was to restore to the religious institutions the property they had possessed before the invasion of the Turcomans; amongst others, to the Hospital of St. John. Very shortly afterwards, and during the mastership of Raimond Dupuy, the Christian nobles appear to have altered and extended the objects of the monastic order connected with that institution, and to have introduced an imitation of the military monks of the Saracens, for the purpose of defending the hospitals and roadside stations committed to their charge, against the attacks of the Infidels, who were not kept in check by the feeble garrisons of the King of Jerusalem. Such fixed posts, however, did not suffice for the protection of the pilgrims, who were constantly exposed to the insolence and the violence of the Infidels during their passage between the stations; and to such a pitch, indeed, did these annoyances at length reach, that, in 1118, Hugo de Paganis, Godfrey de Sto.-Andomaro, and seven other French knights, formed themselves into an institution for the express purpose of escorting the pilgrims from the sea-coast to Jerusalem, and of protecting them from the dangers of the road. This institution met with great support from the King of Jerusalem, and from the ecclesiastical authorities; and Baldwin, who had succeeded Godfrey upon the uneasy throne of Palestine, gave the new body of military monks a part of the Temple as the seat of their order—from which circumstance they assumed the name of Knights-Templars. It was some years, however, before the

Templars obtained sufficient influence to render themselves independent of the Hospitallers, as the military monks of the Hospital of St. John were called; for at first they were not regularly enrolled, nor did they receive any definite organization: they simply bound themselves by vow, before the Patriarch of Jerusalem, to the ordinary monastic rules of chastity and obedience, and the renouncing of their individual right of action into the hands of their master, in order the more effectually to advance the security and prosperity of the Christian kingdom in Palestine. About 1128, Hugo de Paganis, who had been sent into Europe to revive the declining ardour of the Crusaders, obtained from Pope Honorius and the Council of Troyes an official recognition of the new order; and St. Bernard of Clairvaux was appointed by the Pope to draw up its statutes, which he did in a manner singularly characteristic of the ignorance, and the fierce, yet sincere, devotion of the period, and in accordance with the ambitious views of the Court of Rome, always anxious to have under its immediate control its own military force in countries under its spiritual sway.

The progress of the order of the Templars was extremely rapid after it had been thus regularly organized, and in a very few years it became the refuge of the earnestly devout nobles of all the Christian nations of Europe who were not in daily contact with the Arabs. Since Cervantes wrote his sublime burlesque, it has been the fashion to ignore the existence of chivalrous feelings as the guiding principles of nations; but during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, it is certain that those feelings were sufficiently general to impress a strongly marked character upon society; nor can it be a matter of surprise that, under such circumstances, an order which gave vent to the love of war and adventure which prevailed amongst the military class, whilst it also gave to their actions the excuse of religion and the sanction of priests,—it cannot be a matter of surprise that such an order should at once seize violent hold upon popular sympathies. The immediate result of the preaching of Hugo de Paganis was, that he returned to Jerusalem with a large accession of of numbers to his fraternity, and during the next century the numbers, the wealth, and the power of the Templars continued to increase. To relate their history would be to relate that of the Crusades, for they were so involved in the various phases of that struggle as to identify their fortunes with those of the Latin kingdom of Palestine. The tale, too, would be a weary and disgusting one, we fear; for the heroism of these wars was the exception, not the rule; and the *Pullani*, or the Latin Christians of Palestine certainly forgot within a very short period the valour and the unity of faith and purpose of

the original conquerors, whilst the various orders of military monks seem to have busied themselves far more with their internecine quarrels than with the defence of the kingdom of Jerusalem. At the end of the twelfth century, indeed, the Templars already gave the inhabitants of Palestine reasons for suspecting the sincerity of their conduct; but for some time longer they remained in possession of popular favour in Europe, and even at times they co-operated in an energetic and successful manner with the later Crusades. It may, therefore, suffice to mention briefly, that after Paganis and his friends had obtained the sanction of Rome to their organization of the order of the Temple, the leaders of the Hospital of St. John thought it advisable to adopt a similar set of rules, and to originate an analogous order under the name of the Knights of St. John, or the Hospitallers; but, unfortunately, after a few years these two orders of military monks arrayed themselves in violent antagonism to one another. The Teutonic Knights were incorporated upon nearly the same principles as the Templars and the Hospitallers; and, like them, devoted their efforts principally to the defence of the kingdom of Palestine; whilst the religious zeal of the military classes of the Peninsula found vent in the orders of St. Jago, of Calatrava, and of Alcantara, to which we shall hereafter have occasion to refer.

The Crusades themselves, and the attempts of the Latin Christians to maintain the kingdom of Palestine, were amongst the natural consequences of the religious belief of the nations of Western Europe during the Middle Ages, and of the antagonism which at a very early period displayed itself between Christianity and Islamism. The almost simultaneous establishment of the orders of military monks is a phenomenon of nearly equal interest to that attached to the Crusades; and it seems to us that M. Fauriel is correct in his explanation of the origin, when he attributes it mainly to the desire of the warlike classes of feudal society to appropriate to themselves the guidance of the religious enthusiasm promoted by the church. Such, indeed, became the ruling principle of the chiefs of these orders within a very short period from their establishment; and we must seek for the explanation of the jealousy with which they were regarded at an early period of their career, by both the royal and ecclesiastical powers, in the fact of their having become in a very peculiar manner the faithful expression of the wild independence, and of the ill-regulated valour of the feudal nobles. So long as the military orders consented to follow the inspiration of the Church of Rome, they were regarded by that ambitious court as valuable auxiliaries, or at least as useful vents for the uneasy spirits of the West. But when they had

increased in wealth and influence to such an extent as to be able to entertain visions of temporal and spiritual independence, the military orders became objects of dread to the other powers of the state; and these feelings soon gave rise to more active sentiments of hatred. Prosperity and popular favour had, it may be observed, produced their usually demoralizing effects upon the religious orders of monks, and insensibly they had cast aside the nobler part of the principles upon which they were founded; that is to say, they had ceased to represent the religious enthusiasm of the military classes of feudal Europe, and had become simply bodies of organized soldiers without allegiance to, or dependence upon, any of the social powers around them. Evidently bodies so constituted and governed could not co-exist with the regular development of civilization; especially when the kingdom of Palestine itself, which they were avowedly instituted to defend, had been destroyed, and the feeling for the Crusades had effectually been extinguished; and we, therefore, find that very shortly after the failure of the expiring efforts of the crusading spirit under St. Louis and our own Edward I., nearly all the governments of Western Europe began to conspire against the existence of these anomalous bodies. The Knights of St. John very wisely acted in such a manner as to disarm the enmity of the church and of the royal power, by assuming an arduous and dangerous post at Rhodes, in the direct path of the Mohammedan conquerors of Syria. The Teutonic Knights turned their energies against the barbarian tribes upon the north-eastern frontiers of the German Empire, and after a singular career of invasion, merged into the general political organization of their adopted country. But the Templars, whilst abandoning the struggle in the East, attempted to retain and increase their power in the states of Western Europe; and, indeed, on some occasions, they seem to have made so ostentatious a display of their wealth and influence, as to explain, if not absolutely to justify, the growing jealousy and dislike, which finally led to their suppression in the tragic manner recorded in the various authors cited at the head of this article, or in Raynouard's, Michelet's, or Addison's works upon the subject. For instance, during the struggle between the monarchical and the ecclesiastical powers, which took place both in England and in France about the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth centuries, the Templars arrayed themselves very indiscreetly upon the side of the popes, even whilst they endeavoured to render themselves independent of the Roman See; so that, in fact, they placed themselves in antagonism with both the principles which were contending for supremacy in Europe. From the gradual disappearance of the

circumstances which had given rise to the Crusades, the necessity for the existence of such bodies as the military monks had also disappeared, unless it were in Spain and in Portugal; and under such circumstances the rulers of Western Europe must, sooner or later, have felt the necessity for suppressing institutions so fraught with danger to regular national governments as these wealthy, independent, military republics established in the very heart of their dominions. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of surprise that a needy, unprincipled, and ambitious monarch like Philippe le Bel, should have conceived the project for the destruction of the Templars: that he should have been able to effect it in the manner he did, must be considered at least to prove that the order had entirely lost its hold upon popular support; or, rather, that it had incurred popular hatred to an extraordinary degree. It had, indeed, survived the period of its natural existence, and would appear to have excited very general jealousy, if not even positive antipathy, amongst both the civil and the religious authorities of the day, and amongst the public at large; for otherwise it would be impossible to explain the countenance and the active support given by Pope Clement V. and the various governments of Europe to the violent proceedings of the French king against an institution so much more closely allied to the pontifical court than it was to any of the civil governments of Europe.

There are some curious traditions which have come down to us from the Middle Ages, and which certainly indicate that the order of the Templars had greatly fallen away from the virtues of its original members: the often quoted tale of the reply of our Richard Cœur de Lion to Foulques, when reproached by him with the vices of his court, designated by that holy man under the title of the King's three daughters, Pride, Debauchery, and Avarice; in which he said that "he had already parted with his daughter, Pride, to the Templars." This tale, whether authentic or not, shows that the order was generally believed to be open to the reproach of pride at a very early period of its history. At all times the jealousy between the Templars and Hospitallers had proved a serious source of evil to the struggling kingdom of Jerusalem; whilst the lukewarmness of the former during the expedition of Cœur de Lion, and their positive treachery against Frederic II. of Germany, together with their frequent interferences between the popes and the monarchs of Europe (as in the dispute between our John and Innocent III.), had combined to alienate from these soldiers of the Cross the popular favour they still unquestionably enjoyed at the commencement of the thirteenth century. But it seems to be equally certain that the wealth of the Templars was the most

powerful temptation to the mediæval kings. Our own feeble and unprincipled Henry III. gave indications, as early as 1250, of his desire to appropriate the resources of the order. There were one or two partial attempts at their confiscation at later periods; but the immediate temptation to destroy the Templars is usually said to have been suggested to the mind of Philip the Fair by the events which took place in Paris in 1303. On that occasion the French king, who had excited a very furious popular commotion by one of his frequent interferences with the coinage of his realm, was forced to take refuge in the buildings of the Temple—destined, singularly enough, to be, nearly five hundred years afterwards, the scene of the sufferings inflicted upon his descendant by the Paris mob. Philip would appear then to have been struck with the power, wealth, and organization of the Knights; and historians even insinuate that he saw reason to suspect, from the ease with which the Templars stilled the popular commotion, that they, who were to some extent, guardians of the royal treasure, had been engaged in exciting it. Philip, nevertheless, dissembled his intentions for a time, and even in October, 1304, he published on act, quoted verbally by Raynouard in his "Memoires Historiques relatifs à la condamnation des Chevaliers du Temple," (Paris, 1813, page 14), in which Philip speaks in terms of praise of the good deeds of the order, and actually confers marks of his special favour upon it, and upon its members, for whom he expresses a particular regard. Jaques de Molai, the last Grand Master of the Temple, is described by Dupuy, who warmly defends Philip the Fair and Clement, and by Gurtlerius, the Dutch historian of the Templars, who took a more Protestant and less favourable view of these transactions, in which the pope and the eldest son of the church played so very equivocal a part, as having been a good soldier, and free from reproach, before the destruction of his order had been determined on by its needy, unprincipled enemies. Political considerations must, therefore, we think, be considered to have mainly influenced those who moved in this most important matter of the suppression of an institution which was characteristic of the faith and feelings of a state of society no longer in existence; and the subsequent measures adopted by the leaders of European politics in this fearfully dark period of human history were marked by all the violence, the injustice, and the cold-blooded cruelty we might have been led to expect from their previous hypocrisy and cowardice. At the present day, the accusations brought against the Templars only excite a smile of contempt for the age which could have allowed them to have been recorded against a body of gentlemen, such as the Knights must have been; whilst the various steps of their trial,

whether recorded by friend or by foe, prove that every effort was made to cripple the defence of the accused, and that every method of open violence, or of moral seduction, was resorted to, in order to ensure a confession of the heinous crimes laid to the charge of the body which both king and pontiff were so anxious to suppress. Even in France itself, the proceedings against the Templars, before the ordinary tribunals of the country, notoriously corrupt as these were during the Middle Ages, do not seem to have satisfied the jealous and vindictive French monarch, and he transferred the process to a new tribunal presided over by Philippe de Marigny, archbishop of Sens, and brother of Enguerraud de Marigny, his unscrupulous but able minister. This packed body of judges were, however, obliged to resort to the torture of the unfortunate victims submitted to them for trial, in order to extort confessions or revelations sufficient to justify the proceedings of the enemies of the Templars; whilst in other lands, as in England, in Germany, Spain, or Portugal, both the administrative and the judicial authorities interfered as actively as they dared, or their avarice would allow them, in defence of the order the Pope had made up his mind to sacrifice. We confess candidly that the suppression of the Templars is to us a great mystery, especially when the spirit of the times in which it was effected is taken into account; and really we believe that unless the previous conduct of the order had estranged public feeling from them to a most remarkable extent, it would have been impossible even for such bold bad men as Philip the Fair and Clement V. to have destroyed it. In fact, the institution must have become morally defunct before its legal suppression, or the violent, illegal proceedings of its spoliators would have done little else than rouse popular opinion and popular support in its favour.

The closing scene of the history of the Knights-Templars, though very sad, is not without its moral dignity or its absorbing interest. Nearly all the Knights in France were arrested at the same time, and nearly all remained true to their order. Some of them, Jacques de Molai amongst the number, fell away for a time under the fierce and bitter trial of the torture, and, under the influence of acute pain, confessed to imaginary crimes, or to malpractices which could only have existed in the morbid imaginations of their persecutors. As soon, however, as the torture ceased, De Molai and his colleagues withdrew their declarations, and protested loudly in favour of the purity and worth of their order; nor when actually put to a shameful, a lingering, and a painful death, did they subsequently modify their testimony in favour of the cause they had espoused, and for which they suffered. The im-

prisonment, and the death of De Molai upon the Parvis Notre-Dame of Paris, constitute one of the most interesting episodes in mediæval history; and even the most enthusiastic defenders of the conduct of the French king have been unable to bring any of the ordinary charges against the Templars to bear against him personally; yet imprisonment, torture, and a frightful death at the stake, were the portion of this man, who had striven so hard in his day to support the Christian cause in its struggle with the second advancing flood of Mohammedanism, destined within so short a period to overthrow the ruins of the Roman Empire in the East, and to endanger the security of Austria, Italy, and Poland. Raynouard, the Père Lejeune, Dupuy himself, and Gurtlerius, agree substantially in their records of the latter days of the Grand Master, who redeemed the weakness of a few moments by a subsequent noble martyrdom in defence of the reputation of an order "to which," as he said, "he owed so much." Many of his colleagues suffered with De Molai; and it is sickening to read of the punishment of the men who could utter such bold protestations of their innocence as are recorded in the Appendix of Raynouard's "Monuments Historiques, &c.," and which were justified by the subsequent behaviour of the courts of England and of Portugal, or even by that of Rome itself, under John XXII.; for by all those monarchs the accused brethren of those who had before suffered, were provided for, in some way or other, out of the funds seized from their colleagues; although it is to be observed that their respective governments had not protested, in an energetic manner, against the violence of the persecution during the lifetimes of the king and of the pope from whom it originated. The moral of the whole tale, however, seems to be, that so long as the religious and chivalrous feelings of the nations of Western Europe were able to support the spirit of the crusades; so long, in fact, as those nations felt it to be their policy to repel the advances of Mohammedanism, by an attack upon the very centre of its strength—so long were the orders of military knights political necessities. When those nations, however, felt themselves secure from all immediate danger of the spread of Islamism, and when the gradual development of civilization and of regular government had convinced reasoning men of the political dangers of the chivalrous feudal system, the institutions, which were alike founded upon the crusading and the chivalrous spirits, no longer continued to represent any of the vital feelings of society. By a species of natural reaction, those bodies having thus ceased to represent or to identify themselves with the feelings of their contemporaries, were soon regarded with feelings of dislike and positive hatred, on account of their

wealth and dangerous independence; and though, no doubt, the precise course adopted by Philip the Fair, in suppressing the order of the Temple, met with the partial reprobation of his own, and the general reprobation of subsequent generations, still the countenance he then actually received, and the various judgments of posterity upon the policy of his conduct, may be cited as explanations of actions which were, after all, by no means extraordinary in those days of violence, cruelty, and contempt of moral considerations.

Before turning from this part of our subject, we would remark, that it is singular that the "History of the Condemnation of the Templars" should have been again brought before the reading public of Europe by Raynouard during the reign of the first Napoleon, who had been so instrumental in the destruction of the order of St. John. What a remarkable law seems to be at work by which chivalrous France, as she loves to call herself, is doomed to destroy all forms of chivalry, either in the case of the Languedoc nobles or of the Templars in the Middle Ages, or of the *ancienne noblesse* or of the Knights of St. John in more modern times! And it is equally curious that almost the only work containing an apology for the suppression of the Templars—Dupuy's "Histoire de la Condamnation, &c.," was, moreover, by a strange coincidence, written during the portion of the reign of Louis XIV. in which the "Grand Monarque" was under the influence of the plebeian ministers, who established the despotism of the royal administration at the expense of local independence. The Dutchman Gurtlerius appears to have arrived at the same conclusions as our own Fuller upon the merits of the Templars, and the value of the accusations against them. The author of the "Histoire Critique and Apologétique de l'Ordre des Chevaliers du Temple," Du Cange, Raynouard, the writers of the *feuilleton* of the *Journal de l'Empire* (20 and 22 Août, 1813), of the *Journal des Savantes*, and of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, Fauriel, the author of the work upon the "Secret Societies of the Middle Ages," and Mr. Addison agree, in the main, in the opinion that the Templars were sacrificed to the avarice, or the political designs, of the monarchs who participated in their persecution; and from their testimony we are justified in stating that, notwithstanding Dupuy's and Von Hammer's apology for Philip and Clement, those rulers must, in the opinion of all impartial men, be considered at least to have suppressed an institution which had become partially obsolete in a very violent and unjust manner. As literary productions, the works cited at the head of this article as bearing more particularly upon the history of the Templars,

are not, we fear, of a character to inspire much interest amongst modern readers. They are prolix, unsystematic, and rarely redeemed by forcible pictures of the manners, customs, and modes of thought of the period they are intended to illustrate. Perhaps Gurtlerius's book is the most "readable" of those mentioned, inferior though it certainly is in interest to Raynouard's defence of the order as a narrative, or to the "Histoire Critique and Apologétique" as an account of the fates of a body once so powerful. Ferreira's "Memorias da Ordem dos Templarios," it is true, contain much curious information upon their history; but they are written in a diffuse, involved style, which would repulse any ordinary reader. The collection of bulls granted to the order, forms, nevertheless, a very valuable historical record; and on its account, as well as on account of the information they contain with respect to the history of the Portuguese military order of Christ, Ferreira's Memoirs must always be consulted by those who are anxious to appreciate the real character of the institution of the Temple, and of the age in which it arose, flourished, and was finally dispersed. Like a true son of the church, we may add, Ferreira slurs over the crowning iniquity of the latter deed, and discreetly avoids recording the disgraceful conduct of the pope, by declaring that he had not courage to record the sad tale, and by asking, as a subterfuge or excuse for his silence, "Quis talia fando temperet a lacrymis?" Does not the existence of such unreasoning orthodoxy in the eighteenth century throw a strange light upon the probable state of public opinion in the fourteenth? and does it not to some extent enable us to explain the passive manner in which the nations of Western Europe assisted at the infliction of Clement's monstrous injustice upon a body supposed to be directly under papal authority? It is true that in the fourteenth century itself, Dante described Clement as a "Pastor senza legge;" but the fiery old Florentine does not allude even to this important passage in his life, nor does he reproach even Philip with the suppression of the order of the Templars, although he was certainly but little disposed to spare the reputation of the French king, who had been so instrumental in removing the seat of the papal authority from Rome to Avignon.

In Fauriel's "Histoire de la Poesie Provençale," that elegant author calls attention to a passage in Condé's "Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España," in which the existence of a class of military monks, under the name of *rabites*, is shown to have formed a part of the political organization of the Moorish empire of Spain, at least a hundred years before the orders of the Templars or of the Hospitallers were established

y the Latin Christians. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of urprise that the Christian kingdoms of Spain should have dopted the system upon which they were founded, and have reated other institutions of the same description, to assist them n the long and arduous struggle they went through before the Mohammedans were finally expelled from the Peninsula. Nevertheless, the foundation of the military orders of Spain is aid to have been more recent even than that of the orders who nade Palestine the seat of their efforts to resist the spread of he Mohammedan power; and it was not until 1156 that Alonso VII. and Pope Adrian IV. established the first of those nstitutions in Spain, under the name of the Knights of San Julian del Perero, who were subsequently and more generally nown by the title of the Knights of Alcantara. The order of Calatrava was established in 1158, by Sancho and Alexander II., nd both these bodies were thus organized at the time when the resh irruption of the Moors under the Almohadean caliphs xposed the feeble Christian kingdoms of the Peninsula to enewed danger. It may perhaps be worthy of remark that ome of the early ecclesiastical historians attribute to Garcias VI. f Navarre, the institution of the order of the Lily, in the year 1048; but the learned author of the "Histoire des Ordres Monastiques," published by Cogniard (Paris, 1714), distinctly sserts that no military and religious bodies of this description were in existence before the middle of the twelfth century. The evidence of Favin and of Giustiniani is certainly not of such an irreproachable character as to warrant us in believing it against their painstaking but anonymous contradictor, who, by the way, we learn from Brunet, was Le Père Helyot; yet we confess that the contact of the Spanish rulers with the *rabites* induces us to believe, more readily than the French authors of the time of Louis XIV. did, in the possibility of the existence of such bodies of Christian military monks in that country, at a much earlier period than in the rest of Europe. However this may be, it is certain that the various little kingdoms of the Peninsula produced numerous orders of this description after the twelfth century; and the orders of St. Jago de Compostella, de Avis, da Christo, della Banda, &c., were successively established for the defence of important strategical points, or for the more general purpose of carrying on the war against the Infidels.

There seem to have been these distinctions between the orders of military monks which existed in Spain, and the more European orders of the Templars, Hospitallers, and Teutonic Knights, viz., that the objects of the former were local, and that they themselves were contented to play subordinate political

parts in the affairs of their countries. The Spanish and Portuguese sovereigns appear also to have regarded the mastership of these bodies as susceptible of becoming important political appointments, and, therefore, they very wisely took care to retain them in their own hands. As a natural consequence, the military orders of the Peninsula rarely, and even at the worst only inappreciably, opposed the policy of the civil powers, and they confined themselves to the distinct object for which they were instituted, the maintenance of a systematic warfare with the Moors. At the period of the suppression of the Templars, the most decided opposition to the violent proceedings of the pope, and of the French king, proceeded from the Portuguese and Arragonese monarchs. The king of Portugal even went so far as to create the military order of Christ expressly to receive the members of the persecuted order of the Temple; and he endowed that new body with all the lands and possessions of their predecessors in his dominions. It is true that in the Peninsula, the presence of the still powerful Moorish kingdom of Granada, in direct communication as it was with the restless tribes of Northern Africa, kept alive the spirit of active crusade, or of war against the Infidels, which had disappeared from Western Europe; and that both the Christian monarchs felt the necessity for retaining the orders of military monks, and that these in their turn were not tempted to exceed the limits of their duty. But insomuch as the kings of Spain and Portugal retained, nominally at least, the orders of military monks of the Middle Ages to a very recent period, it must be evident that their organization must have materially differed from that of the Templars, which really was suppressed because its existence, out of Palestine, was found to be incompatible with the progress of regular government in the kingdoms of Western Europe removed from actual contact with Mohammedanism.

There is, we would moreover observe, in the Copilaciõ and the Cronica we have cited at the head of this article, so strong a savour of the mystical enthusiasm of the Iberian race—a mysticism which could applaud the establishment of the Inquisition, originate the order of the Jesuits, and lead those nations to identify themselves with the Church militant in the most literal sense—that we are by no means surprised to find the orders of military monks existing to so much later a period amongst them. When Cervantes wrote his immortal novel, he no doubt felt keenly the absurdities into which the exaggerated mania for chivalry had led his countrymen; but, like most earnest, impressionable writers, he only saw one side of the picture, and overlooked the good which accompanied the evil, or the

absurdity, he wished to correct; and thus it happened that, in laughing away the stilted sentiments of chivalrous honour retained amongst his contemporaries by the traditions and institutions of former ages, he laughed away also, as Byron truly remarked, nearly all that was good and great amongst the individually noble Spanish race. It would be hard, indeed, to refer to two works more illustrative of the change which has taken place amongst the educated classes of the Peninsula, than those we have thus named; for in the Copilaciõ, with all its quaint archaisms, there is still much of the pure, earnest, active faith, and of the semi-oriental enthusiasm, of the Spaniard of the sixteenth century; whilst in the Cronica, there is also much of the lifeless imitation of the fearful Voltairian school which was in fashion during the reign of the early Bourbon kings; but without entering upon an elaborate investigation of these works, we refer to them, and to Ferreira's works, as indication of the existence of a great amount of popular sympathy with the military monks at a period when those bodies had disappeared almost entirely from men's thoughts in other countries. Yet it is easy to trace in these very works the growing conviction that the institutions, whose history and principles they recorded, had outlived their time, and were at last only retained as empty titles, or as recollections of periods of past national glory. Chivalry itself was but a brilliant meteor in the dark sky of the Middle Ages, and a very imperfect remedy for the evils and abuses of the feudal system. The orders of the military monks were equally feeble substitutes for the collective and organized efforts of Christian nations to resist the spread of Islamism, or to defend their subjects in the East; but they were the almost necessary consequences of the mixture of religious and warlike enthusiasm which prevailed amongst the better classes of the feudal nobility, and had no other mode of displaying itself. So soon as the governments of Christian Europe became strongly organized, the Mohammedan invasion checked, and feudalism had been overthrown, the causes which had called the military monks into corporate existence ceased to act, and they were soon swept aside. They were, however, we repeat, curious illustrations of the character, feelings, and belief of the ages during which they flourished; and during their chequered career in Palestine, Rhodes, and the Peninsula, were so singularly connected with the most important events of contemporary history, that they must always furnish a subject worthy of study and of interest to those who seek to discover the motives, or the characteristic exhibitions of the feelings, which actuate society. As a subsidiary consideration, we may add, that much of the literature connected with the history of the

military orders is of the most curious, and frequently of the most absorbing description, participating often in the charm of romance or of dramatic interest. They who like to indulge in "Hours with the Mystics," for instance, would find much food in the Copilaciō,—they who seek for more moving tales of war, of strife and persecution, will find them in the other works cited at the head of this article, or referred to in its course. We cannot conclude, however, without a glance at our own times, or without asking what is likely to be the opinion of society some five hundred years hence of our military orders—of the Bath, of the Legion of Honour, and of the Victoria Cross? Alas! men and nations seem only to tread in a constantly recurring circle of errors and follies, or these baubles would not continue to fascinate mankind.

Art. II.—PHANTASMATA.

Phantasmata; or, Illusions and Fanaticisms of Protean Forms Productive of Great Evils. By R. R. Madden, F.R.C.S., &c., Author of "Travels in the East," &c. 2 Vols. London: T. C. Newby. 1857.

The tricks of the imagination and the freaks of fancy are manifold and marvellous; marvellous, because setting the prescribed rules of physical knowledge at defiance, and erring beyond the penetration of the physiologist and metaphysician. "Fancy," says the quaint old Fuller, "is free from all engagements. It digs without spade, flies without wings, builds without charges, fights without bloodshed; in a moment striding from the centre to the circumference of the world; by a kind of omnipotence, creating and annihilating things in an instant; and things divorced by nature are married in fancy, as in a lawful place. It is also most restless; whilst the senses are bound, and reason in a manner asleep, fancy, like a sentinel, walks the round, never wearied. The chief diseases of the fancy are either that they are too wild and high-soaring, or else too low and grovelling, or else too desultory and over voluble." There are other freaks of the fancy, possessions of the mind, which are not dreamt of even in the philosophy of the fervent and faithful martyrologist. The failings, infirmities, and passions of mankind, as well as the disorders of the imagination to which the epidemic fanaticisms and frenzies so frequently mentioned in the pages of history, must be attributed, supply

abundant material for serious study, and Mr. Madden has made it his *specialité* to collect important evidence on the subject. To the psychologist, as well as to the divine, the results of Mr. Madden's labours are invaluable, since he has presented in a compendious and uniform mass, a variety of evidence on the eccentric operations of the mind, worthy to be patiently investigated. We cannot accord our author the praise of having arranged his materials in the most clear and orderly manner; but there it is, to be used by those who are interested in examining into the caprices of the intellect, and the origin of those monomanias and hallucinations which have deranged the brightest minds, and filled nations with alarm, perplexity, and mourning.

The violent frenzies which often excite the entire population of cities and kingdoms, no less than the undue excitement which betrays singularity in an individual, are but the symptoms of some special mental derangement. The madness of the various forms of fanaticism is not confined to individuals alone; it extends to communities, at times and intervals more or less widely separated. Such fanaticisms have all the distinguishing characteristics of epidemic mental disorders. We might enumerate amongst these the dread of witchcraft, which frequently during the Middle Ages, and even in later times, seized whole districts; the idiosyncrasy of the Begards; the Lycanthropists, or those who believed in wolf-transformation; the Flagellants, and numerous other sects, or rather, classes of men, women, and children which will readily occur to the mind of the student of ecclesiastical history. All these were maniacal epidemics. We may also notice other manifestations of popular frenzy. We might recognise as the diagnosis "a ferocious spirit of intolerance, a fierce and reckless zeal for party interests, or the triumph of extreme political opinions, shaped or influenced by some evil passion or selfish motive; or an insensate desire to plunge into gigantic speculations, or an unscrupulous aptness and promptitude to retrieve great failures by great frauds; and the crooked cleverness of a vigilant and astute cunning, fertile in expedients to evade detection." We may distinguish it also in a devouring eagerness for money that is not earned by honest industry, to supply wants that a false position has created; or in inordinate ambition and imperial pride, lust of power, and military renown, and territorial aggrandizement on the part of mighty states; or in a furious impulse to acts of violence and injustice, brutal and sanguinary on the part of great numbers of people who have truly become *les classes dangereuses de la societé*. Mr. Madden regards all these impulses

as monomanias—the offsprings of one strong, absorbing, ruling passion; and he further proceeds to state, that though the victims of these wild impulses may apparently be *mad* on only one of these points, that really the whole of the mental organism will be found on examination to be more or less affected by disease. The question is one of the highest importance, as involving the doctrine of moral responsibility. This is, however, a question that Mr. Madden, we believe, would by no means evade, and he partially meets it when he says, that "a man is well-constituted intellectually when his judgment retains its natural rectitude, and his moral sentiments and his affections maintain their due equilibrium. But once the faculties of the soul and of the understanding are overpowered or thrown into disorder by disease, he can no longer count on the fidelity of his senses, the justice of his ideas, or his reasonings. He can no longer confide in the motives on which his joys, his sorrows, his angers, his hatred are founded; nor rely on the reasons for which he acts in one way rather than in another. Hallucinations of various kinds ensue; and imagination dominated by disease, will eventually give a being, shape, and form, 'a local habitation and a name,' to fixed ideas and chimeras which are the productions of the brain. Blaise Pascal, one of the most profound thinkers of ancient or modern times, describes in his work on 'Des Puissances Trompeuses,' the imagination as 'the deceiving power in man, the mistress of error and falsehood, and so much the more deceptive, that it does not always seem so.'"

We might easily be led, were we so inclined, into a subject analogous to this, in fact, a branch of this very subject; that is, on the relation of the mind to the body, the connexion between the mental and corporeal functions, the influence of the one over the other. Sir Philip Crampton has brought his great powers to bear upon the phenomena of the mind, and in a learned treatise, separated those disorders of the imagination which belong exclusively to too active a fancy, from those "Bedlam fancies," as Fuller describes them, "whose conceits are Anticyrenes, and which ought to be left for the physician to cure with hellebore." That there is a reciprocal action has been proved beyond all doubt. "Long protracted grief," observes Dr. Crampton, "produces diseases of the liver, heart, and lungs; and the anatomist who examines the body which has sunk under the workings of a wounded spirit, will find the sentiment embodied in the disorganised liver, the tuberculated lungs, or the flaccid and extenuated heart. Again, diseases of physical origin in the heart, liver, or lungs excite the moral affections with which these organs are associated; thus a pal-

pitating heart fills the bosom with vague terrors, and a torpid liver entails all the horrors of hypochondriasis."

> "The yellow bile that on your bosom floats
> Engenders all these melancholy thoughts,"

is at least as good an authority in medicine as it is in poetry. Thus Dryden and the doctor agree.

It is remarkable that the greatest fanaticisms have not originated with the poor and the ignorant,—with those who live from hand to mouth, and whose minds it would, therefore, be reasonable to suppose were overwrought with anxiety. On the contrary, the chief fanatics, those who have become leaders amongst their fellow-men, have generally been persons of abilities and acquirements, but possessing, at the same time, considerable shrewdness and cunning. This then brings us to the question of education in reference to the regulation and control of the passions and the impulses of the mind. It is the daily experience of those anxious for the well-being of society, that intellectual education, though it developes and strengthens the faculties of the mind, is yet incapable of controlling the passions. Moreover, the powers of the imagination are inordinately exercised and enlarged, if there be not some restraint placed upon its *égarements*, by an education of another kind,—an education that has reference to our spiritual nature, to the heart and its affections, and which properly directs and keeps in check the aspirations of the soul. What wonder, then, that statesmen tremble for the future, when they recollect the amount of ignorance and spiritual destitution in our colossal towns and cities, where thousands and tens of thousands may be found who know nothing of the truths of religion, and are ignorant of the name of God and of Christ. At any moment a frenzy, a wild fancy may seize their imaginations, and what knowledge or what principles do they profess to fortify their judgments and throw their weight into the scale of reason? It was the axiom of an ancient lawgiver, that no government could be secure unless every citizen were instructed and persuaded that *there was a God and Divine Providence;* and we have seen it hinted in a recent number of an extensively circulated periodical, that one of the chief causes of the prevailing increase of madness in this country, is forgetfulness of the superintendence of God in the affairs of men. The politician, the merchant, the tradesman, are all absorbed in the one grand object of their life, to the exclusion of every other, until that object becomes fixed in their minds and exalted in their imaginations. The brain labours with the idea until it

becomes diseased with it. There is no rest, no relaxation, no cessation from toil. The mind is ever kept at boiling heat with the fever of speculation; the heart and its faculties become affected with the frenzy, till at length the equilibrium of the mind is shaken, the balance turns, and the scales of reason are upset. The imagination has never soared aloft into the bosom of God, and there sought repose. The fatigued spirit has never felt the soothing influence of the love of Christ. All its aims, all its aspirations have been material; it has had no confidence in God; it has ignored His providence; it has relied on its own strength; it has used its own natural faculties; and, at length, overtasked and broken, it has become a pitiable ruin. We might pause here for a moment to warn those who are rushing headlong in the career of gain, of the evil consequences of the race they run, of the pursuit they follow after, unless they mix with the thoughts of their business some thoughts of Him who gives them the strength to labour,—unless they mingle with their expectations for the morrow, *faith* in Him who "puts down the mighty from their seats, and exalteth them of low degree; who filleth the hungry with good things, and sends the rich empty away." Then, perhaps, they will remember that there is something better even than hoarding up heaps of treasure, or adding house to house, or following in the wake of a foolish, if not a wicked fashion. How much grief, how much anxiety, how much misery would be cancelled, if two-thirds of the people of this great country would resolve from to-day to live according to their means, and not according to the *mode* set them by their more affluent neighbours. How the poor overwrought brain—overwrought for what? but to keep up appearances—would rest! How the heavy and sad spirits of thousands would rejoice! How many a tender word would be spoken where now there is heard the voice of impatience and irritability! How many a victim would be saved from the fearful precincts of our lunatic asylums!

We trust our readers will excuse this digression. We are now about to introduce them to two celebrated visionaries, one laical, the other ecclesiastical, whose names and stories have been associated with the general history of their respective countries for several centuries — Santa Theresa, and Jeanne or Jeannette d'Arc. With Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, we suspect the English student is better acquainted than with one whose life belongs to the fortunes of the church of Fenelon and Pascal, who was persecuted by one party, and extolled as an inspired creature by the other during life; and who eventually, forty years after her death, became canonized by the Pope, and placed among the saints of the Calendar. A slight

sketch of their lives and professed visions will illustrate the kind of monomaniac influence to which both were subject.

Saint Therese was born at Avila, in Old Castile, in 1515, of a good family and pious parents. It appears, from a life written by herself, that from the time of her mother's death, when she was only twelve years of age, her religious instincts, if we may so call them, were very strong; and her friends from that day perceived that she assumed more of a saintly character. Having reached the age of fifteen, however, the fervour of her religious feelings and zeal cooled, and yet she felt that to die in her present state, would involve her eternal ruin. She became incomprehensible to her friends; and, apparently much against her own wishes, she was placed by her father in a convent. There she was frequently subject to attacks of illness. In a short time, however, becoming reconciled to her seclusion from the world, the old fervour of her religious feelings returned. Dangerous indisposition obliged her to quit the convent, after a residence there of a year-and-a-half. She returned to her father's house; where, after some time, a violent fever seized her, and on her recovery, fearing from her former experience the probability of renewed paroxysms, she determined on devoting herself to the life of a convent, and accordingly entered a Carmelite house, in the suburbs of Avila. She was then in her twentieth year.

"A sickness," says her biographer, "which seized her before her profession, increased on her very much after, with frequent fits of fainting and swooning, and a violent pain at her heart, *which sometimes deprived her of her senses.* Physicians finding no remedy for her extraordinary case, she was removed to her sister's house in the country, and remained there, nearly a year in the care of able physicians. She derived no benefit from them. She suffered from continual fever, that preyed on her nervous system. Sharp pains afflicted her whole frame; her sinews began to shrink up; she got no rest by day or night; she had a complication of maladies which terminated eventually in hectic fever. In this condition her patience was remarkable; she read the book of Job frequently, and other holy works, and had often in her mouth the aspirations of Job, and fervent expressions of reverence for the Divine will. At length, in August, 1537, then in her twenty-third year, she fell into a lethargic coma, or trance, which lasted four days, and during this period it was expected that every moment would be her last. It being once imagined she was dead, a grave was dug for her in the convent, and she would have been buried if her father had not opposed it, and testified that he still perceived in her body some signs of life. *Through excess of pain she had bitten her tongue in many places,* when out of her senses, and for a considerable time she could not swallow so much as a drop of water without almost

choking. *Sometimes her whole body seemed as if her bones were disjointed in every part, and her head was in extreme disorder and pain.*" —Vol. I., p. 117.

It is necessary to remember these severe sufferings, these acute physical and mental disorders, when considering the nature and character of those visions which she professed to have, and which appeared to her so real and substantial. During the time of her illness, books on self-contemplation and spiritual peace were her constant study. She, however, passed through various stages of piety, being sometimes in an ecstacy of religious enthusiasm, and sometimes cold and lukewarm. Her object was to attain to that state of tranquil abstraction and communion with the Deity, in which, according to monastic teaching, the soul rests in the divine contemplation so as to forget all earthly things. Her affectionate disposition and cheerful temper led her to converse with secular friends in the parlour of the convent more freely than the discipline of the order sanctioned, and this was set down as a grievous sin, and acted as powerfully and painfully as if it had been the violation of some direct divine law. "One day while conversing at the grate with a new acquaintance," it is said, "she had a vision which seemed to her intended to rebuke her for the dissipation she had indulged in. The apparition of our Lord was suddenly presented to the eyes of her soul, with a vigorous aspect, testifying to the displeasure occasioned by her conduct." The account she gives of her first perfect consciousness of the Saviour's presence, the precursor of those visions of the Redeemer's affirmed corporeal appearance, is so curious, not to say marvellous, that we venture to extract a portion of it:—

"'Being in prayer,' she says, 'on the anniversary of St. Peter, I saw, or to speak more correctly, I felt—for I saw neither with the eyes of the body nor those of the soul—that some one was near me, and it seemed to me that it was the Lord Jesus Christ himself who spoke to me. As I entirely ignored what it was to have similar visions, I was at first frightened, and I wept abundantly. But a single word of this divine Saviour encouraged me so much, that I became, as I had previously been, devoid of fear, but also very tranquil and much comforted. It seemed that He walked alongside of me, without my being able, however, to observe in Him any corporeal form, because this vision was interior and not sensible. I knew only very clearly that he was at my right side; that he saw everything I did; and however imperfectly I might recollect, or that I may not have been extremely distrusted, I could not ignore that He was with me. This kind of consciousness," observes Saint Therese, "is quite different from that ideal presence which some persons—few indeed the number, deeply engaged and highly favoured in it—have in the

mental prayer of union. But how,' she asks, 'could I be sure it was not an illusion, or a mere phantasy of the imagination only, when that presence was not visible to the sight or cognizable to any of the senses?' She answers those who appeal to such divine communications, that in 'the state in which she was, there is no obscurity; the soul is assured of what it feels by a knowledge more luminous than the light of the sun, which illuminates the understanding, to render the soul capable of enjoying so great a favour, and which is followed by so many others. God, moreover,' she observes, on such occasions, speaks to the soul without words or images, and makes himself manifest to it. This language is so supernatural, and so celestial, that one in vain endeavours to explain it, if God does not give him the intelligence by the effects which it produces.' This celestial mode of communication to the soul, it is above all to be remarked,' says the Saint, 'is adopted when great mysteries or great truths are to be revealed to it.'"—Vol. I., p. 124.

The visions of Joan of Arc were of a different character—entirely external; but both seem to have been the result of the same cause—a strong imagination working on a highly sensitive nervous constitution. There is something exquisitely touching in the personal narrative of this ill-fated, heroic maiden. Our readers need not be reminded of the anarchical state of France, her native country, at the time of her birth. The civil wars between the Burgundians and the Armagnacs, which led to the introduction of the English into Paris, and the coronation of Henry V. at Notre Dame, had devastated the richest provinces, and spread over them alarm, famine, and death. The small hamlet of Domremy, the birth-place of Joan, was situated in Lorraine, near its junction with Champagne; so that being a border village it experienced more than its share of the miseries and horrors of war. Forests deep and gloomy, and stretching miles away, surrounded, or rather buried, this obscure hamlet, composed of only a few poor comfortless huts. In the neighbourhood, however, were proud castles, edifices of great strength and military importance. These have passed away, while the humble tenement, where the Pucelle d'Orleans first saw the light, and spent the early days of her childhood, still stands a memorial of one who claims our best sympathies for her devoted zeal and heroism for her country, however misled she may have been by those visions which she deemed were sent her from heaven, but which a fickle, faithless, and ungrateful nation, in the hour of her imprisonment and distress, believed to have been the inspiration of the Evil One. It is necessary to take notice of what we have said of the desolate condition of France at this time, and the general description given of the dwelling place of this remarkable girl. The reason will presently be obvious. The river Meuse flows along

a plain in the immediate vicinity of Domremy. Several villages situated on the sides of adjacent heights give a picturesque effect to the surrounding scenery. In close proximity with the cottage of our heroine is the old church, with its Lombard tower, large, massive, and dilapidated. The house is one story high, with irregular windows. The room into which the outer door leads, is the ordinary kitchen of a small country-house, with its customary large fire-place, extensive hearth, and chimney aperture of great width and height. An inner door opens into a small room, more narrow and obscure than the first, extremely dark and dismal. This was the chamber of Jeanne d'Arc. The walls are sombre, rough, and uneven. A recess in the wall, with the aid of a few boards very rudely put together, served the purpose of a press or buffet; and there, we are told, all the worldly possession, the slender store of apparel, the Sunday and Feast-Day best clothes of Jeanne d'Arc were kept. Of her education we have some few reminiscences. She was not taught to read and write, for reading and writing in those days were confined to the precincts of the convent or monastery, or to the walls of the Universities, or to a privileged few. But her mother taught her the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Angelical Salutation; and no other person but her mother taught her the truths of her religion, and gave her that instruction which a good child of those days was required to have. She also taught her to spin and to sew. It was only in her childhood that she was put to the field to take care of her father's flocks, if she ever was thus employed at all. Of the amiable character and excellent disposition of Jeanne, we have a testimony that speaks to the heart, in the deposition of one of the companions of her youth, named Haumette, three or four years younger than Jeanne:—

"In childhood, she was simple in her manners, pious, and of a glowing spirit in her devotions, good and gentle, and often pensive and abstracted. She delighted in gathering flowers—not for chaplets or wreaths for herself or for her young companions, but for decorations of the statue of the Virgin, or other saintly personages. As Jeanne advanced in years, a change seems to have taken place in her tastes and habits. She began to take pleasure in the sight and management of horses, in laborious exercises, in the traditions of the evils which had befallen the country, and the struggles of its children. She became strongly excited by those relations. She had frequent visions, and those things may have influenced the destiny of Jeanne d'Arc."—Vol. II., p. 20.

When asked by her judges what motive had induced her to abandon her home and domestic duties for the camp of soldiers, and a life so foreign to her habits and unsuited to her sex, she

nly a few words for an answer: "La pitié qu'il y avoit yaume de France." On another occasion, she gave expres- o the extent and power of her suffering patriotism in the ring words: "Je n'ai jamais vu sang de François que mes ux ne levassent."

e will, however, recur to one or two of those visions which pretended to see, or probably, under a mental derange- easily explicable to the physiologist, did really see in her 's eye. It appears that there was an old tradition of a ietic nature prevalent in France, in the time even of the nood of "La belle et la brave fille," that a maiden should out of Lorraine, by whose heroic deeds France was to be from ruin. Domremy, also, had its legends and traditions, among its inhabitants a child of a highly sensitive erament, and of an imagination highly poetical, upon ı such prophetic teachings were not likely to be lost. By wn confessions we are informed that from the age of en or fourteen, Jeanne d'Arc was subject to frequent cinations of the organs of sight, hearing, and smell. nous trains of surpassing brilliancy, and visions of angels, seen by her at noonday. Strange voices were heard by when she imagined she was quite alone, and fragrant s, like incense, were perceived by her when some of her ual visitors made their appearance. She had communica- nd counsels in this manner with angels—visits from the ngel Michael, the angel Gabriel, St. Catherine, and St. uerite. She had reached, by her own account, her enth year when she heard, for the first time, the voice voix") which announced to her that France should be saved r.

he first vision of Jeanne d'Arc, we are informed, occurred spring of 1425, about mid-day, in her father's garden, on the a festival. The church was close to that part of the garden she was, and in the direction of it she perceived, all of a n, a most brilliant dazzling light, and while she stood gazing terror on this bright light, she heard a voice saying to her, ne, sois bonne et sage enfant; va souvent à l'Eglise,' and at und of this voice she was greatly frightened. Many days had lapsed before she had another vision; the brilliant light was seen, but in the midst of it she perceived figures of a noble rance. One of these had wings and seemed to be an angel, is form and mien were those of a *prud'homme*. And this c personage said to her: 'Jeanne, va au secours du Roi de e, et tu lui rendras son royaume.' She answered all lingly: 'Messire, je ne suis qu'une pauvre fille; je ne saurais ncher, ni conduire les hommes d'armes.' The voice ('la voix')

said to her: 'Tu iras trouver M. de Baudricour, Capitaine de Vancouleurs, et il te fera mener au roi. Sainte Catherine et Sainte Marguerite viendront t'assister.' The brightness passed away, the voice ceased to be heard, the poor girl remained some time stupified with amazement, and burst out crying. The *prud'homme* was St. Michael the Archangel with the flaming sword, who battled with the devil and his angels. The same celestial visitor again appeared to her, found her spirit-troubled and dejected, and spoke to her, and encouraged her, 'Et lui raconta la pitié qui estoit au royaume de France.' The visions from this time became of more frequent occurrence. Figures all in white, saints adorned with crowns appeared to her, and spoke with voices so sweet and full of tenderness that they could not be heard without weeping. But when they took their departure she wept still more, and she wished with all her heart they had carried her away with them. At other times she felt ashamed in their presence. Her manner of speaking of the saints is remarkable. In some of her responses, when under examination, she called them 'ses frères du Paradis.' In general she spoke of them as her voices ('ses voix.')"—Vol. II., p. 30.

We cannot indulge in further extracts, or in pursuing the career of this noble but unfortunate maiden, through the paths of glory and victory, to the gates of her prison, or within view of her funeral pyre. We have coupled her with another visionary, and have spoken freely and frankly of their hallucinations. These are phenomena easily to be credited and explained now, though in former times, and till within a few years of our own day, they were either denied to have occurred, or attributed to some evil and mysterious cause. We should have been happy to make further reference to Mr. Madden's two volumes, and touched upon the really interesting chapters on Swedenborg; Maniacal Epidemics; the Flagellation Mania; the Convulsive Chorea, as well as what is termed Theomania. It is only fair to remark that Mr. Madden has collected in these volumes a large and varied mass of information on the subject of mental disease and excitation. We could wish, however, that the matter had been arranged more commodiously, and that the work had indicated a greater faculty in our author for order and symmetry. The subject is specially interesting at the present moment when electro-biology, clairvoyance, and spirit-rapping among the learned experimentalists, and witchcraft and magic amongst the ignorant and superstitious, find unqualified acceptance.

Art. III.—FOREIGN SACRED POETRY.

1. *Sacred Hymns: from the German.* Translated by Frances Elizabeth Cox. London: Pickering. 1841.
2. *Lyra Germanica: Hymns for the Sundays and Chief Festivals of the Christian Year.* Translated from the German by Catherine Winckworth. Fourth Edition. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1857.
3. *The Foreign Sacred Lyre: Metrical Versions of Religious Poetry, from the German, French, and Italian; together with the Original Pieces* By John Sheppard. London: Jackson & Walford. 1857.

Viewed from every point, the hymns of a people possess a peculiar interest. They are, at the same time, an exposition of the religious views, a kind of confession of faith, and an index of the spiritual life of a community. If such is their claim on the consideration of the Christian, the man of letters and the student, in the truest sense—the observer, not only of matter and its relations, but of men, their thoughts and feelings, hopes and wants—will find in them abundant information of the most important character. He will learn what, and of what kind, the spiritual aspirations of a period had been. The question, Was the age materialistic, formal, or genuine, almost resolves itself into this other inquiry, Did it produce really popular religious poetry, and if so, was it didactic or spiritually lyrical in its cast.

Inferences drawn from a reply to these queries will enable us to judge pretty accurately of a period. A people among whom there are no original hymns representing the Christian development of the deepest and truest convictions and feelings, cannot claim to be ranked among the high and spiritual races. Again, where religious poetry becomes rhymed rhetoric, or metrical religious philosophy, true spiritual life must be at a low ebb.

In making these remarks, we do not for a moment forget that national, mental, and moral peculiarities form an element in religious poetry. Manifestly, nations with whom the imagination predominates, such as the Romanic races, will be incapable of the deep utterances of feeling, especially of personal attachment, which characterize the hymns of the Anglo-Saxon race, and more particularly its Germanic branch. Again, the prevalent cast of theology acts and reacts in respect of the hymns of a period. Leaving, meantime, out of view the age when Rationalism was dominant, to whose hymnology we shall by-and-bye refer, there is a marked difference between the hymns of what, for want of a better name, we would

designate as the subjective, and those of the objective period in theology. In the former case, personal experience is described, personal longings are expressed, a personal Saviour is addressed —personal hopes, fears, and longings find an utterance. In the latter, it is rather abstract reality than a personal sense of it,—rather truths than experiences, which form the burden of song. Indeed, not all religious poetry deserves the name of hymns, or is adapted for purposes of congregational or family worship. We can conceive religious experience real, fervid, and so far scriptural; but yet only the expression of the transient feelings of the individual, and hence unsuited for general purposes. We may be able to enter into and sympathize with such religious poetry, it may possess peculiar attractions in matter and in form, and yet, to use it either in the family or in the church, were repugnant to right views and feelings on this subject. It must ever be borne in mind, that the hymn is part of the worship offered to the Deity, that in truth it represents the sacrifice offered by believers in their capacity of New Testament priests of the living God. Hence, it must neither bear the character of meditation nor of instruction, though it may and will imply both. It will embrace the various elements which constitute prayer, such as adoration, confession, thanksgiving, and petition; but it will do so in a peculiar manner. It will not be so much the utterance of an individual, as rather represent the voice of the whole body of Christ. Views common to all the members, experiences shared by all, hopes and aspirations, wants and desires, felt by all, are the legitimate subject of a proper hymn; and as it fulfils these conditions, will it be adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. Bearing these remarks in view, as expressing the fundamental idea of a hymn, we can have no hesitation in pointing out the following as desiderata in the composition of hymns, viz., they must be scriptural, they must be popular, and while sufficiently subjective in their cast, they must be objective in their substance. In other words, while of course the language which they breathe and the feelings which they convey must be in accordance with religious truth, and of a popularly intelligible character, they must come direct from the heart, yet in such a manner that scriptural fact and reality are always their basis and burden. Granting that a hymn is scriptural in its fundamental views, it has to avoid the following mistakes. It may neither be meditation nor expression of mere individual feeling, nor run into sentimentalism. Indeed, if the meditative cast is the Scylla, sentimentalism is the Charybdis of the religious poet. In order to be appropriate, a hymn must have that grandeur about it which only the praising contemplation of

the Deity can impart. We have already said that besides adoration, it may contain confession, thanksgiving, and petition. But let it be borne in mind that while in prayer the subjective, in praise the objective element prevails. We mean, that the petitions, confessions, and thanks of prayer, are rather inspired, or induced by personal consciousness—consciousness of certain feelings or wants raises us upwards, or leads to confession or thanksgiving—while in praise, consciousness of God inspires these exercises. In the one case, we rise from self to God; in the other, we descend from God to self. The reader will now understand what important part praise sustains in the church, and how in it believers perform the functions of New Testament priests, offering the sacrifice of the lips unto God.

Before the Reformation, hymns had not existed as part of congregational worship. That part of religious service was discharged either by the priest at the altar, or by the choristers. There was indeed religious poetry, but the church hymn was introduced by the Reformers. The closest approximation to it were the pieces sung or chanted on pilgrimages. Wackernagel appropriately classes the religious poetry of the pre-Reformation period under the three particulars,—of Christian poetry, of hymns addressed to the saints, and of mystical poetry, such as that of Tauler. With incredible diligence that writer has collated all the ancient German hymns. From his collection it appears that a large number of these hymns were of a purely Christian character, and, that many more than were actually reproduced after the Reformation might have been introduced into the worship of the Protestant church. Comparatively very few hymns were addressed to the saints; indeed, only one or two of this kind are mentioned. It was otherwise with the hymns addressed to the Virgin Mary, which from the twelfth century onwards, increased in number and importance. By-and-bye, not only such passages as Isaiah xi. 1, and Rev. xii. 1, were applied to her, but Old Testament types, such as Noah's ark, Jacob's ladder, Aaron's rod, the burning bush, &c., or typical personages, such as Sarah, Esther, Ruth, &c., pointed to her. Mariolatry went even further. In a poem dating 1443, from the ideas connected with Christ in John i. 1—3, are transfered to Mary as having been before the Lord Jesus. So also in poetry dating from the twelfth century, Rom. v. 12—19, and 1 Cor. xv. 21, 22, were no longer applied to Adam and Christ, but to Eve and Mary. Sometimes Mary is represented as having suffered for men, while at others she is addressed in terms most offensive, not only in respect of feeling, but also of language. Probably this tendency attained its highest point in Bonaventura's "Psalter of Mary," where the psalms and

other biblical prayers were recast into addresses to the Virgin. At the same time, the religious poets of that day ascended a step higher, and began to extol the merits of St. Ann, the supposed mother of Mary. Four poems of this character have been traced. It is impossible to say how far this tendency would have extended had not the Reformation commenced at that very time.

We have already said that the church hymn, in the sense of congregational praise, owed its origin to the Reformation. The merits of Luther himself in connexion with it are well known. Calvin also did not neglect this important part of public worship. During his temporary stay at Strasbourg, a hymn-book appeared; and after his return to Geneva, he transmitted thence one in the French language, entitled, "La Forme des Prières et Chants Ecclésiastiques," &c. (1542), with a preface by himself. Even the troubled period of the Thirty Years' War was not without its characteristic religious poetry. Rist and Heermann, Altenburg and Loewenstern, wrote at that period. The battle song of Gustavus-Adolphus, "Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein" (Fear not, O little flock), is almost as classical in the Protestant church of the Continent as Luther's "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" (A sure stronghold our God is He). But the palm among German hymn-writers belongs to Paul Gerhardt, whose religious poetry breathes equally simplicity of faith and ardency of devotion. Nor must we omit to call special attention to the unique hymn of the pious Electress of Brandenburg (anno 1563), "Jesus, meine Zuversicht" (Jesus my Redeemer lives), and the perhaps even more popular production of George Neumark, "Wer nur den lieben Gott lasst walten" (Leave God to order all thy ways). In the next period, German hymnology becomes more sentimental, being partly mystical and partly expressive of feelings called forth in connexion with a view of Christ's sufferings. We confess that many of the latter class are equally repugnant to our judgment and to our taste. The addresses to the mere humanity of Christ as separate from His Divinity, to His wounds and the prints of the nails, the praise in honour of the "Wundenhöhle," approaches, in our opinion, sometimes to Romanism in its worst form. The poet dwells on the mere *physical* sufferings of Christ,—details and makes each of them the burden of his song. The great ideas of the Father's love in the gift of His Son, of the Son's self-dedication, and the meaning of His sacrifice in room of guilty men, are lost sight of, or give place to harrowing descriptions of bodily anguish and pain, which may indeed excite the feelings, but are wanting in the essential element of a substratum of saving and con-

verting truth. This exception applies to many of the hymns of what is known as the "pietistic period" on the Continent, and of the "Brethren." In both cases, of course, there are many and notable exceptions. Among them, we may reckon many of the hymns by J. B. von Albertini, one of the late bishops of the Moravian Brethren. That collection (composed of 400 hymns) contains specimens of the truest religious poetry —some adapted not only for private but for public use. Accordingly, even the Berlin hymn-book has inserted one of his short ejaculations (Lied 1268), although more suitable might have been culled. To the sentimental school belongs even a hymn so well-known and so deservedly prized on many grounds as, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," (Ah! wounded head), where there is, at least, an approach to the faults we have indicated. But a much more dangerous mistake and extreme was that of the Rationalistic school, which eliminated all the distinctively Christian elements from the hymns, and substituted in their stead either a dreamy (not even a Christian) sentimentalism or a vapouring rhetoric. Happily, that period is now past. In proportion to the poverty of its Christian conceptions was the turgidity of its style. The next generation swept it away, and if they did not produce much that was original, they had at least the heart and the head to return to the good old hymns of their fathers.

In truth, no country is so rich in this species of composition as Germany. If we tell the reader that the Berlin hymn-book contains no less than 1564 hymns, of which a large proportion are adapted for public services, he will understand what an important means the German church possesses for this department of worship. At the same time, it has also served for the preservation of Divine truth among the people, even during the time of deepest ecclesiastical declension. The hymns of Germany became religious "household words," and had the Rationalistic party succeeded in banishing them from the churches, schools, and homes of the people, the success of their movement would have been much greater and longer continued. But while the pastor offered his homily at the shrine of philosophical and critical lore, the people who understood not his reasoning, and followed not his stylistic flights, praised God in their old hymns, learned them in the schools, and recited them at their firesides. These hymns they both understood and felt,—they had come from the heart, they went to the heart; and they were the means of keeping religious feeling alive among the masses. The peculiar merit of German hymns consists, besides the simplicity of their faith, in earnestness and intensity of feeling. They are also distinguished by *lyrical elevation*. In this respect they differ

from the Romanic hymns, more especially from the French. The latter express true and scriptural sentiment rather *appropriately* than *lyrically*. They are happy in their choice of expressions,—in the turning which they give to an utterance; but they are deficient in the deeper lyrical element. In the German and in many of our English hymns the modes of expression are rather accidental; the peculiarity of sentiment is clothed in certain language,—appropriates to itself a certain garb, but the distinctive merit of the poetry consists in the lyrical elevation, and not primarily in its mode of utterance. Let the reader compare the hymns of which we give the first stanza, and judge whether we are right:—

"Vers toi, Seigneur! au jour de la tristesse,
Mon âme exhale un doloureux soupir;
Et s'appuyant sur ta sainte promesse
Peut à la fois espérer et souffrir.

"Jesus meine Zuversicht
Und mein Heiland ist im Leben!
Dieses weiss ich, sollt' ich nicht
Darum mich zufrieden geben
Was die lange Todesnacht
Mir auch für Gedanken macht?"

Or the incomparable hymn by Neumeister:—

"Jesus nimmt die Sünder an
Saget doch dies Trostwort Allen
Welche von der rechten Bahn
Auf verkehrten Weg verfallen.
Hier ist was sie retten kann:
Jesus nimmt die Sünder an."

Which are respectively rendered, the French by Mr. Sheppard:

"To Thee, Lord, in sorrow's dark hour,
My soul breathes her penitent sigh;
She leans on Thy promise, Thy grace, and Thy power,
And hopes,—for the Saviour is nigh."

and the he first-quoted German hymn by Miss Winckworth:—

"Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
Christ, my trust, is dead no more;
In the strength this knowledge gives
Shall not all my fears be o'er?
Calm, though death's long night be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought."

But it is time that we had said something of the respective merits of contributions, which we venture to hope will interest

our readers. With all his sympathy in an object, and approbation of its execution, the critic is bound, however unwillingly, to indicate short-comings as well as success. Let us, in the first place, welcome the appearance of these three hymn-books, as steps in the right direction, and add, for the encouragement of others who may yet wish to follow it, that there are a large number of German hymns, comprising some of the very finest, such as "Jesus nimmt die Sünder an," "Liebster Jesu wir sind hier," and many others which might readily be mentioned, awaiting translation. To each of the translators belongs peculiar merit. Miss Cox was the first in the field. Her translation is peculiarly faithful and expressive of the meaning of the author, although it sometimes wants poetic roundness. In fact, to write literally, or at least to preserve close adherence to the original with poetry of expression, is a problem not easily solved. The excellency of Miss Winckworth's translation is attested even by its popularity. While alive to its great merits and attractiveness, we have felt that the frequent omission of stanzas was an unwarrantable liberty with the original, unaccounted for on any intelligible principle, inasmuch as some of the verses omitted seem to us equal, if not superior, to those rendered. Thus in Paul Gerhardt's Christmas hymn, "Wir singen Dir Immanuel" (Thee, O Immanuel, we praise), no less than nine verses are left out as compared with the copy in the Berlin hymn-book. Nor are we sure that sometimes the thought is not modified for the sake of poetic expression, or of rhyme. Thus, in the hymn referred to, the stanza—

> "Now art Thou here; we know thee now,
> In lowly manger liest Thou,
> A child, yet makest all things great;
> Poor, yet *is earth Thy robe of state.*"

The words italicised are not only different from the original, "Bekleid'st die Welt" (clothest the world), but sadly mar the sense; in fact, introduce a figure which is unintelligible. So also in the hymn of Bogatzky, "Wach auf Du Geist der ersten Zeugen" (Awake, thou Spirit, who of old)—of which, by the way, seven verses are left out—stanza fourth of the translation (fifth of the original), in several instances, weakens the force of the original, while there is certainly a difference of idea between "Ach das die Hulfe aus Zion kam," and the rendering, "Would there were help *within our walls.*" In the hymn of Angelus, "Höchster Priester der Du dich" (Great High Priest, who deign'st to be); the expression, "Reisme in Herz aus meinem Herzen," is scarcely adequately rendered by "Tear self-love out of my heart;" while the addition at the end—

"In whose sight no gift is worth
Save a Christ-like life on earth,"

is entirely of the translator's composition, and to our mind does not harmonize with the spirit of the hymn. A reference to our marginal notes might easily enable us to multiply these exceptions. Nor let the reader think that in doing so we should become hypercritical. Beauties and peculiarities of this kind are readily lost, and a comparison of the translation with the original makes one painfully feeldefects which it is sometimes difficult to explain to others. But we now hasten to add, that in general the translation is in every respect excellent. The hymns are in their English nearly as delightful as in their original form. We could scarcely have anticipated that it was possible to combine so much accuracy and faithfulness with such richness of poetic diction, and we can only hope that Miss Winckworth will not deem her task finished, but pursue it till all the best German hymns are in the possession of the British reader, and that in a form as unobjectionable as those in the present volume. The task which Mr. Sheppard has undertaken is the most difficult of the three. He furnishes us with translations not only from the German, but also from the French and Italian. He has performed his part ably and well. Unfortunately the German poems which he chose—chiefly from Klopstock—were such as to offer peculiar difficulties to the translator: hence he deserves more than ordinary credit for the success which he has accomplished. We call special attention to his translation of Klopstock's celebrated psalm, of "Dessler's Ghadenstuhl," and of some of the French and Italian hymns. We give one of the latter as a specimen:—

"Our God is Israel's rock; His work is perfect; still
Each promise of His lips to verify,
Avails His sovereign will.
Hallelujah to Him, most high!
For Jehovah is our God,
Our mighty fortress He!

"He, Jehovah, the Eternal, loveth with unending love,
And the grace with which He strengthens, ne'er shall from our hearts remove.
Hallelujah, to Him most high!
All our hopes on Him rely;
Our good supreme is He!

"He hath known all our cruel foe's array;
Let Him once rise to war, His arm shall make us free.
Hallelujah, to Him most high!
His be the praise and victory;

The wicked from His searching eye
Like shadows melt away.

"E'en the dark grave shall magnify His power;
His voice shall bid the ransomed dust arise,
In His own glorious likeness bear.
With rapturous surprise!
Hallelujah! the Lord most high
Hath foiled the grave's last victory—
Stern death's destruction He!

"Praise ye the Eternal, Him our Father praise:
If He be for us, who, ah, who
Against us can a mortal warfare raise,
Or His great work undo?
Hallelujah, to Him most high!
In Christ we triumph, and anew
To Him devote our days."

Whatever occasional verbal exceptions might be taken, even this specimen will sufficiently show the merit of the translation, and the poetic talent of the translator. We had marked several other poems from this and from Miss Winckworth's volume for extract. Among the latter were such excellently rendered hymns as Gustavus Adolphus's battle-song and Luther's "Ein feste Burg," but our space forbids our giving more than the first of these:—

"Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power.
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

"Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs:
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and His word.

"As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth nor hell, with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byeword are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

"Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare:
Fight for us once again!

So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen."

We have shown sufficient to convince the reader that the volumes of Miss Winckworth and Mr. Sheppard should be, so far as possible, in every Christian family.

Art. IV.—FRAUDS IN FOOD AND MEDICINE.

Adulterations Detected; or, Plain Instructions for the Discovery of Frauds in Food and Medicine. By Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Co. 1857.

This volume contains the substance and results of the analyses and observations, with considerable additions, published as the reports of a sanitary commission, in the *Lancet*, during the years 1851-54, and afterwards republished by their author, Dr. Hassall, under the title of "Food and its Adulterations." The plan and objects of the works are, however, distinct, the first and larger work being intended to demonstrate the very great and dangerous extent to which adulterations of all kinds were carried by the cunning and rapacity of traders in this country, but especially in all the more important articles of daily consumption.

The chief purpose of the present work is to furnish instructions concerning the means and methods, microscopical, chemical, and otherwise, by which even those who may not be scientific, can easily discover whether they are dealt with honestly, in respect to the materials supplied by those to whom they entrust the health and lives of their households, so far as these depend on wholesome aliment. The conclusions and principal facts contained in the work entitled "Food and its Adulterations," are reproduced in a condensed form in this volume; but there is much additional matter of great value, and the results of analyses of several hundreds of samples of articles, both in food and drugs, which have never before been published.

This work is the best of the kind that has ever been published in any country, and quite supersedes all publications that have hitherto appeared on the subject. It is scarcely possible to overstate the importance of the work in a sanitary, economical, and commercial point of view. Being the result of

scientific, enlightened, and, we may say, philanthropic effort and industry, it is, in every respect, admirable. We say this the more earnestly and positively, because it is the interest and manifest determination of many persons, whose characters are affected by the exposures therein contained, to endeavour by all means in their power, however paltry and underhand, to depreciate and damage the reputation of the work and its author. The reason why they should do so is sufficiently evident: culprits, subjected to a public trial, would always invalidate the testimony that condemns them, if they could; and the stronger and the more damning that testimony, the more urgent and importunate will be the effort to deny and contradict it. In this case, however, there is no escape, for "facts are chiels that winna ding, and dinna be disputed." No doubt the traffickers in cheap and spurious and bad imitations of costly and genuine and good articles of diet, whether for invalids or for infants, or, indeed, for families in general, will try to soothe their consciences, if they have any left, by showing how very innocent their fraudulence has been. For instance, the dealer in homœopathic cocoa and chocolate, knowing the falseness of his pretences as to the peculiar purity of those articles, will not quietly allow himself to be considered a mere helper of humbug; but he will say, "Well, if people will be cheated, they must be cheated; and surely the public have no right to complain if fools make rogues. We only promote the sale of a little more potato starch, and a few equally harmless substances, in the name of cocoa; and of course we have a right to make cent. per cent., or more, if we can, by our sham—for sham is always short of shame—and we can afford to make a joke of the matter, since we are, and ought to be, well paid for our superior wit."

The innocence of the articles employed to adulterate and deceive, is really offered as a reason why the deception should be permitted to proceed. Thus, the baker, who mixes cheap potatoes and cheap rice with inferior flour, that he may, while somewhat improving the appearance of the bread he produces, also enable the flour to take up and retain a larger quantity of water than flour alone would do, says to himself—yea, verily, and to us likewise—"What harm! are not potato, starch, and water, wholesome and good?" Yes; but is it only because these things are wholesome and good, that they are thus added by thee, O man of dough? Nay, but thou dost cheat, thou tamperer with God's gifts; thou dost substitute inferior and watery stuff for a fair proportion of daily bread; and multitudes of young children, mainly dependent thereon for the materials of their growing bodies, muscle, bone, brain, and

nerve, are growing up in feebleness and distortion of mind and body, because bakers happen to be habitually unconscionable. "Rice and potatoes, both so commonly added to bread, contain not more than seven per cent. of gluten (the nutritious part), that is to say, they are little more than half as nutritious as good wheat flour;" and, therefore, so far as they are substituted for this flour, the bread containing them is robbed of its nourishment, the consumer of his strength, and the purchaser of his money. Then, again, *alum* in bread is positively defended by some bakers; and it is used by almost all. Why? Just to beautify the loaf, and to accommodate the false taste of ignorant people. *Alum is particularly injurious*, says Dr. Hassall:—

"It is true that it causes the bread to be whiter than it would be otherwise, indeed, whiter than it was ever intended to be; but it imparts to bread several other properties: thus, it hardens the nutritious constituent of the bread, the gluten, and so (on the authority of that great chemist, Liebig) renders the bread more indigestible; it enables the baker to adulterate his bread with greater quantities of rice and potatoes; and lastly, by the use of alum, he is able to pass off an inferior, and even a damaged flour, for one of superior quality."—P. 281.

How foolish that the public should countenance the use of alum as they do, for the sake of obtaining an unnaturally white, flatulent, and indigestible loaf! A white loaf! Why what does the elaboration of good life-blood need of a white loaf? Many of the most important elements of our blood, and brain, and bone, are found in greatest abundance in the coloured outer part of the wheat, which we deem fittest for pigs;—so we fatten them, and suffer ourselves. The difference in nourishing properties between whole meal flour and very finely dressed flour amounts, in many cases, to fully one-third.

As respects the *habitual* use of *alum*, simply as a thing unfit for the blood, we can assert from close observation in numerous instances, that it vastly interferes with all the processes of digestion, especially in irritable constitutions, and in young children, producing acidity, flatulence, constipation, nervous distress, bilious disorder, neuralgic pain, feverish symptoms, and of course crossness of temper, in proportion to the mental and moral defects of the sufferer.

The cry for cheapness is, perhaps, the main cause of the almost universal art of adulteration. "The craft and mystery" of trade is no obsolete formula of words, but the expression of a fact that ought not to be. That there should be nothing false, and nothing to conceal in our dealings with each other, is a

truism. The man who is so unjust as not to desire to pay the person well who expends his time and labour for the convenience and accommodation of him who buys the products of skill and industry, deserves to be deceived. Dishonesty begets dishonesty, and "doubtless the pleasure is as great, of being cheated as to cheat." The state of society is at fault. If "righteousness exalteth a nation," and if righteousness means fair dealing, our nation now stands low. Pride and the mean extravagance *that would be economical without self-denial in appearances*, and, would beat down the price of necessaries for the sake of maintaining show, are not only unjust, but they bring their own punishment. We fear our fair friends, mistresses of families, are very much to blame for the encouragement to fraud which they have afforded by their inattention to the politics of purchasing, and the *moral* importance of demanding a *good article*, and of paying a *fair* price for what is needed in the *kitchen* department. They should beat down the draper before the baker, and be proud of paying a fair price for food rather than a foolish price for finery; for it is certain that more fortunes are made by the craft of the men-milliners with their dainty wares and wilinesses, than by millers and bakers with their alum and alumina. It requires more wisdom to make a good choice of bread than of braidery.

Science has abundantly contributed to facilitate fraud, and that in a manner that science only can detect, expose, and prevent. These are forcing times, and it behoves all who have the ability and occasion, to see that they and their families are not imposed on for lack of that small amount of science and insight, which may now so readily be acquired. A little knowledge of chemistry may be very pleasantly and profitably obtained and applied by any one of education; and it is absolutely necessary now, not only as an agreeable accomplishment, but as a means of defending one's self from the slow poisoners, who would willingly supply our tables with their "superior articles."

That exacter knowledge of chemistry especially, which indicates the substances that may be safely substituted for others of lighter value in the market, and as articles of food or drink, also supplies the means of imitating the sensible qualities of various substances, in such a manner as to render the worse materials so seemingly similar to the best, as to deceive any but those who are, in some measure, acquainted practically with chemistry. Dr. Hassall, in the work before us, not only applies chemistry, and makes it easy of application even by novices, for the purposes of detecting fraud in articles of consumption, but he brings the most extensive general knowledge of natural

objects to bear on the subject, and imparts that knowledge in a clear and interesting manner. He especially and most adroitly investigates the difference in the minute anatomy of substances with the aid of the microscope; and this he does in an original and striking manner. The numerous and excellent illustrations of this work speak for themselves, as to the great value of microscopic investigation, in detecting adulterations in almost every substance employed by man.

As we have already said, proper trade and commerce are representative of pure justice. A want is supposed both in the buyer and the seller; both are supposed to render an equivalent —a *quid pro quo*. It is but justice, then, that those who would take advantage of superior knowledge to cheat their neighbours, by whom they live, should be exposed and held up to execration by still superior knowledge. The public must defend themselves; and as the conscience of trade cannot be trusted to use science for our benefit, we must scientifically defend ourselves, and make trade honest if it would thrive. This is the right application of science, for science speaks the truth, and endeavours to render known good available to all. We dwell on this part of the subject because we can scarcely calculate the amount of evil resulting from the habitual use of impure or improper food and drink. Both body and mind are corrupted by it, and vice and disease equally encouraged. It is by no means improbable that, next to impure air, impure or unwholesome food has caused the awful extent of mortality amongst children, especially in large towns, where almost every article consumed by the poor is largely adulterated. Medicines even, as vended to the ignorant, are scarcely ever precisely what they should be. There is one department of fraud of vast influence, but more apt to be overlooked, namely, that which pertains to those substances which subserve our indulgence of artificial appetites, that is to say, in such things as are neither food, nor drink, nor medicine, but yet in some degree answering purposes beyond them all. We refer to the means of gratifying strange tastes, such as tobacco and snuff. It is our conviction, not without inquiry, that adulteration in those things, and also in stimulants in general, greatly tends to favour the development of insanity, as well as other diseases. But this view of the subject must be reserved for another occasion. We refer to the matter now for the sake of introducing a remarkable and instructive case of slow poisoning by snuff as an example of the insidious way in which such poisoning operates in mimicking constitutional and spontaneous disease. The case is stated by Mr. Erichsen, and quoted at full by Dr. Hassall. We give only an abbreviation of Mr. Erichsen's statement.

"Whilst on a professional visit in the country I was requested to see a gentleman who had been invited down to a friend's country-seat in the hope that change of scene and air would influence favourably an attack of paralysis, which was said to be of a rheumatic character, by which he had been disabled from work for many months past, and from which he despaired of recovering, having relinquished all treatment. I found the patient in bed. He was peculiarly sallow, the complexion having almost an icteric tinge (jaundiced); but the countenance was lively and expressive, and the intellect as bright as usual. He could stand, and, if supported, walk feebly and with difficulty. He complained much of pains, and especially of burning sensations in the soles of his feet.

"I was particularly struck with the appearance of the hands and arms. There was marked 'wrist-drop,' the hands hanging flaccid and at right angles with the forearms, without the patient being able to extend or raise them in the slightest degree. He could *flex* the fingers pretty firmly."—P. 617.

He had led a sedentary life, much devoted to literary pursuits, and for some years previously he had suffered from pains of a rheumatic or gouty character. On examining the gums they were found tinged with a deep blue-black or leaden-coloured line around the teeth. The paralytic symptoms had gradually increased to a state of complete physical helplessness. In short, the symptoms altogether led Mr. Erichsen to conclude that the patient was actually suffering from saturnine paralysis, and it was evident that he had been slowly poisoned by lead. But the difficulty was to discover how. Everything in the patient's habits was examined; no source for the poisoning could be traced. It was then found that the sufferer had taken snuff in considerable quantity; the snuff-box was emptied, and its contents analyzed, and there the enemy was detected, the snuff containing rather more than one per cent. of red oxide of lead. On this discovery, suitable treatment was adopted, and with results so favourable that ere long the patient was able to resume his public duties with his usual energy. It is well understood that the sufferer in this case was a Christian minister, residing in a fashionable watering-place, and famous for his lofty and elevating eloquence.

This case is by no means solitary, but we deem it peculiarly worthy of consideration from the circumstance that so very small a quantity of lead, and that not in the most poisonous form, and received into the system in so slow and indirect a manner, should yet have produced such exceedingly grave consequences. From no small observation and experience of the effects of tobacco on the nervous system, we are strongly impressed with the conviction that the symptoms were due

partly to the tobacco and partly to the lead, both operating the more powerfully by their admixture. The mental idiosyncrasy, or rather, perhaps, the remarkable cerebral energy of the sufferer, rendered him the more liable to the poisonous effects both of the tobacco and the lead, for it is a fact that men of that peculiar nervous conformation which accompanies mental refinement, are more readily affected by any agent that disturbs the nerve-powers than individuals of coarser fabric. Hence the danger of indulging in tobacco by such persons. The very comfort they experience in its use is almost certain to conduct to its abuse. It does not soothe them as it would persons of greater muscular power accustomed to bodily fatigue, but it confers a kind of dreamy satisfaction by enabling the brain to work on with uninvited thoughts when it ought to be at rest; thus leading to an unnatural liveliness of intellect while promoting the diminution of muscular power. This effect is visible in the countenances of persons of that order who are addicted to tobacco, and we judge from the appearance of the admirable minister whose case we have related, and who now attracts large and entranced audiences, that he still suffers from snuff, though without lead.

Dr. Hassall has appended some judicious observations on the properties, uses, and abuses of tobacco, which our young men, too often infatuated by "the weed," would do well to consider before it is too late. We would say with him, that the habit of smoking, in the majority of cases, is not simply useless, but that it panders to that spirit of self-indulgence which leads to the gratification of the senses in a variety of ways most pernicious to the conscience. Let it not be forgotten that in America and in Germany many are known to die of the most miserable forms of nervous disease, induced directly by the abuse of tobacco. In America, as Dr. Hassall informs us, it is no uncommon circumstance to hear of coroner's inquests on the bodies of smokers, especially youths, the ordinary verdict being, "Died from excessive tobacco-smoking." Our own experience warrants the belief that many who are said to die of epilepsy, apoplexy, and various nervous horrors, in this country, might be more truly said to have been destroyed by tobacco.

ART. V.—MAURICE ON THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN.

The Gospel of St. John: A Series of Discourses. By Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1857.

WE are not anxious to write a clever, amusing article on a book like this; nor shall we attempt to make it the occasion for a vainglorious attempt to display scholarship and critical acuteness. In the same spirit in which we read the book we hope to write about it. Any earnest endeavour to unfold the profound revelations of St. John's Gospel concerning the interior life of Christ, and the holiest mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, justly claims the respect, the gratitude, the thoughtful consideration of every Biblical student. We cannot afford to refuse the results of patient and devout reflection upon any inspired book, least of all upon this, because the interpreter does not belong to our own theological school. If Mr. Maurice can give us any help in our study even of a single verse in this most difficult yet most glorious record of Christ's earthly history, we see no reason why our orthodoxy should prevent our receiving his assistance, or make us unthankful to him for rendering it.

We have always felt, indeed, not only curiosity but very deep interest, in watching the influence of what we imagined to be a false or an imperfect creed upon the exegesis of the more spiritual parts of Holy Scripture. We have been anxious to learn what transformations inspired thoughts would undergo when received into a mind already possessed by religious error; to discover what changes would pass upon the foliage, the blossom, the fruit of Divine communications when transplanted into what seemed to us a hurtful and ungenial soil. If, as we supposed, the atmosphere was loaded with the poisonous vapours of heresy,—if the rain and the dew of heaven were scantily given and almost withheld,—if the very earth was infected with elements pernicious to the nobler and richer forms of life, it was fair to expect that the divinest plants would soon lose the freshness of their leaf, the gracefulness of their form, the beauty of their flower, and the wealth of their fruitage. Some would be injured less than others, but all would be the worse for the change.

We believe, therefore, that any man whose creed is imperfect or erroneous, will be sure to give very clear evidence of the fact, if he attempts to expound any of the important books of Scripture. Error may sustain itself for a long time by logical subtlety, sophistry, and subterfuge,—may appeal confidently to a

long array of isolated texts, cleverly selected and cleverly distorted, for authoritative support; but we defy it to produce anything like a satisfactory commentary upon the Prophecies of Isaiah, the Gospel of St. John, or any of the longer Epistles of St. Paul. But, on the other hand, if a commentator has in his creed any elements of truth, however insignificant, which our own does not possess, then, although serious errors may obscure and render worthless to him some of the clearest and most precious teachings of Evangelists and Apostles, it is probable that he will enable us to understand some things which we had never rightly understood before. And again we say there is no reason why our orthodoxy should make us too proud to receive this help, or too ungrateful to acknowledge it.

We are not sorry, therefore, that Mr. Maurice has ventured to expound the Gospel of St. John. It is our settled conviction that he sees, and sees very clearly, some aspects of truth with which evangelical theologians are unfamiliar; and we expected that he would have something to say about this representation of Him in whom "dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily" worth hearing. We are equally persuaded that on some of the central facts and principles of the Christian faith, Mr. Maurice is in most serious error,—that he has failed to understand what appears to us by far the most important teaching the New Testament contains; and we were glad that he had dared to subject his claims as a theologian to the fairest and, at the same time, the severest of all possible tests. We imagine that most of Mr. Maurice's friends have felt that the aspect of the Christian religion presented by St. John is precisely that which their master, whom for a thousand reasons they love and venerate, was most capable of expounding. He might be unable to reproduce the very definite and logical type of Christianity which is commonly identified with St. Paul, and yet be worthy of the freest confidence, not only as a man but as a divine; but with the mystical and spiritual representation of Christ's life and teaching by St. John, he would have profound sympathy, and must be expected in a commentary on the fourth Gospel to reveal all his strength. Many, we think, who have followed Mr. Maurice most implicitly, must have opened this volume with precisely these thoughts; and quietly said to themselves, —If he fails here he fails utterly.

Well, we have read the book with as open and candid a heart as the writer himself could wish for in any of his readers; with no desire to detect bad scholarship, illogical reasoning, or pernicious heresy, but honestly anxious to learn whatever he could teach us; and it is our deliberate conviction that no learned orthodox divine, no skilful controversialist, could have done

half as much to demonstrate the tremendous deficiencies of Mr. Maurice's theological system as he has done himself in this series of Discourses. We trust he will not deem us impertinent if we venture to ask, with all the respect due to his character and labours, whether his dissatisfaction with all his previous "abortive" attempts to write a commentary on the Gospel of St. John, and his dissatisfaction with these very sermons which he has published, may not be accounted for on other grounds than those which his own humility would suggest. Is he not half conscious that he has not only failed to learn all the mystic harmonies, but even to catch the key-note of the Gospel about which he has been preaching and writing?

Some of the qualifications of an able and successful interpreter of Scripture, Mr. Maurice certainly possesses. His "Patriarchs and Lawgivers," and "Prophets and Kings," are characterized by a clear insight into the secrets of the human heart, an exact appreciation of the influence of circumstances over the moral character and moral convictions of men, and a happy instinct for recognising the eternal significance of the ancient histories, as rare as they are valuable. Abraham and David are brought very near to us, not by the easy method of stripping them of their glory and reducing their lives to mere commonplace biographies, but by the force and intensity of an unusual faith in the wonderfulness and mystery which surround the meanest and obscurest human soul.

We remember, too, that when we first read the two series of Discourses on the Old Testament we were deeply impressed with the frankness and courage exhibited in the treatment of what most expositors had felt to be the difficulties and perplexities of the Scripture narratives. Where orthodox commentators assumed almost insensibly the tone of apologists, the heresiarch found the very heart of the meaning which the entire history was intended to convey. To cover the sins of Abraham, "the friend of God," of David, "the man after God's own heart," with the cloak of a charitable silence, to weave a mantle of skilful excuses with which to hide their deformities, would have been, according to him, to destroy the worth of all the history. He was right; and many a young man who had remained dissatisfied after listening to all that orthodox divines had to say about some of the moral difficulties of the Old Testament, read the sermons of Mr. Maurice, and found peace. They can never forget the good work he did for them; they can never cease to be thankful for it.

In the commentary of St. John, we find the same disposition frankly to accept what many find it hard to believe; the same healthy hatred and scorn of mere evasive solutions of difficulties

which offend the conscience or trouble the intellect; the same courageous endeavour to make the very difficulties eloquent with the highest and noblest meaning. We have marked two or three illustrations.

Scarcely any unlearned Christian can have read the verse in the fifth chapter of the Gospel, about the angel that "went down at a certain season into the pool" of Bethesda "and troubled the water," without some feeling of hesitation and doubt. Being there, the fact must be received, but the story looks so like a Jewish superstition and popular legend, that it would be a sensible relief if any could fairly show that John was not responsible for it. We need not remind our readers of what every Biblical scholar knows, that there is no need to retain the verse as it stands in the text. The manuscript authorities are pretty evenly divided; the internal critical evidence is strongly against the genuineness of the perplexing verse. Corruption there must have been; interpolation is more than possible. But though most modern readers would feel that the omission of the verse would remove from the narrative a very troublesome difficulty, and although on purely critical grounds we have certainly no right to retain it, Mr. Maurice courageously holds it fast. He is convinced that "the words are a vital part of the narrative, and that our Lord's act loses very much of its meaning if we overlook them." And he proceeds to develope the moral teaching of this interpolation or conception, with so much force and beauty, notwithstanding occasional obscurity and paradox, that we almost long to forget MSS. and criticism, and to believe once more as we did in our childhood, that a bright and beautiful angel descended year after year straight from heaven to trouble the waters, that the sick might be healed.

Mr. Maurice has not quite persuaded us that there is no difficulty in the legend of the "angel;" but we heartily admire his treatment of John's declaration, that the wicked Caiaphas in his wicked advice that Jesus should be crucified, "spake not of himself, but being high priest that year, he prophesied that Jesus should die for that nation." Mr. Maurice paraphrases his crafty speech thus:—

"'*Ye know nothing at all*'—you who are trying to punish him by your own laws. You do not consider that if we are in the danger you apprehend, '*it is expedient that one man should die for the people;*' that we should give them up to the Romans, as a rebel against them; gulping down our scruples about our dignity and our reluctance to ask aid from the Cæsar for crushing an enemy, rather than that '*the whole nation*' should '*perish*' through our obstinacy in maintaining an ancient and doubtful privilege. This was genuine Sadducean language—precisely what one expects to come from such a mouth. But

it was also triumphant language. The Pharisee must yield to it, or else forego the gratification of his own chief desire. He might very much have preferred to assert Jewish law. He might have been willing to run some risk in enforcing it. To do otherwise was to stoop to the maxims of a sect which he detested. But a compromise was the only possible course. By adopting it, he could ensure a general agreement among the rulers in bringing about the death of Jesus at the next Passover. And there would be some compensation. The death would be more ignominious than the national customs would have made it. We are told, therefore, that '*from that day forth they took counsel to put him to death.*' There was now no division, either about the end or the means. Pilate was to be the judge; the death they were to aim at was the death of the cross.

"Such I suppose, was what Caiaphas himself understood by the words, 'It is expedient for us that one man should die for the nation, and that the whole nation perish not.' A narrow meaning enough —one in which there was nothing of patriotism, in the vulgarest sense of that word. Caiaphas would save his nation by binding the chains of a foreign domination more strictly upon it; he would put on a new badge of slavery, that it might be permitted to exist. But then, as now, men utter words—made as they think, to fit an occasion—intended to express only some paltry device of their minds—which are pregnant with a signification that ages unborn will confess and wonder at. St. John does not say to his Ephesian readers or to us, '*We* can see another force in the words of the High Priest than that which he puts on them; *we* can translate them in our way and to our use.' But he says, 'There was that force in them always.' Caiaphas had not the power to contract his speech to the dimensions of his wit. '*Being high priest that year he prophesied.*' The grandeur of the office, which had witnessed the relation of God to his people for fourteen hundred years, manifested itself through the poor creature, who could look no further than the expediency of the moment; to whom the past and the future were as nothing. He who believed in no angel or spirit was compelled to be the spokesman of the Divine word; even when he was plotting his death. Strange and awful reflections! And yet so it must be—so experience shows us continually that it is. Our words are not our own—we are not lords over them, whatever we may think. Is it not well for us to ask who is lord over them; how such terrible instruments—so unmeasurably more terrible than swords or rifles—may be used lawfully, for the protection, and not the destruction, of our brethren; how we may be the willing, and not merely, like Caiaphas, the unconscious, proclaimers of a Divine purpose; how we may execute it by obeying it, not by the crimes which strive, vainly, to defeat it?"—P. 322.

A third difficulty arising from the apparent discrepancy between St. John and the other evangelists, about the period of Christ's ministry, to which the cleansing of the Temple belongs,

is thus dealt with. John, it will be remembered, places it at its commencement, the synoptical evangelists at its close:—

"'May not these reports' it has been asked, 'refer to the same transaction?' Need we suppose that St. John troubled himself about chronology? May not his recollections of events, at which he was present, have been united by some other thread than one of years or days? Oftentimes we may have observed how a word evokes a train of slumbering thoughts. Why may not he who had just been speaking of the first *sign* which Jesus did, have been led on by that name to the question of the Jews in the eighteenth verse, 'What sign showest thou that thou doeth these things?' Such a method of receiving a great difficulty might be reasonable enough. But is there a great difficulty—is there any difficulty—to be removed? There is no internal probability in the supposition that our Lord inaugurated his ministry by one act of purification, and wound it up by another. If we accept the one evangelist as an authority for the first, the three for the second, we gain, I think, what more than compensates us for an apparent repetition. We acquire a deeper sense of the meaning of the Temple, of the relation in which it stood to the Jews, to mankind, and to Christ. We understand better what the three evangelists mean, when they say that the disciples thought that the destruction of the Temple must be the end of the age, of their world; what St. John means when he speaks of the Temple which would be destroyed and raised again."—P. 73.

Some critics, perhaps, will be ready to trace this courageous treatment of perplexing passages to a certain recklessness and love of singularity, of which there are not a few traces in Mr. Maurice's writings; it may be urged as a thing somewhat remarkable, that he should so darken the plainest sayings, and find such brightness in what others have thought most obscure. We are not inclined, however, to disparage any of his nobler qualities, because we are often compelled seriously to differ from him; nor to undervalue in Mr. Maurice what would be honoured in an orthodox expositor. He does not *pretend* to see difficulty where others have been quite confounded; he actually sees none; to him there shines the clearest light where his predecessors have complained of a darkness that might be felt.

The form into which Mr. Maurice has thrown his exposition affords him some special advantages, but also forces his deficiencies upon the notice of the most careless and hasty reader. Among the advantages we should name, the absence of the necessity for the investigation of grammatical peculiarities, for the delicate analysis of the processes of association, by which *apparently* isolated thoughts—which meet the eye on every page of this gospel—are really bound together in a vital unity; we

have never met with anything in Mr. Maurice's writings, to suggest that he would be very successful in this minute criticism. But the chief advantage which he derives from having embodied his exposition in sermons, lies in the facility with which he can turn at any moment from the gospel to the sins, and shams, and sorrows of our modern life, deriving from the ancient narrative principles which rebuke the follies and wickedness, or console the sorrows of to-day. Herein lies his power, and occasionally he uses it admirably.

On the other hand, in a volume of Sermons on the Gospel of St. John, it is impossible to overlook, what appears to us, an essentially defective apprehension of all the deeper and more spiritual contents of the Christian religion. This might have been forgotten if the book had been crowded with petty philological discussions, but in a series of sermons the deficiency is too obvious to be disregarded. We find scarcely anything worth remembering on the new birth; on the living power of which Christ is the only source and centre; on the mysterious, spiritual union between him and his people; on those wonderful revelations of wisdom, and tender accents of love, which are found in the discourses of Christ at the last supper, and on the way to Gethsemane.

Some of our readers may imagine that mistakes about the nature of the Christian sacrifice need not obscure the doctrine of Christian sanctification, and that Mr. Maurice's errors on the Atonement need not prevent him understanding the interior religious life. Let them read this book, and they will be convinced that they are wrong. However limited and partial may be the injurious influence of inadequate or erroneous conceptions on other subjects, serious mistake about the sufferings of Christ for human sin, must affect, and affect most seriously, a man's entire system of religious thought. The absolute condition of any profound acquaintance with the relationship between Christ and our spiritual life, is entire renunciation of self in his presence,—a renunciation which needs, for its perfection, reliance on his sufferings for deliverance from guilt, as well as reliance on the energy of his holiness for purity of heart and practical righteousness. We cannot know him in the power of his resurrection, unless we have known him first in the shamefulness of his death.

While we are conscious throughout of a shallowness occasioned by Mr. Maurice's defective theology, we have noticed several misapprehensions, as they appear to us, of the true meaning of the words of Christ, which do not arise, perhaps, from that source.

John iii. 8, is thus paraphrased:—

"All the breathings of God's Spirit are free, not fixed and fettered by material or mechanical conditions. You hear his voice continually; but whence the Spirit comes, whither it is going, you know not. And so it is with him that is born of the Spirit. The process of birth cannot be perceived by you; you hear the voice which indicates birth, you see the signs and tokens of life; but how the spiritual being came to be what he is, you know not."

Mr. Maurice's objections to the common translation are purely philological. He alleges that ἄνεμος, not πνεῦμα, is the proper word for *wind;* that in the same sentence πνεῦμα is used in two different senses; that in ὅπου θέλει, *will*, is attributed to the *wind;* and that φωνὴ is the articulate voice of a living being, not a natural sound.

On the first objection he does not care to insist; he supposes it possible to "escape from that objection, by reducing the wind to a low breathing;" and this, we think, is precisely what the word means. The second objection may be obviated by the suggestion, that probably the very reason for choosing the word πνεῦμα rather than ἄνεμος, was the implied reference it would contain to the Spirit, who was to be mentioned at the close of the verse. "The flagrant departure from all scriptural and spiritual analogy" in attributing *will* to the wind, appears to us a very ordinary mode of speech. As to the alleged impropriety in the use of φωνὴ, to denote an inarticulate sound, we can only remind Mr. Maurice that it is employed in Rev. vi. 6, to denote thunder; in Rev. ix. 9, to denote the sound of wings, and the sound of chariots; in Acts ii. 6, to denote most probably the sound of "the mighty rushing wind;" and that even in the classics, φωνὴ is sometimes used to represent an inarticulate sound.

Nor can we see how the first part of the verse illustrates the last, according to Mr. Maurice's version; but if we take the words of Christ as meaning, that just as the movements of the wind, ever shifting from quarter to quarter, cannot be understood, and yet, cannot be denied, so the new birth is most mysterious, and yet most real, the verse becomes intelligible.

We must omit what we had intended to say about the exposition of John's testimony to Christ, "Behold the Lamb of God," and about the following very extraordinary sentence, which occurs in the sermon on the prayer of Christ, recorded in the seventeenth chapter of the gospel, but which we extract for the edification of our readers:—

"If we have studied these chapters; if we have learnt that when the disciples saw Christ they saw the Father . . . . then I think, we shall feel that it is the greatest of all contradictions to suppose that this prayer does not contain in itself the essence and

meaning of all prayer; that it is not the one which best expresses the wants and longings of every man, that it is not the prayer of all the children of God, in all places, and in all ages, because it is the prayer of the only-begotten Son of God."—P. 413.

The literary merits of this volume are not equal to those of some of Mr. Maurice's former writings. We miss the polish and the sweetness of style which we remember in some of his earlier books. He and Mr. Kingsley seem resolved to rival the voluminousness of Dr. Cumming and G. P. R. James. But wise men will rather write a little well than much badly.

What we have said in behalf of the book, has been said heartily; what we have said against it, "more in sorrow than in anger;" and it will be pleasant to us to close the article with an extract illustrating Mr. Maurice's skill and fidelity in turning unexpectedly from the ancient gospel to our modern one. He is speaking of the traders who were established in the Temple:—

"What spectacle is it which the passage I am considering brings before us. The spectacle of the appalling crime, of some of those hideous and revolting acts which we know from the Jewish historian were perpetrated at the time, and in which the religious sect of the day had its full share. It is a spectacle which had become peculiar to all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, which every Pharisee had continually before his eyes when he went into the Temple to pray,—most glaringly, it is probable, during the most sacred festivals. Within, the priests offered the regular sacrifices; without, in another part of the house, there was a market for sheep and oxen—there were seats for the money-dealer. The practice was so regular, so sanctioned by prescription, that no one thought anything of it. The pious Jew was no more scandalized by it than the pious Englishman is scandalized by reading an advertisement for the sale of a living. If we have distinctions which satisfy our consciences between the disposing of an actual cure of souls and of the right to endow another with such a cure—if a line, sometimes invisible to the naked eye, separates the sins of simony from deeds which laymen may lawfully do, and by which clergymen may lawfully benefit—the people of Jerusalem had distinctions just as recognised, quite as capable of being defended in argument. The holy place might not be approached by any profane feet; that was sacred, indeed, to the Lord. But the outer court—why might not that be left for ordinary traffic? Perhaps the separation of the priests from the mere throng of worshippers—above all, from the Gentile who might be found among them—was better marked by the concession of this privilege. At all events, it *was* a privilege guaranteed by usage to the trader. If it was disturbed, would he not probably become disgusted with his country's sanctuary altogether? Might he not betake himself to some Roman temple—to a worship which was more associated with amusement, if not with business."

ART. VI.—NOVELS OF THE SEASON.

1. *Barchester Towers.* By Anthony Trollope. London: Longman & Co. 1857.
2. *Below the Surface: a Story of English Country Life.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1857.
3. *The Professor.* By Currer Bell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1857.

As we think any one of these three books would be found very agreeable reading, while our friends are rolling to Manchester in noisy railway carriages, or lounging away these hot summer days on the Lakes, or in pleasant glens looking out on the sea, we have concluded that it will be only kind and charitable to say something about their merits.

The three tales are as unlike each other as tales can well be; especially considering that every one of them contains, according to rule at least, one love story and one marriage; but they are all three clever and readable, and have a right to stand together as the most successful novels of the season.

Sketching the outline of the plot for the benefit of a person who is about to read a tale, is so like uncorking the champagne intended for a pic-nic, before putting it into the hamper, that, although we are sometimes guilty of the practice ourselves, we wonder that our readers should tolerate it. Authors we are sure must gnash their teeth. We shall not commit the offence just now. All that we intend to do is to write three labels "in a good plain hand," telling what kind of wine the bottles contain, and the quality of the vintage.

"Barchester Towers" reached us first, and, perhaps, we cannot do better, in order to determine conflicting claims to precedence, than adopt the chronological principle; which, by the way, might save great trouble at dinner-parties. We do not mean that people should be arranged at table according to their ages; this might involve unpleasant disclosures, and we fear that most of the ladies would be seated "below the salt;" but that the first comers should have the places of honour; —what a golden age would this law introduce for poor relatives! But we must return to "Barchester Towers." Surely such a book never came before into the hands of a Nonconformist reviewer, uninitiated into the mysteries of bishop's palace and cathedral close. The book is full of clergymen. Not a solitary dissenting parson is permitted to intrude upon its sanctities, or even to darken its threshold. We were never so long in the awful company of bishops, and bishops' chaplains, archdeacons, deans, and minor canons, before. At first, nervous

trepidation came upon us at finding ourselves in the presence of such a crowd of dignitaries; but, after a time, we found courage to lift up our head; self-possession was recovered, and we can now speak of these grave and reverend and potent men with perfect equanimity.

The first chapter is about the mortal illness of a bishop. The archdeacon watches anxiously by his bed-side, with hope in his heart of winning the mitre, but wondering whether death will come before a friendly ministry resigns, and hostile politicians, from whom he can hope nothing, inherit their patronage and power. The good old man should have died a few hours sooner, and the hopes which ended in bitter disappointment might have been realized. But alas! instead of the gentlemanly aristocratic archdeacon, there succeeds to the vacant see a man well-known by his semi-political, semi-ecclesiastical labours on sundry commissions appointed to inquire into the revenues of cathedral chapters, into the working of the Irish education scheme; into the *regium donum* and Maynooth; a clergyman who served the Whigs when in opposition; and, wonderful to say, was not forgotten by them when they came into office; with no faith in the High Church principles which reigned supreme at Barchester; and with a wife who petted and patronized a sleek, vulgar, ambitious, evangelical preacher. And thus the troubles of Barchester begin. The archdeacon who had hoped to be bishop himself, is the chief of a compact body of forces marshalled against the intruders. The new bishop's lady, with her old favourite, now become bishop's chaplain, for aide-de-camp, leads and leads most gallantly the army of the invaders. Fierce is the struggle, and doubtful the issue. A lovely woman with the heart of an angel, and a woman lovelier still with the heart of a fiend, join the *melée*. The aide-de-camp aspires to chief command, and—but we will not disclose the result. The story is told with a flowing ease which is very captivating. The characters are vigorously conceived, and artistically grouped. Mr. Trollope has achieved a decided success.

But we would fain hope that the book, clever as it is, fails to do justice to the dignitaries and clergy of the Establishment. According to Mr. Trollope, their chief pursuits and virtues appear to be, to win wealth and honourable position, to fight the battles of a party, to crush ecclesiastical foes, and help ecclesiastical friends. We believe that the material result of a religious establishment must be the secularizing of the aims and spirit of its clergy; that the chance of winning great wealth and high social distinction, must stir the worldly ambition, and impair the piety and devotedness, even of good

ministers, and attract into orders men on whose lips the solemn utterances of the ordination service are be a daring blasphemy. If it be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, how pernicious must be the influence of the race for riches and honours on the spiritual energy of Christian evangelists and pastors. We rejoice, however, to believe, that just now there are men in the highest places of the church, who are honestly anxious to use their rank and their riches for the advancement of pure and undefiled religion.

In the long run, Dissent can have nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from the increase of piety among the dignitaries of the Establishment; but for the present, there can be little doubt that the revival of practical religious earnestness among the clergy, render less obvious the necessities which created, and which still justify, our nonconformity. When the bishops cared little or nothing for the highest interests of the nation, and when the inferior clergy were destitute, many of them of the ordinary virtues, most of them of Christian earnestness, the devoutness and purity of our own churches were the best and most conclusive justification of Nonconformist principles. The contrast is less striking now. In some cases even, there seems more vigorous religious life in the parish church than in the dissenting meeting-house. But, again, we say, that in the long run, Dissent can have nothing to fear from this. If there be not a natural affinity between our principles and the instincts of the religious life—no matter where that life was originated, or where it has been disciplined—the sooner our principles perish the better. But if they be of God, then everything which springs from God must be friendly to their progress, and must be preparing the way for their final triumph.

As a specimen of Mr. Trollope's writing, let our readers take the following description of Ethelbert Stanhope, son of one of the Barchester dignitaries:—

"Ethelbert Stanhope was in some respects like his younger sister, but he was less inestimable as a man than she as a woman. His great fault was an entire absence of that principle which should have induced him, as the son of a man without fortune, to earn his own bread. Many attempts had been made to get him to do so, but these had all been frustrated, not so much by idleness on his part, as by a disinclination to exert himself in any way not to his taste. He had been educated at Eton, and had been intended for the church, but had left Cambridge in disgust after a single term, and notified to his father his intention to study for the bar. Preparatory to that, he thought it well that he should attend a German University, and consequently went to Leipsic. There he remained two years, and

brought away a knowledge of German, and a taste for the fine arts. He still, however, intended himself for the bar, took chambers, engaged himself to sit at the feet of a learned pundit, and spent a season in London. He there found that all his aptitude inclined him to the life of an artist, and he determined to live by painting. With this object he returned to Milan, and had himself rigged out for Rome. As a painter he might have earned his bread, for he wanted only diligence to excel; but when at Rome his mind was carried away by other things; he soon wrote home for money, saying that he had been converted to the mother church, that he was already an acolyte of the Jesuits, and that he was about to start, with others, to Palestine, on a mission for converting Jews. He did go to Judæa, but being unable to convert the Jews, was converted by them. He again wrote home to say that Moses was the only giver of perfect laws to the world, that the coming of the true Messiah was at hand, that great things were doing in Palestine, and that he had met with one of the family of Sidonia, a most remarkable man, who was now on his way to Western Europe, and whom he had induced to deviate from his route with the object of calling at Stanhope Villa. Ethelbert then expressed his hope, that his mother and sisters would listen to this wonderful prophet. His father, he knew, could not do so, from pecuniary considerations. This Sidonia, however, did not take so strong a fancy to him, as another of that family once did to a young English nobleman; at least he provided him with no heaps of gold as large as lions; so that the Judaized Ethelbert was again obliged to draw on the revenues of the Christian church.

"It is needless to tell how the father swore that he would send no more money, and receive no Jew; nor how Charlotte declared that Ethelbert could not be left penniless in Jerusalem, and how 'La Signora Neroni' resolved to have Sidonia at her feet. The money was sent, and the Jew did come. The Jew did come, but he was not at all to the taste of 'La Signora.' He was a dirty little old man; and though he had provided no golden lions, he had, it seems, relieved young Stanhope's necessities. He positively refused to leave the villa till he had got a bill from the doctor on his London bankers.

"Ethelbert did not long remain a Jew. He soon re-appeared at the villa without prejudices on the subject of his religion, and with a firm resolve to achieve fame and a fortune as a sculptor. He brought with him some models which he had originated at Rome, and which really gave such fair promise, that his father was induced to go to further expense in furthering these views. Ethelbert opened an establishment, or rather took lodgings and a workshop at Carrara, and there spoilt much marble, and made some few pretty images. Since that period, now four years ago, he had alternated between Carrara and the villa, but his sojourns at the workshop became shorter and shorter, and those at the villa longer and longer. 'Twas no wonder, for Carrara is not a spot in which an Englishman would like to dwell.

"When the family started for England, he had resolved not to be left behind, and with the assistance of an elder sister had carried his point against his father's wishes. It was necessary, he said, that he should come to England for orders. How, otherwise, was he to bring his profession to account?

"In personal appearance, Ethelbert Stanhope was the most singular of beings. He was certainly very handsome. He had his sister's Madeline's eyes without their stare, and without their hard, cruel firmness. They were also very much brighter, and of so light and clear a blue as to make his face remarkable, if nothing else did so. On entering a room with him, Ethelbert's blue eyes would be the first thing you would see, and on leaving it almost the last you would forget. His light hair was very long and silky, coming down over his coat. His beard had been prepared in the Holy Land, and was patriarchal. He never shaved and rarely trimmed it. It was glossy, soft, clean, and altogether not unprepossessing. It was such, that ladies might desire to reel it off and work it into their patterns in lieu of floss silk. His complexion was fair and almost pink; he was small in height and slender in limb, but well made, and his voice was of peculiar sweetness. In manner and dress, he was equally remarkable. He had none of the *mauvais honte* of an Englishman. He required no introduction to make himself agreeable to any person. He habitually addressed strangers, ladies as well as men, without any such formality, and in doing so never seemed to meet with rebuke. His costume cannot be described, because it was so various; but it was always totally opposed in every principle of colour and construction to the dress of those with whom he for the time consorted.

He was habitually addicted to making love to ladies, and did so without any scruples of conscience, or any idea that such a practice was amiss. He had no heart to touch himself, and was literally unaware that humanity was subject to such an infliction. He had not thought much about it; but, had he been asked, would have said, that ill-treating a lady's heart meant injuring her promotion in the world. His principles, therefore, forbade him to pay attention to a girl, if he thought any man was present whom it might suit her to marry. In this manner, his good nature frequently interfered with his amusement; but he had no other motive in abstaining from the fullest declarations of love to every girl that pleased his eye.

"Bertie Stanhope, as he was generally called, was, however, popular with both sexes; and with Italians as well as English. His circle of acquaintance was very large, and embraced people of all sorts. He had no respect for rank, and no aversion to those below him. He had lived on familiar terms with English peers, German shopkeepers, and Roman priests. All people were nearly alike to him. He was above, or rather below, all prejudices. No virtue could charm, no vice could shock him. He had about him a natural good manner, which seemed to qualify him for the highest circles, and yet he was never out of place in the lowest. He had no principle, no regard for others, no self-respect, no desire to be other than a drone

in the hive, if only he could, as a drone, get what honey was sufficient for him. Of honey, in his latter days, it may probably be presaged, that he will have but short allowance."—Vol. I., pp. 129—134.

And now from "Barchester Towers," and the reflections suggested by it. We must turn to the "Story of English Country Life." And what pleasant dreams the very title suggests! The grey tower and weather-beaten walls of the quiet village church, with the dark green ivy clothing it with a beauty such as the fancy stone-work of the most glorious cathedral hardly rivals, and cannot surpass! The comfortable homesteads of our English yeoman, sheltering virtues and graces, such as can only flourish on English soil, and under an English sky! Days untroubled with the tormenting cares which lash our city life into fury, and nights secure from all alarms! Health and peace, labour not too toilsome, and ever-recurring rest! But, stay; the other half of the title is suggestive of sins and troubles. Not the mere outside appearance of our "English Country Life," occupies our novelist: he ventures "Below the Surface." Yonder field of wheat, gentle reader, has its roots in filth and corruption, which your delicate nostrils would loathe; and those straight stalks, and that beautiful green ear, which will ripen during the month into a rich, golden brown, actually derive their strength and fulness from what would soil your dress and offend your purity. And "Country Life" has two aspects. Your imagination has given you the waving corn on its surface; in these three volumes, the novelist has given you the manure which lies below.

However, the story has something else in it besides wickedness, folly, and misery.

It is no secret, we believe, that the writer is a baronet, from the "good West country," who has just entered Parliament, and who has already excited the high hopes of his political friends. This is his first novel, and contains indications of real and serviceable power.

The plot is interesting, and the writing very respectable. We could have wished that the style had occasionally become more intense, and the movement of the story more rapid. The river is rather sluggish; the banks, however, are pleasant to look upon. There is very much in the book worth thinking of; and many people might be wiser and better, if they read it with care and reflection.

It is difficult to give any extract from "Below the Surface" without giving a long account of the persons introduced in it, and this would involve the breaking of our good resolutions about not disclosing the plot. However, the following conversation between Nugent, the fine-hearted but by no means

faultless hero of the tale, and an upholsterer, will perhaps interest those of our readers who may not be able to read the whole story. Nugent is about to get married, and is putting his old farm-house in order. To make it more intelligible we will quote a paragraph or two that will serve to introduce the colloquy:—

"For five or six weeks subsequent to the events related in the last few chapters, an unusual stir and excitement prevailed within the precincts of that residence. First of all, there was a general dusting and cleansing of the whole house from top to bottom, under the auspices of Mrs. Finchley. Prostrate charwomen scrubbed the floors. A devoted housemaid, at the peril of her neck, cleaned the outside of the windows twenty feet from the ground. A black object, generally supposed to be the chimney-sweep, emerged from the top of each chimney in succession, screaming vociferously, to the intense horror and perplexity of the younger children of the village. Then sundry individuals commenced beating carpets on the lawn with frantic enthusiasm. Long-hoarded treasures in the upholstery line were dragged forth to be aired and renovated, or perchance, ruthlessly discarded for ever. A set of damask bed-curtains, which looked as if they would stand upright of themselves; a piece of ancient tapestry used for a counterpane, on which the figure of Blondel the troubadour could be faintly traced, sprawling on his back and embracing a dilapidated guitar, whilst the toe of the lion-hearted king was just perceptible at the corner of the tapestry, the remainder of the design having either been destroyed or cut off. Also a gorgeous dressing-gown, formerly belonging to Nugent's great-grandfather, so redolent of camphor and other preservatives as to set at defiance moths of the hardest constitution and most adventurous disposition. Then there was a table-cloth on which a scene from Scripture was delineated; but whether the Deluge or the passage of the Jordan, remained a matter of traditional controversy in the family. There was also the fragment of a black silk cassock, supposed to have belonged to a Puritan divine in Charles the First's reign, which was by no means overlooked by Mrs. Finchley; but having been carefully suspended upon a holly-hock to air, fluttered wildly in the wind like an impatient scarecrow.

"An old cabinet or two was warming itself in the sun. Five or six quaint-looking chairs had walked out to take the air. An ancient harpsichord with a fractured leg had also apparently insisted on being one of the party. It seemed, however, decidedly an invalid; and on its keys being touched, emitted an incoherent squall, like half a dozen canaries suffering from sore throat. Then there were linen and glass in abundance; and worm-eaten books, and mildewed prints, and pictures half effaced, that caused disputes as to which side should be uppermost. Fragments of carved oak and broken furniture—the *débris* of the old mansion, which had been destroyed by fire—lay about in different directions; whilst Mrs. Finchley herself flitted to and fro, dusting here, scolding there; now making

pencil comments on a faded sheet of paper, containing an inventory of the treasures around her; now hurrying in search of some forgotten article, and drawing it forth upon the lawn, or into the entrance hall of the house.

"In the meantime, the proprietor of the Manor Farm, and of all these venerable relics of bygone grandeur, was engaged in serious conference with a visitor, shrouded in the peaceful gloom of his library.

"That visitor was a thin individual, dressed in black, with a limp white handkerchief round his throat. He had short red hair, and eyes of a light blue. His voice was low and soothing; and, when he addressed you, he almost closed the aforesaid eyes, allowing the eyelids to droop in the most languishing fashion possible. With all that, there was a gentle dogmatism in his way of proceeding,—an authoritative though mild obstinacy, which it was difficult to resist, Mr. Lamb, for such was his name, was a furnishing upholsterer from ——. He did a little, moveover, in the designing and architectural way, and was much consulted by the neighbouring gentry and clergy when any building, or furnishing, or decoration of churches, was going forward. Lovelt had taken Nugent aside, and, with some earnestness, exhorted him, if he meditated making any improvement at the Manor Farm, to consult Lamb. 'Lamb has an eye for the picturesque; Lamb is quite at home in mediæval architecture; Lamb takes a poetic view of things; Lamb has a pure taste. Pugin once looked in at Lamb's shop, and gave him, as a token of his approbation, a design for an early English three-pronged toasting-fork. You *must* consult Lamb!' Accordingly, the first market-day, Nugent 'looked in at Lamb's shop;' and hence, it came about that Mr. Lamb was now standing in a pleasant, quaint-looking room, with a mullioned window of pretty good size, looking into a retired part of the lawn. It had been formerly the best bed-room, but was now used as a cheese-room. Nugent respectfully listened to all that he had to say.

"'My dear sir,' Mr. Lamb was observing, 'we can make something of this room; we really can. It's a feature!' And so saying, Mr. Lamb took a foot-rule from his pocket, and lightly made one or two measurements of the dimensions of the apartment.

"'Excuse me, Mr. Nugent,' but I may presume to ask,—you will excuse the liberty, I am sure,—may I ask if you celebrate family prayer, domestic liturgy, or any of that kind of thing?"

"'Certainly!' answered Nugent, rather stiffly; 'then allow me to suggest that we should convert this apartment into the chapel,—the oratory. A few alterations would suffice. Two or three carved oak benches, with floriated poppy-heads and patent air-cushions; a lectern of rich decorated style; a fald-stool; the altar of wood or stone—that, of course, depending upon your theological bias; and I *think* there would be room for a piscena and a credence table in that corner of the room. I think so; but I will measure—'

"Here, however, Nugent grew impatient, and signified that he was no Catholic. He was a plain Church of England man.

"'Oh, I see!' rejoined Mr. Lamb. 'I beg ten thousand pounds. You're no Puseyite. Well, they *do* go too far. I tell you what will be the thing, my dear sir. We will run you up a handsome family-pew, with a small fire-place in it, and neat maroon curtains fringed; and then we will have no open benches, save a light deal form, without a back, for the servants.' And Mr. Lamb, with his eyes all but closed, looked up gently to Nugent's face for approbation. 'No,' rejoined that gentleman; 'I don't want a chapel. The parish church is hard by. Our family prayers are simple. I'm a Protestant.'

"'Then, my dear sir, we must make it the refectory. You understand me! The refectory, or, in short, the dining-room. I have a sweet sketch of a mediæval sideboard (transition from early English decorated)—quite original I assure you.' Whereupon, Mr. Lamb produced a roll of paper from his coat pocket, on which was delineated something very like a gothic monument, or the *façade* of a miniature cathedral. 'You observe, my dear sir, the mouldings. They are very characteristic. Here you have again the trefoil ornament, just appearing. Oh! a most convenient, useful piece of furniture, I assure you, sir. We put our wine in this department. We call it the armoury. The door of it swings on the column on either side. The key, you observe, is pure gothic. 'Tis a copy of one in the door of the crypt at Wells Cathedral! A choice gem; and, by-the-bye, for a wine-cooler, we cannot adopt a better article than a font—yes, sir, a baptismal font, of course reduced in size, but exactly the same in other respects. Van Voorst has published a very fair collection of them. You can take your choice.'

"Nugent here took occasion to interrupt Mr. Lamb, and said he did not like the idea of a dining-room.

"Then, what d'ye say, my dear sir, to making it the entrance-hall? We could throw out a bold porch, with a sham groove, to make believe there was once a portcullis over the door. Buy some old armour, and some ancestors' portraits to hang against the wall; also, a stag's antlers. Then, with the help of a mediæval umbrella-stand, and a few sundries, we should do admirably'—

"'No, Mr. Lamb—no! Do you *really* think this is the pleasantest room in the house?"

"'Why, I don't say it's the largest, you know, sir, nor quite the cheerfullest; but then it's a feature—it's got a picturesque flavour about it. We look at these matters, you see, with a poet's eye as well as a tradesman's.'

"'Do you think it would be a pleasant room for a lady?'

"'The very thing! A lady's *boudoir!* You've hit it, my dear sir,—a *boudoir.*' And Mr. Lamb positively opened his eyes almost entirely for the space of a second.

"Mr. Lamb was speedily immersed in a fresh current of ideas and calculations, suggested by the proposition made by Nugent. The latter stood placidly by, and did not offer much opposition to the various artistic touches and devices, by means of which his companion proposed to convert the apartment in which they stood into

an elegant, but picturesque *boudoir*. He only made two objections: one was, to the proposal of a large marble cross upon the mantelpiece; the other, to the introduction of stained glass in the windows. The first savoured of Popery; the latter would make the room too dark. It was in vain Mr. Lamb quoted Milton's 'dim, religious light.' Nugent replied with another quotation from the same poet, in which the words, 'not light, but darkness visible,' occurred, and positively forbade the stained glass. The room was too dark already. After some more conversation, the upholsterer professed himself ready to survey the rest of the mansion; and, accordingly, they issued from the future *boudoir*, and proceed to visit several other rooms in the house. The drawing-room, Mr. Lamb suggested, should be furnished in the Louis Quatorze style; and as Nugent was staggered a little at the cost vaguely intimated by Mr. Lamb, that ingenious tradesman met the difficulty by suggesting that all the furniture, hangings, and carpet included, should be second-hand.

"'You understand me, my dear sir?' explained Mr. Lamb, languidly investigating Nugent's rather dissatisfied countenance from under his drooping eyelids. "You understand me? Not shabby, not worn-out goods. Nothing of the kind. Just the edge taken off as it were. The glare softened. A gentle haze drawn over the damask like the bloom—the down—upon a peach. I assure you it looks more genteel. Quite the real thing! *Any one* can buy new furniture. The most upstart gent. can lay out his cash on fresh-made goods. But 'tis the old country families, sir,—the regular aristocracy, sir—who can show you their ottomans and their sofas wrapped in a halo of antiquity. What an air a venerable Turkey carpet throws over a room! Why, sir, it comes over me so, that I feel disposed to take off my very shoes as a mark of respect. Then the coziness, sir. You are not afraid to sit down in one of those hospitable broad-bottomed arm-chairs, which has lost a portion of the gilding, and whose yellow damask does not dazzle your eyes.'

"'Well, well, Mr. Lamb, I'll call at your warehouse, and see the furniture you allude to.'

"'Very well; you understand me? I've not the property at present. But I think I can pick up something that will do.'

"After a good deal more perambulation and discussion, Mr. Lamb was preparing to take his departure. But just as he took his hat, he paused and said,—'You will excuse me, my dear sir, but you don't intend doing anything to the farm building?'

"'Oh, no! Not at present, at least.'

"'Oh, very well, sir. If the idea should occur to you, there is one suggestion I would venture to make —.'

"'Well! what is that?'

"'I just cast up my eye at the long stall for feeding cattle, as I drove up my grey to the stable-door, and it did strike me, sir, it did strike me, that we might make a beautiful hit there, sir. Knock down the existing range of stalls, and run up a partially ruined

cloister of the date of the fifteenth century—it would have a most picturesque effect. Chime in with the archway yonder.'

"But what am I to do with my bullocks?"

"Oh, put them in the cloisters! The very thing for them. Visitors would say,—Why, here's an ancient, ruined cloister turned into a stall for cattle! What a shame! How shocking! Quite a sacrilege!'"—*Below the Surface*, Vol. II., pp. 5—13.

"The Professor," as all our readers know, is a posthumous publication of "Currer Bell's." It was written before "Jane Eyre;" but sought in vain for a publisher. We believe that the booksellers made a mistake in declining it. With less of incident and excitement than any of her three great works, it has a Pre-Raphaelite truthfulness, and a suppressed, half-stifled power which would have secured, even for an unknown author, a good circulation. It sustains great disadvantage, however, by appearing after "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette." Very much of the material of "The Professor" has been used again in one or other of these three marvellous books; and the contrast between the daring vigour by which *they* are characterized, and the chastised, controlled, subdued temper of this earlier production will also operate to its disparagement. Nevertheless, we have read it with the deepest interest, and confidently predict that this legacy of Charlotte Brontë's genius will renew and confirm the general admiration of her extraordinary powers.

We have given an extract from each of the first two books on which this article is based. We must act fairly and give another from the third. Currer Bell's old admirers will recognise her hand, we are sure, in this little "interior." Did ever a Dutch painter do his work more honestly and patiently than our last novelist?

"Stepping over a little mat of green wool, I found myself in a small room with a painted floor and a square of green carpet in the middle; the articles of furniture were few, but all bright and exquisitely clean; order reigned through its narrow limits—such order as it soothed my punctilious soul to behold. And I had hesitated to enter the abode, because I apprehended after all that Mdlle. Reuter's hint about its extreme poverty might be too well-founded, and I feared to embarrass the lace-mender by entering her lodgings unawares! Poor the place might be; poor truly it was; but its neatness was better than elegance, and, had but a bright little fire shone on that clean hearth, I should have deemed it more attractive than a palace. No fire was there, however, and no fuel laid ready to light; the lace-mender was unable to allow herself that indulgence, especially now when, deprived by death of her sole

relative, she had only her own unaided exertions to rely on. Frances went into an inner room to take off her bonnet, and she came out a model of frugal neatness, with her well-fitting black stuff dress, so accurately defining her elegant bust and taper waist, with her spotless white collar turned back from a fair and shapely neck, with her plenteous brown hair arranged in smooth bands on her temples, and in a large Grecian plat behind: ornaments she had none—neither brooch, ring, nor ribbon; she did well enough without them—perfection of fit, proportion of form, grace of carriage, agreeably supplied their place. Her eye, as she re-entered the small sitting-room, instantly sought mine, which was just then lingering on the hearth; I knew she read at once the sort of inward ruth and pitying pain which the chill vacancy of that hearth stirred in my soul: quick to penetrate, quick to determine, and quicker to put in practice, she had in a moment tied a holland apron round her waist; then she disappeared, and re-appeared with a basket; it had a cover; she opened it, and produced wood and coal; deftly and compactly she arranged them in the grate.

"'It is her whole stock, and she will exhaust it out of hospitality,' thought I.

"'What are you going to do?' I asked: 'not surely to light a fire this hot evening? I shall be smothered.'

"'Indeed, monsieur, I feel it very chilly since the rain began; besides, I must boil the water for my tea, for I take tea on Sundays; you will be obliged to try and bear the heat.'

"She had struck a light; the wood was already in a blaze; and truly, when contrasted with the darkness, the wild tumult of the tempest without, the peaceful glow which began to beam on the now animated hearth, seemed very cheering. A low, purring sound, from some quarter, announced that another being, besides myself, was pleased with the change; a black cat, roused by the light from its sleep on a little cushioned foot-stool, came and rubbed its head against Frances's gown as she knelt; she caressed it, saying it had been a favourite with her 'pauvre tante Julienne.'

"The fire being lit, the hearth swept, and a small kettle of a very antique pattern, such as I thought I remembered to have seen in old farm-houses in England, placed over the now ruddy flame, Frances's hands were washed, and her apron removed in an instant; then she opened a cupboard, and took out a tea-tray, on which she had soon arranged a china tea-equipage, whose pattern, shape, and size denoted a remote antiquity; a little, old-fashioned silver spoon was deposited in each saucer; and a pair of silver tongues, equally old-fashioned, were laid on the sugar-basin; from the cupboard, too, was produced a tidy silver cream-ewer, not larger than an egg-shell. While making these preparations, she chanced to look up, and, reading curiosity in my eyes, she smiled and asked—

"'Is this like England, monsieur?'

"'Like the England of a hundred years ago,' I replied.

"'Is it truly? Well, everything on this tray is at least a hundred years old: these cups, these spoons, this ewer, are all heir-looms;

my great-grandmother left them to my grandmother, she to my mother, and my mother brought them with her from England to Switzerland, and left them to me; and, ever since I was a little girl, I have thought I should like to carry them back to England, whence they came.'"

We have now fulfilled our purpose; and, in conclusion, heartily wish for our readers sunny skies and gentle winds during their escape from the tumult and weariness of their ordinary life. Let us be thankful that there are mountains too rugged and steep for their holy solitudes ever to be destroyed by cotton mills and warehouses; wide-stretching barren moors which, at any rate for many a generation yet to come, will never tempt the husbandman to plough and sow; dark rocky glens, with musical waterfalls, wild foliage, and nodding harebells, which must be sacred for ever to vagrant fancies and "hours of idleness." God has taken care that the wearied brain and the prostrate strength of His children shall always be able to find refreshment and quiet.

ART. VII.—PREVENTION OF THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

Prize Essay on the Prevention of the Smoke Nuisance. By Charles Wye Williams. London: Weale. 1856.

ON many accounts Mr. Williams's Essay merits very serious attention. Not only is the subject matter treated with a degree of skill and sound scientific knowledge we are but rarely accustomed to discover in the class of publications with which it is connected, but this Essay presents the peculiar characteristic, that it is, from one end to the other, a most bitter satire on one of the pet scientific measures of the day. It is worthy of especial notice that the treatise which thus displays the incapacity and ignorance of the professional advisers of the government, in a matter directly affecting the interests of every manufacturer in the country, has been rewarded by the Society of Arts, and has been published under their sanction. This is remarkable, because the tone and substance of the recent discussions at the Society of Arts, as well as the character of the notices inserted in their Journal, had induced us to believe that they were decided partisans of the government measure in question. When they, therefore, award a prize to a work, such as Mr. Williams's Essay on the Prevention of the Smoke

Nuisance, the inference must be, that the conviction of the truth of his views has overcome their own preconceived opinions. Such conduct is twice honourable: it is creditable to the body which has had perception and candour enough to recognise an error, and to adopt boldly the course of avowing that it had been deceived; it is creditable to Mr. Williams, that he should have extorted the consent of those so compromised to opinions opposed to his own. One of the statesmen of the Middle Ages exclaimed that it did not need much wisdom to govern the world. Since he lived, science is said to have progressed with giant strides, and the schoolmaster is reported to have been abroad. When will he return to give our governing classes the lessons they so evidently require, or when will our law-makers take the trouble to learn something of the matters with which they are so prone to meddle? It is a humiliating confession for an Englishman to make; but really all recent events prove that in scientific, or in technical matters, the government of this country invariably adopt systems and opinions which are essentially different from those entertained by the most competent authorities; and many of our costly and ridiculous failures must be attributed to this tendency of our rulers to despise the opinions of really scientific men. In no case, however, have the errors of the legislature been more clearly exposed than they have been by Mr. Williams in his Essay upon the Prevention of the Smoke Nuisance.

For the Act, so often named, states distinctly that all the furnaces of the Metropolis shall, after a certain day, "be constructed or altered so as to consume, or burn, the smoke arising from such furnace." Mr. Williams proves (and by awarding him their prize the Council of the Society of Arts endorse his opinions) that this is physically impossible, because smoke cannot be burnt. Yet people have been fined in enormous numbers under the provisions of this Act! and government inspectors, government engineers, policemen, Boards of Health, have either sworn, or have declared, that it was practicable to effect with economy that which Mr. Williams shows to be in opposition to all the laws of chemistry! On many grounds we consider that serious moral and political objections could be raised to this Act; but when the very fundamental principle on which it is based is proved to be a fallacy, it really does appear to us that so disgraceful a measure should at once disappear from the Statute Book of a nation which prides itself upon being essentially practical. Does not the question also force itself upon us whether Smoke be a Nuisance so great as it is said to be? At present, the principal evidence we have on the subject emanates from those who have always contended that smoke may be

burnt; and as they have certainly been mistaken in the one case, they may, we are entitled to infer, be mistaken in another. No doubt to some people, and in certain positions, dense volumes of smoke are very disagreeable; but does not the minutely divided carbon, thus dispersed over our densely peopled cities, serve to absorb miasmas which might otherwise produce effects far more fatal? The gardener of the Temple this spring had barely sang the praises of the Smoke Nuisance Abatement Act, which, he said, had allowed his roses again to bloom, when his flowers were said to be attacked by insects the London smoke is usually supposed to kill. We do not vouch for the fact: all that seems to us of importance in the anecdote is, that possibly in avoiding one danger we may be foolishly encountering another, and it is very certain that in the Parliamentary investigations which preceded the measure, Mr. Williams proves to have been utterly in defiance of common sense, every means were adopted to prevent the production of evidence which might throw doubt upon the pet scheme of its proposers.

Mr. Williams, however, could not enter upon this inquiry; because the terms of the "competition" upon which he has written were such as to place all discussion as to the fact of smoke being, or not being, a nuisance, quite beside the question. The practical portion of his essay is, therefore, devoted to the examination of the various methods proposed for preventing the escape of smoke from furnaces, or rather for effecting the combustion of fuel in such a manner as to prevent the *formation* of visible smoke, after having shown that its *combustion* is impossible. Unlike our legislators, who appear to revel in obscure generalities, Mr. Williams has felt it necessary, at an early stage of his observations, to define what smoke is; and it may serve to convey some opinion of the wisdom of those who make our laws, to state that he proves beyond contradiction, that the visible, combustible, portion of smoke is only present in the proportion of 6 to 286 (in weight), or little more than two per cent., whilst the proportion in volume would be more astonishing still, so infinitessimally small is it; all the other constituents of smoke are invisible and incombustible. Mr. Williams then proceeds to state his opinions with respect to the prevention of smoke, and these may briefly be described by saying that he holds that the desired object may be effected by regulating the admission of air in such wise as to furnish the exact quantity of oxygen necessary for the perfect combustion of the coal, by its combination with the carburetted hydrogen and the carbonic oxide given off by the incandescent fuel—the free carbon being always mixed with the carburetted hydrogen, which of course escapes through the chimney if

sufficient oxygen be not present to ensure its combustion. By means of a set of jets at the bridge of the furnace, and some contrivance for regulating the admission of air at the furnace-door, it is possible, as Mr. Williams suggests, so to control the quantity of air presented to the fuel, and under ordinary conditions to avoid the formation of smoke; but unless the stoker watch his furnace carefully, the efficacy of these contrivances will be seriously imperilled, and, indeed, a slight difference in the quality of the coal will call for some corresponding modification of the conditions of draught. Moreover, they who have much acquaintance with the working of factories know that from time to time it is necessary to employ greater power, or, in other words, more steam, than usual; and it seems to us that Mr. Williams's system would not obviate the formation of smoke at the precise moments when the stoker was endeavouring to supply this demand. Our objections, such as they are, to Mr. Williams's system, thus resolve themselves simply into objections under abnormal circumstances. So long as a furnace is only called upon to supply the quantity of steam it was designed to furnish, and so long as the quality of the coal remains of the ordinary description, it is easy to regulate the admission of air so as to avoid the formation of smoke; and it becomes the duty of the boiler-maker to observe all the conditions requisite to produce that result. Under these circumstances, we cannot but express our agreement with Mr. Williams when he says that the boiler-maker should be the responsible person if smoke be emitted when the furnace is worked in an ordinary manner; and that the legislature, which fines a manufacturer summarily for what may be the defects of another man's work, ought to have provided some remedy against—some means of punishing the party who is really to blame. At present, the law is such, that unless a manufacturer has adopted some favourite patent for effecting the impossibility of burning smoke, in which the government engineers or the police may be interested, he has no security whatever that he may not be fined, either from that cause or from the incompetency of his boiler-maker, or from the carelessness of his stoker, although he may have given orders for apparatus, and have paid an extra price, for the express purpose of conforming to the law, and may have adopted every precaution which may have been suggested to him.

Substantially, then, we agree with all that Mr. Williams has advanced, and cordially recommend the perusal of this Prize Essay to those who have allowed themselves to be deceived by some of the other publications of the Society of Arts upon this subject. The getting up of the book is very creditable, and the

diagrams with which it is accompanied, serve well to explain the text. Altogether, we must express our satisfaction at the appearance of a work which is likely to clear up a very obscure question—to the minds of legislators and the public in general—and to expose the monstrous incompetency of the class of men who have lately succeeded in imposing themselves upon the government in sanitary matters.

ART. VIII.—SPOTTISWOODE'S TARANTASSE JOURNEY.

A Tarantasse Journey through Eastern Russia in the Autumn of 1856. By William Spottiswoode, M.A., F.R.S. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

A TARANTASSE is a species of travelling carriage much in vogue in Russia. Of course, when we speak of a travelling carriage, we must not allow our imaginations to run riot and fancy an easy, cozy, comfortable vehicle, delicately poised on elastic springs, padded and lined, and supplied with soft cushions, hung with silken tapestries, and carpeted with a strip of fine Kidderminster, or Brussels, or Aubusson, or still more warmly, with a deep-bedded woolly mat; if we do, we shall woefully deceive ourselves as to the comfort of travelling in that wide and wild empire of steppe and forest. A Tarantasse, in fact, has no equivalent in England. It is not a calêche although on four wheels, nor a char-à-banc, though perhaps it nearest approaches this description of conveyance; neither is it a jaunty light-wheeled waggon, such as that in which our hot-pressed, suffocated, languishing cit ventures to haste to the green woods, and scent the fresh air of heaven It does not even rise to the dignity of one of Pickford's or Chaplin's carrying conveyances; and yet, in such a nondescript, on four wheels, without springs, with only a leathern covering for shelter, and devoid of seats, did Mr. Spottiswoode make the journey from Kazan to Ekaterinburg, and from Ekaterinburg to Astrakhan, and from Astrakhan back to Moscow, and thence to Warsaw,—a distance of not less than six thousand miles. A Tarantasse is, to come directly to the point, a four-wheeled vehicle with a body not unlike a barouche without doors, placed on several long poles which reach from the fore to the aft axle, and act, or rather, are supposed to act, as substitutes for springs. "But the play—and, at the time, one is inclined to call it by a much more serious name than play—of the wooden poles," observes Mr. Spottiswoode, "is so

different from that of steel-springs that, had we not been told beforehand, we should certainly have failed to recognise any resemblance." A raised seat in front serves as the box of the *yamstchik*, or driver, whilst a leathern apparatus in the form of a hood is all that protects the passenger from the heats of summer or the frosts of winter.

The speed with which Mr. Spottiswoode travelled over this long tract of territory, necessarily rendered his observations of men and manners hasty and superficial. Yet he has shown that even in this short space of time—he was only three months engaged in his tour—an intelligent and observant traveller may discover much, and if he have art of narration or description, communicate to the world he has left behind, not a little that is interesting and worthy of record. Not that with regard to Eastern Russia, we are deficient in valuable works illustrating the physical aspect of the country, the general history of the various nationalities that exist there, and containing curious and learned information respecting their manners, customs, and religion, and an elaborate, and, perhaps, statistical account of the productions and trade of these provinces. For such solid knowledge we dive into the works of Humboldt, Murchison, Hommaire de Hell, Goebel, Tengiborski, and others. It is, therefore, refreshing to find an author who has made the tour of these remote, unfrequented, and primitive countries in the style of a rapid rambler, and is able to give us the experiences of a few weeks in as many pages. We do not always want to dig below the soil to meet with the wealth of nature. There is more that is really charming and striking on the surface of the earth. It is thus in the case of populations. The statistician or political philosopher, who is anxious to study the habits and condition of various nations, for the purpose of educing some new principle of government, or of squaring the manners and aspect of a nation to some favourite theory of his own, is far more likely to be deceived, and to deceive others, than the traveller, who, notes down what he sees, pourtrays life as he finds it, and is swayed by no predilections, no preconceived ideas as to the laws by which the perfection of the human race is to be attained. Mr. Spottiswoode, therefore, presents himself to the reader of light literature, recommended, if we may so express ourselves, by the surface view he gives of Eastern Russian society—if we can call that society where scarcely any seems to exist—and the vivid panoramic picture he paints us of the scenes and scenery through which his journey lay.

It is, perhaps, right to premise, that this enterprising gentleman was at Moscow during the formidable in-gathering of the vast tribes and nationalities which took place last autumn,

on the occasion of the coronation of their great father and prince the Czar, though he did not wait to participate in the gaieties and rejoicings of that august pageant.

"From the forty times forty churches of Moscow," he tells us, "the bells were telling the vast army encamped about the city, and the mixed multitude from all parts of the empire, to rejoice in their new Tsar. Foreign carriages, native droshkies, and Cossack couriers, were bustling about the streets, and every one seemed intent upon the great event which they were assembled to celebrate. The sun had already passed over the Sparrow Hills, whence Napoleon first saw the city, and was drawing towards the horizon; and the gilded and many-coloured domes were gathering richer hues from the evening light, when I took my last look from the terrace of the Kremlin."

Mr. Spottiswoode experienced some difficulty at first in convincing the police authorities that it was possible for a person to sacrifice himself so far, as to be absent on the occasion of the grand ceremonial so shortly to take place; and on that plea they withheld his passport from him for some time. However, by dint of that indomitable perseverance which serves an Englishman instead of many a brighter, lighter faculty, the great Dons of the Mosqua were at length persuaded of the determination of one individual at least to prove the possibility; and, on the 3rd of September, our traveller was free from the gay, as well as the busy, restraints of the city. He turned his face eastward, and naturally came upon Nizni-Novgorod. The position and aspect of this town has been frequently described, — its beautiful situation on the right bank of the Volga, its magnificent view over the far out-stretched plain to the east, and its air of solitude and desolation. Nizni-Novgorod is the great depôt for oriental products; and here every variety of merchandise at one short period of the year in the fair-time is collected from both Europe and Asia. The fair itself, which attracts nearly 150,000 strangers to this provincial capital, is held without the town, on the left bank of the river, in huts or sheds constructed for the special accommodation of the merchants who flock thither on the occasion. Within the wooden wall of this temporary city, may be obtained iron and copper from the Urals; tea, both of the finer kinds and brick tea, from China; cotton, brought by Bokharan caravans, from India and China; furs from Siberia; and the varied produce of the Trans-Caucasian provinces. To this list of articles might be added silk from the warmer districts of New Russia. As it was about the close of the fair when Mr. Spottiswoode arrived at Nizni-Novgorod, and people were preparing to return to their respective homes by their respective routes, and as many of the

merchants had come from the east, our traveller was accompanied in his passage down the river by a formidable complement of these worthy speculators. This was fortunate, for on embarking on board the steamer he was at once thrown into the midst of a goodly company of Russians from the eastern governments, Tartars from Kazan, Germans from below Saratov, Persians and Armenians from Astrakhan, Bokharans and Bokharan Jews from Orenburg, and a few people on their way to Tashkend—a strange phantasmagoria of nationalities and customs being presented for his study, at one view However motley and curious this assembly undoubtedly was, the variety and contrast became still more striking as he journeyed southward, and arrived at the capital of the Caspian.

At Kazan, the place of debarkation on the Volga, Mr. Spottiswoode left the river to strike across the country in the direction of Ekaterinburg. It was here that he purchased his Tarantasse, "a herculean vehicle" for which he paid 170 roubles. The overland route he was about to take required several precautions on his part. First of all, it was necessary to lay in a stock of provisions, the capabilities of the post-houses and villages on the road, with respect to the supply of provender, being problematical. Accordingly cold chickens, chocolate, tea, sugar, brandy, wine, cheese, and, lastly, bread had to be procured. Then he was warned by ever-solicitous friends, of the perils of the journey,—perils from robbers, perils from wolves, perils from bad roads, perils from bad horses, and perils from everything that a morbid fancy could conceive. In spite of all opposition, however, he ventured, on, remembering the old motto, "nothing venture, nothing have." The best answer to all these desperate apprehensions is his safe return without encountering any of those dangers which it was amiably predicted he could not possibly escape. A slight precaution was, however, occasionally taken, more with a view of conveying a preventive caution than with any idea of the absolute necessity of the thing.

"We made it both our business and amusement," observes Mr. Spottiswoode, "to take shots at some of the many magpies and ravens that are to be seen on the road, and especially near the villages. As may be imagined, the amount of execution done was very disproportionate to the amount of ammunition expended; but whenever one of these birds did fall to our ballet, the postilion would thank his patron-saint, or the prophet, according as he was Christian or Moslem—that he was not the Englishman's target; and stories of our prowess which, doubtless, did not lose by repetition, were told for stages afterwards."

It should be observed here, that Mr. Spottiswoode was accompanied by a person who acted in the capacity both of

valet and guide, and that as he had no horses for his Tarantasse, post-horses were obliged to be taken at the different stations on the road, where a considerable delay would frequently ensue. On approaching one of these stations, a long line of drab-clad figures, marching in the same direction, was distinguished in the distance. An instinctive shudder at once told the sad truth—that they were exiles on their way to Siberia. Ten thousand of these unfortunate beings, according even to the official returns, pass by annually on this fearful mission; but it is computed a fourth sink under the toils and hardships of the journey before reaching their destination. Those who have read the "Revelations of Siberia," by a Lady, will remember the terrible picture she draws of that overland passage, and what a wearying, heart-sinking, body-wearing journey it was to her, although travelling under circumstances which mitigated its most acute and trying horrors.

But even exiles are forgotten in the hurry and excitement of pressing forward to new scenes and new objects. The third morning from Kazan, found Mr. Spottiswoode at Perm, and another day or so, at Ekaterinburg, the central of Ural mining and smelting operations.

"Ekaterinburg," observes Mr. Spottiswoode, "differs from many other places; it stands on undulating ground; it is scattered about and interspersed with trees, and a small lake penetrates to the centre of the town. The number of manufactories with black furnace-smoke, and steam or water-power, give a striking appearance to a place so distant, and approached by such a savage route. In the place are several government manufactures. The first which we visited was that for the cutting and polishing of stones and marbles. There was not, however, much going on at the time; the machinery was under repair, and there were but few hands at work. A fine jasper candelabrum was nearly completed; its design was in good taste, but devoid of originality. In spite, however, of the slackness of the works themselves, the clerks' bureau seemed as well filled as if every department throughout the factory was in active operation. The wages of the men employed here are very low, and are paid partly in money, and partly in corn. I was told by one of the sub-inspectors that the money-payment was as little as from two to four roubles assignat—that is, a little more than from two to four shillings—a month. They, however, work for themselves at home, and often have very tempting specimens of stone, beads, necklaces, bracelets, chimney and table ornaments, &c., for sale. . . . . Among the precious stones and marbles from the neighbourhood, of which we found specimens at Ekaterinburg, were topaz, blueish-white, pure white of a pure water, and the brown or smoke topaz; yellow beryl; purple amethyst, rock crystal, Siberian diamonds, jasper of various kinds, porphyry; and malachite. Besides these, stones are brought

from the Altai, and even from Nertchinsk, to be cut and polished; and; occasionally lapis lazuli, after its long journey from Badakohan and the south of Bokhara, may be bought Beside the stone works, we visited the manufactories of machinery and of arms, and the mint for copper coinage."

We could with great pleasure accompany Mr. Spottiswoode in his wanderings through the rocky mountains of the Ural, or in his visit to the Bashkirs, or in his adventures with stray Englishmen and women, dwellers in these isolated regions, or discuss with him the condition of Asiatic trade, or be guided by him through the streets and factories of Orenburg. This, however, we must forbear to do. He has, however, turned out of the common road, and striking across Tartar country, is endeavouring to gain Samara. He is now at the village of Bazuluk, 200 versts from Orenburg in a westerly direction. There are here some water-mills for grinding corn; and uncouth-looking figures, with long shaggy hair and beards, profusely powdered with flour, lounging about, clad in the universal sheepskin boots and hat, and women with head-gear approaching the picturesque. This gives rise to a few remarks on the æsthetics of dress, as illustrated in the costumes of those Tartar tribes, which we extract for the benefit of the reader:—

"But in the life of a Russian peasant there is a period anterior to all tunics, mantles, and even sheepskins, during which they live a kind of mummy life, only, unlike the Egyptian, it is the first instead of the last stage of their existence. For the youngest children are always swaddled, and rolled up tight in bandages, so that they may be conveniently put away without risk of getting themselves into mischief or danger. On entering one of their houses, an enthusiastic traveller thinks he has come upon some pagan tribe, having their idols and penates with the heads well carved out, and the rest of the body left in block. He looks curiously at one laid upon a shelf, another hung to the wall on a peg, a third slung over one of the main beams of the roof, and rocked by the mother, who has the cord looped over her foot. 'Why, that is a child!' cries the traveller, with a feeling similar to that experienced on treading upon a toad which was supposed to be a stone. 'Why, what else should it be?' answers the mother. Having learnt so much in so short a time, the inquisitive traveller wishes to inform himself about the habits of the creature; but his curiosity being somewhat damped by the extreme dirt of the little figure, he inquires of the parent when it is washed. 'Washed!' shrieks the horrified mother, 'washed! what, wash a child? You would kill it.' Discouraged alike from personal investigation of the subject and from inquiry, he turns to the elder children. When freed from its bandages, the child's education begins at once, and is wholly of a practical character. He, or she—for it is the same with both sexes—

makes his first struggles in life, by floundering in the sand or mud in front of the house, clad in a coarse ragged shirt, and nothing else. Being taught by stern experience to shun, if possible, the Charybdis of mud, he falls upon Scylla in the shape of a lean, long-legged pig, which is always prowling about on the chance of something to eat. Looking upon an occasional tumble as one of the natural evils of life, and, therefore, bearing no malice against his heavy and somewhat inconvenient companion, he begins to imitate the pertinacious diligence with which that animal takes everything into its mouth, rejecting only what is absolutely impossible. Having so far finished his education as to distinguish between the evil and the good, in matters of the palate at least, he is promoted to the privileges of the family meals of black bread and '*stchi*,' or cabbage-soup, and to the dignity of an old sheepskin. Behold him, then, in one of these long leathern envelopes: the inside fur, or so much of it as is left, the habitation of many other living beings besides himself; the sleeves, although crossed as far as the little arms inside can cross them, reaching almost to the ground on either side; the huge tattered boots, each big enough for both his feet, getting perpetually involved in the skirt, which trails in every direction. And so he lives; until at last, having attained the size when he can do something, his education is finished, and he begins life as a man."

The valley of the Samala, in which Buzaluk is situated, is one of those delicious spots so rarely met with in Central or Eastern Russia, in which the eye of the traveller is delighted by the beauty of fertility and the freshness of greenery. Places like this open with a peculiar charm upon his spirit after having for hours galloped over a long dreary arid steppe, or traversed a deep and apparently interminable pine forest, grand indeed to behold, but fatiguing from its very sublimity. In the valley, however, the pasture is magnificent; cattle, sheep, and horses may there be seen in great numbers; and were the hand of cultivation extended to these fruitful oases they might be made subservient to the regular and healthy supply of food for less favoured districts to a greater extent than they really are. The uniform character, however, of the country passed over by Mr. Spottiswoode from Moscow to Ekanterinburg, and thence southward to Orenburg, Samara, and Astrakhan was that of steepe and pine-forest, and pine-forest and steppe, occasionally relieved by rocky undulations. This fact should be especially borne in mind at the present moment, when the Emperor of Russia is anxious to persuade English capitalists to embark in railway schemes for the advancement of his empire, and the consolidation of his power. Any project he may put forward, however plausible it may appear upon the surface, must be carefully and cautiously examined. A railway through the Russian territo-

ries must necessarily be a colossal work, from the great distance that the centres of commerce and industry are separated from each other. There is no intervening wealth. All the intermediate space is poverty-stricken, and could bring no aid to such an undertaking, nor benefit it when carried out. With difficulty do railways succeed, or rather prosper, even in this country, where the country is crowded with towns and villages, and at every ten minutes' distance we may meet with a station. The tourist, on the contrary, may travel on for hour after hour in Russia without even seeing a house, much less a village, should we except the regular post-house,—so far even do the farmsteads lie from one another. It requires then very little calculation to show the utter inability of Russia to undertake with profit any great national scheme of railways. An occasional line may be constructed where the artery of traffic is strong and healthy; but, for anything like an extended net-work, the idea is vain and chimerical.

The project of Russian railways had not been laid before the world when Mr. Spottiswoode set out for his three months' excursion through the eastern districts of this huge empire. He, therefore, has not thought fit to allude to this important subject,—an omission perhaps rather to be regretted, since no occasion ought to be suffered to pass of conveying to the British nation the danger of joining in any such questionable enterprises. Mr. Spottiswoode has, however, attempted to pourtray his feelings when he found himself on the eastern face of the Urals, and afterwards crossing the wild steppes of the Caspian, surrounded by hordes of the Kirghiz and Kalmuck Tartars. He has also described the first appearance of Astrakhan,—"the star of the desert," as the capital of the Caspian is poetically termed by the Asiatic merchants and traders who frequent it — as it seemed to rise upon the horizon as he approached it. We must, however, refer the reader to the work itself for a particular account of the graceful city with its tall, square, block-like cathedral standing out far above the surrounding buildings, enriched with arabesque patterns and richly clustered ornaments, its arched windows, and beautiful mullions, and above all, its five green, gold-starred domes swelling out upon the blue unclouded sky. For this, and much more, we must recommend the reader to the pages and descriptions of the author himself. We shall, therefore, conclude by an extract exhibiting the Babel-like confusion of nationalities which takes place in the streets of this city of the desert:—

"There is the stately Persian, and the lively Russian cadet; busy merchants, both European and Asiatic; Tartar nondescripts; German

shop-keepers; a ponderous Bukharan, on one side of the street, as it were counterbalancing half-a-dozen young officers on the other; soldiers of the line, in their various costume, some wearing helmets, some sheepskin caps with red and gold crowns; Cossacks hurrying about on their nimble horses, with their lances vibrating and their pennons streaming out behind; the insinuating Armenian, and the sly-looking Jew, both gliding about with a noiseless step. It is the same with language; we ask a question in French, and are answered in German; we appeal to a bystander in German, and he replies in Russian; we muster up a remark in Russian, and a man at our elbow makes a suggestion in Persian; before he has done, another from behind, breaks in upon him in Tartar; a cross fire of Kalmuck and Kirghiz follows. A fearful explosion of snorts, coughs, sighs, and sneezes—the characteristic marks of the Tcherkess language—having gone off at our ear, we take flight in despair from this deluge of unintelligible information."

Quarterly Review of French Literature.

Our *compte-rendu* of French publications must always necessarily be very unpretending in its dimensions, and rather meagre-looking when compared to the reports of German literary doings. Philosophy, theology, and the cognate sciences, do not flourish much on the banks of the Seine; and although the intellectual life of our Gallican neighbours is by no means extinct, yet we know that their *penchant* is generally towards the lighter walks of literature. The news we have been able to collect is, therefore, somewhat scanty, and our feelings of envy are not inconsiderable towards our more fortunate co-reviewers, who, after filling six or seven pages of small type with critical notices, yet acknowledge that they could easily find materials to supply half a dozen more.

"*A l'impossible nul n'est tenu,*" says the French proverb, and we must endeavour to do our best. M. Jules Simon's volume on "Liberty of Conscience,"[1] is the first publication we find before us; we mark with pleasure the renewed attempt made by this gentleman to revive amongst his countrymen the flame of sound philosophy, and the success which he has obtained proves that his appeal is made in the right direction. Liberty of conscience seems to us a worn-out theme, a question which has long since been settled for ever; but the recent events in Belgium clearly demonstrate how necessary it is still to impress upon the mind of Ultramontanist prelates, that religious freedom is a right which no nation, valuing its existence as a political body, will yield without a struggle.

[1] La Liberté de Conscience. Par M. Jules Simon. 8vo. Paris: Hachette.

M. Simon's book comprises four lectures delivered last year at the Ghent Literary Society, and now revised, enlarged, and illustrated by a large appendix of original documents.

Precept is strong, but we know that example has still greater power, and consequently we would recommend to our readers, with special earnestness, the "Memoirs of Jean Rou,"[2] just published for the first time, under the auspices of the "Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme Français." Jean Rou was a Huguenot of the good old times; he lived during the reign of Louis XIV., and he had the honour of enduring persecution for his religious faith. His biography is full of interesting details; it contains many letters which throw new light on the history of the seventeenth century; and the character of Bossuet, in particular, does not rise in our estimation after we have perused the account of the shuffling manner with which he treated the unfortunate M. Rou.

How often are we misled by the statements of sober-minded historians!—writers who see only the outward appearance of things, and who, either from prejudice or neglect, do not go beyond the polished and glittering surface of events, such as they are described in official documents, or narratives put forth *cum privilegio!* We study in Voltaire's "Siècle de Louis XIV.," the progress of that wonderful reign, and we believe that everything was order, greatness, justice, and prosperity. Let us then look into Saint-Simon's Memoirs, or Jean Rou's correspondence, and we see many an ugly flaw disfiguring the beautiful picture. If you credit Bossuet's *oraisons funèbres*, Condé was a saint, Le Tellier a demi-god, the Duchess of Orleans an angel, and the Princess Palatine a model of every virtue. Refer to Bussy-Rabutin,[3] and you will soon discover that the heroes of the "eagle of Meaux" were frequently addicted to something exceedingly like rascality. It is only fair to add that Madame de Sévigné's cousin it not always trustworthy, and we would not, at all events, invite our fair readers to make acquaintance with the book which caused his exile. We have mentioned him just for the sake of noticing the terrible stream of corruption which tainted French society even in the palmy days of Jesuitism, and we now return to books of a more serious character. *Paulo majora canamus.*

M. Matter's name is a sufficient guarantee for piety, sound learning, and an agreeable style of writing; well known by his history of Gnosticism, and his masterly account of Alexandrian philosophy; the author of the "Philosophie de la Religion"[4] has produced a work which will take a permanent place amongst the most useful text-books written for divinity students. We cannot but rejoice at finding so distinguished a *savant* occupying the important post of lecturer at the Protestant academy of Strasburg; and when the

[2] Mémoires et Opuscules inédits de Jean Rou, etc. 2 vols., 8vo. Paris: chez les Libraires Protestants.

[3] Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules. Par Bussy-Rabutin. 12mo. Paris: Jannet, (Bibliothèque Elzévirienne.)

[4] Philosophie de la Religion. Par M Matter, Inspecteur-Général honoraire, &c. 2 vols., 12mo. Paris: Grassart.

circumstances of the times are calling forth the energies of all those who feel an interest in the progress of true religion, it is with pleasure that we see young men preparing to be ministers of the gospel, filling the lecture-room of such a teacher as M. Matter.

The increasing anxiety which has been manifesting itself lately amongst our French Protestant brethren is evident from the attention paid to the monuments of ancient divines, and to the *chef-d'œuvres* of the giants of days gone by. A few years ago, it would have been impossible for any publisher to undertake an edition of Calvin's works. Now, on the contrary, the reprint of the great Reformer's Commentaries on the New Testament is commanding an extensive sale, and subscribers are readily found for Dumoulin's "Nouveauté du Papisme," and for the complete works of Marnix de Sainte-Aldegonde. Agrippa d'Aubigné's Memoirs, published by M. Ludovic Lalanne in 1854, attracted the curiosity and excited the admiration of those readers who were unacquainted with the treasures of Huguenot literature. The new edition of the same author's poetry, just issued in M. Jannet's "Bibliothèque Elzévirienne,"[5] has had the good result of suggesting, from the liberal press, some very just and timely remarks on the respective positions of Catholicism and Protestantism in France. Agrippa d'Aubigné was a writer full of energy; and if his taste is not always of the purest, the sentiment which inspired him when he composed his "Tragiques," is one of intense and very legitimate indignation against the tyrants who, during the sixteenth century, had, by their misgovernment, brought about the ruin of France: —

> "Nos tyrans aujourd'hui entrent d'une autre sorte;
> La ville que les voit a visage de morte.
> Quand son prince la foule, il la voit de tels yeux
> Que Néron voyait Rome en l'éclat de ses feux;
> Quand le tyran s'égaie en la ville qu'il entre,
> La ville est un corps mort, il passe sur son ventre,
> Et ce n'est plus du lait qu'elle prodigue en l'air,
> C'est du sang.

Such are the striking images which Madame de Maintenon's grandfather found to describe tyranny; we have quoted the passage, because it has lost nothing of its *à propos*, and despotism is the same in all ages of the world. Thus, at all events, would certainly say M. Edgar Quinet, who, after having played a conspicuous part in the opposition to the government of Louis Philippe, is now living as an exile in Belgium, and putting forth a collected edition of his works.[6] M. Quinet was formerly one of the lecturers at the Collège de France; he began his career as an author by a translation of Herder's great work on the philosophy of history, and the eloquent denunciations of Jesuitism which he made, together with his colleague M. Michelet, are still fresh in the recollections of all those who inhabited the Quartier Latin, A.D. 1843. It is not astonishing

[5] Les Tragiques. Par Th. Ag. d'Aubigné. Publiés par L. Lalanne. 12mo. Paris: Jannet.

[6] Œuvres complètes d'Edgar Quinet. 10 vols., 8vo. Paris: Pagnerre.

that works, pamphlets, and discourses against Ultramontanism should, at the present time, be more popular than ever; and, consequently, M. Edgar Quinet, like M. Jules Simon, will find a large class of readers. His style is picturesque, full of animation and of freshness; and although he is not a professed theologian, he discusses religious questions with an earnestness which we cordially admire.

M. Ernest Renan belongs to a later generation than the author of "Prométhée," and he has obtained much celebrity from the extraordinary knack he possesses of blending the most extensive erudition with all the liveliness and *entrain* which is the characteristic of very young men. M. Renan, however, has unfortunately allowed himself to sink in the quagmire of scepticism, and the volume which we are now noticing, comprising papers and reviews originally published in the columns of two widely spread periodicals, will, in their collected form, do much harm, after having separately disseminated the principles of religious indifference amongst a nation whose tendency towards that direction is, alas, too marked already. M. Renan's paper on Channing is, perhaps, the most remarkable of the essays included in his "Histoire Religieuse;"[7] it was contributed originally to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and when it first appeared, we remember that it was severely but justly criticized by M. E. de Pressensé, the accomplished editor of the *Revue Chrétienne*. The great defect of M. Renan is a fondness for raillery, an epigrammatic turn which we consider as extremely dangerous, and which it is painful to notice in a writer who is only just out of his teens. Voltaire was violent, Diderot became rabid whenever Christianity was discussed; but we far prefer violence and frenzy to the polite, gentlemanly, and condescending impiety of M. Ernest Renan. He is, we fear, the representative of a class of thinkers whose name is legion, and against whom we cannot sufficiently caution our readers.

We named Channing just now: the principal works of the great American Unitarian have been translated into French some years ago, by M. Laboulaye; and now we have to notice a memoir of his life written by an *English* lady, who has taken as her *chaperon* M. Charles de Rémusat.[8] The volume is interesting, and carefully got up; but we must confess that no amount of talent would reconcile us to the doctrines which M. Renan seems to sympathize with so much. M. Maine de Biran is an author and a metaphysician whom we value a great deal more, and whose influence in France has been, during the Restoration, very considerable. He was one of the chief writers who headed the reaction against the Sensationalism of the last century; and M. Cousin, no incompetent judge in such matters, used to say of him: "C'est notre maître à tous." M. de Biran had left a number of important MSS., the publication of which was to take place when the events of 1848 came to put a stop to all literary

[7] Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse. Par E. Renan. 8vo. Paris: Lévy.

[8] Channing, sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Avec une Préface par M. Charles de Rémusat. 8vo. Paris: Didier.

undertakings. M. Naville, of Geneva, to whom these papers now belong, has determined upon at last committing them to the press; and, as a sort of preliminary work, he now presents us with an interesting piece of biography, together with a few fragments detached from the philosopher's unedited writings.[9]

We heartily wish M. Naville every success in the accomplishment of his *instauratio magna*. Let us, by way of conclusion, invite the attention of our readers to a periodical which, better than any other, will make them acquainted with the state of metaphysical and religious literature on the French side of the Channel: we mean the *Comptes-rendus des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. The first four numbers for the present year are now before us, and include notices of the greatest value.[10]

Brief Notices.

LIFE: its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena; also Times and Seasons. By Leo H. Grindon. London: Whittaker and Co. 1856.

How much is contained in that one word "life,"—the great object of attraction to our curiosity, and of interest to our affections. In some respects, our own peculiar attribute, yet in others shared with us by the beasts and the flowers, we cannot wonder that from the earliest ages it has been the great theme of speculation, and that the various problems which it presents have ever exercised the profoundest thoughts of men. Many times attempted, many times abandoned, these problems still remain for us, as deep and almost as dark as at the first. Yet we cannot coincide in the opinion that a necessary and especial mysteriousness invests the phenomena of life, separating them from all other facts which surround us, and placing them in a peculiar sense beyond the sphere of our knowledge. Of all things that are knowable we cannot but think that life, as being that which lies closest to us, to which we as intelligent or knowing creatures are most related, is that which may be best understood, most profoundly sympathized with. In life, we hope and believe that man may see more of the methods of God's working, and the wonderful simplicity of His ways, than in any other phenomena of the material universe. All things end in mystery; but this mysterious boundary may be nearer or farther off—a larger or a smaller share reclaimed for knowledge and for sympathy from the illimitable domain of awe and wonder. There is no necessary profanity in the attempt to trace the laws, or even to

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[9] Maine de Biran, sa Vie et ses Pensées. Par E. Naville. 18mo. Paris et Génève: Cherbuliez.

[10] Comptes-rendus des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. Publiés par M. Vergé. Paris: Durand.

discover the cause of life; but rather, much to nourish piety and reverence. Impiety, indeed, has abused such inquiries; but what has not impiety abused? To think safely on this subject, as on all others, it is only necessary to think soundly; the first step to which is to obtain a distinct conception of the subject of thought. Nothing has contributed so much to involve the idea of life in confusion as the indiscriminate use of the word in many senses. No word in truth has so many uses, nor in respect to any are the boundaries of conceptions essentially distinct, so little observed. Alike to the physical and the spiritual, the social, the intellectual, the organic and the inorganic, is the word "life" applied; not inaptly, indeed, or without ample justification in the instincts of mankind, but in a manner fatal to scientific exploration. Physical or organic life is a condition of matter parallel with, and intimately related to, other physical conditions, with which it is connected according to laws open to investigation by ordinary means. But with life in this sense is not to be confounded the emotional, conscious, moral life to which in our own case, it is subservient. That these modes of being should be also termed "life" is a fact of deep suggestiveness, and should afford stimulus to the investigation of that physical life which is open to our direct observation and experiment. Mr. Grindon's book, though full of profound and admirable observations, and pervaded by a devout and philosophical spirit, is open to objection on this score. Dwelling almost exclusively upon the generalizing side of his argument, and intent upon tracing the oneness of the material with the spiritual, he not only fails to give due prominence to their necessary distinctness, from our point of view, but puts himself, alike needlessly and damagingly, into opposition to the teachings of science in her own domain. Of this there is an instance in his reference to what is called the Correlation of the Physical and Vital Forces. Briefly stated, that doctrine is as follows: Inasmuch as it is demonstrable that vegetable and animal life is not only dependent upon the inorganic forces, such as heat, light, chemical action, or electricity, but that it is interchangeable with them in the same sense as they are with each other (heat and light for example being absorbed, and vegetable life existing in their place), it is argued that what is called the vital force, in relation to vegetable and animal *bodies*, is only a form of some common force, of which heat, light, or electricity, are also forms. This may at first appear a difficult idea to grasp, but in truth it is nothing more than the axiom, that every effect must have a cause, and that the (physical) vital force is part of the general constitution of the world. We do not consider that organic life is a constant miracle, in the special sense; we see indeed its dependence on second causes; and nothing can be more our bounden duty, as investigators of nature, than the attempt to reduce this known dependence to a clear and definite statement. On this doctrine Mr. Grindon remarks: "Doubtless there is a correlation of the physical and chemical forces of nature, for there is every reason to believe that all are but so many modes of operation

of one primitive force, that is attraction; but there is no correlation or convertibility, no capacity of interchange between those forces, *and the spiritual energy which underlies and acts through them.*" (P.21.) The perversion of thought that dictated this remark is very evident. We have in this work, indeed, a most instructive example of reasoning in the wrong direction. Our author begins with the highest, and from that comes down to the lowest; first defining the spiritual life, he applies the conceptions thus obtained straightway to the physical. Surely this is as inaccurate, though perhaps less immediately mischievous, as it is to reverse the process, and apply physical conceptions to the spiritual. To us it appears that true progress must take the opposite course. We must have patience, and be content to learn first to understand the lower, that we may rise to a comprehension of the higher. We believe that the physical life is submitted to our investigation for this very purpose, that by a knowledge of it we may be better able to appreciate and feel the spiritual. We have not made these observations because a recognition of the spiritual as underlying and determining the material is unwelcome to us. Most fully do we believe that the changing forms of nature are but expressions of the all-pervading will of God, and tokens of His eternal presence. It is because we value this "spiritualism" that we feel bound to protest against any representation of it that tends to diminish its authority, and expose it to just objection. Firmly persuaded that there is no truer friend to piety than the strictest science, and that nothing can so demonstrate divinity in nature as the most rigid induction, we hold fast to fact and sound argument, and deprecate any speculations, however fascinating, which may seem to promise us a shorter road to the particular results that we desire. Thus far we are compelled to protest against Mr. Grindon's treatment of his subject; unwillingly, because the book has great merit, and will well repay an attentive study. In his preface he disclaims originality, but to many readers his views will come with an aspect of great novelty. We may add that the value of the work is greatly increased by the numerous quotations it contains of profound and beautiful sentiments from the writers of all ages.

SELECT WORKS OF DR. CHALMERS. Vols. XI., XII. (completing the Series). Edinburgh: Constable & Co.

WE are happy to announce the completion of this cheap reprint of the works of this eminent man. The eleventh volume contains his treatises on Church and College Establishments, Church Extension, and the Parochial System. The twelfth includes his sketches of Moral and Mental Philosophy, and various short Tracts and Essays, including the introductions to several volumes in Collins's Series of Christian Authors. Among the latter we would point out as worthy of special notice, the introduction to Archibald Hall's Treatise on the Faith and Influence of the Gospel. Of course our views differ widely from those of the venerable writer on many points which are

discussed in the eleventh volume; but having said this, we can most cordially recommend them to our readers as the productions of a strong-minded, large-hearted man, glowing with love to God and man, who, while advocating most strenuously the distinctive articles of the Christian faith, urged with fervid eloquence their practical application to the daily conduct of life. By way of illustration, we will give one short extract from the essay alluded to above:—

"To know and to think that a man is justified by faith, is one thing; actually to have that faith, is another. . . . You may know that faith justifies a man, and yet have no faith whatever of your own. It may be a favourite dogma this article of justification, and you having the dogma, yet wanting the faith, may have no justification. You may embrace, and with fond affection too, the sound doctrines upon this subject, and yet not by any faith of your own have actually embraced the righteousness of Christ, and so this doctrine of theology may be of as little avail toward the peace and joy of your eternity, as any doctrine of politics or of philosophy or of agriculture. . . . All that ardour and earnestness and intolerance of what is pronounced a damnable canon, which are so often exhibited in theological controversy, may often be resolved into the pride of argument, the impatience of defeat, the jealousy of other powers and other understandings. These are the principles which uphold the zeal and strenuousness of so many combatants on the arena of a merely secular debate, and make each so resolute in the affirmation and defence of his own dogma. And on no other principles may you have taken your side on the agitated question of our acceptance with God, and may have urged it with the most intense affection and energy that their acceptance brings upon faith, and upon it alone. This you may do, and yet may be personally without this faith, yourself a fierce and eager partisan, and on the right side too of this evangelical warfare—though within the receptacles of your moral system, there be nought of 'the substance of things hoped for,' and nought of the evidence of things not seen."—Vol. XII., p. 466.

BLAIR'S CHRONOLOGICAL TABLES. Revised and Enlarged. By J. W. Rosse. Bohn's Scientific Library. 1856.

BOTH the publisher and the editor deserve the thanks of every student; the former for the plan and arrangement, the latter for the painstaking and laborious compilation of this very useful work, which is, we believe, at once the cheapest and most complete of the kind in our language. In the preface it is stated that "the most trustworthy authorities in our own, in ancient and modern languages, have been consulted, mostly in the originals. . . The Fasti Hellenici and Romani of Clinton have been invaluable guides; and with Usher and Hales, and occasionally Pausanias and Herodotus, have furnished the chief materials for the chronology of Palestine and early Greece. . . . The early dates of Rome have been supplied by comparing Livy, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Niebuhr, with Clinton and other

chronologies. For the Roman and Byzantine Empires, Gibbon, Clinton (till A.D. 641), Eckhel, Niebuhr, Heeren, Finlay, and Koeppen, have furnished copious material, and for Gothic Italy, Cassiodorus. For the history of the Saracens, Ockley, and for the Crusades, Wilken, have been collated with Gibbon. For our own country, the Saxon Chronicle, Bede, Sharon Turner, Lappenberg, William of Malmsbury, Hume and Smollett, Burnet, Sir Harris Nicolas, and especially the Oxford Chronological Tables. On the History of the Church, information has been principally derived from Neander's History of Christianity, Ranke's History of the Popes, and Riddle's Ecclesiastical Chronology. . . In addition to these main sources, many others have been referred to as occasion required, and it will be found that the pith of more than one hundred volumes of standard excellence has been compressed into these pages." A companion volume will be published, under the title of "A Complete Index of Dates," in which all that is contained in the tables, with much additional matter, will be arranged in an alphabetical form.

WILD ADVENTURES IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW SOUTH WALES BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES; with Sketches of Life at the Mining Districts. By Frederic de Brabant Cooper. London: James Blackwood. 1857.

MR. COOPER describes in a few pleasant pages a series of adventures which he met with on the banks of the Brisbane River, the Condamine River, and up in the diggings beyond Melbourne. A shipwreck off the coast near Cape Byron, and the consequent loss of his worldly stores, threw him upon his own resources, when he determined to try the life of a bushman in the northern, and therefore thinly settled, districts of New South Wales. He accepted the friendly offer of a Scotchman to become overseer of a sheep-walk; in this position he saves a little money, the more rapidly to increase which he resolves to set up on his own account, and supply the Sydney market with cedar-timber. An accident, however, sends him to the hospital at Brisbane. In the meantime, his partner in timber-felling decamps, taking with him the proceeds of their joint labours, and when at the end of eight or nine long tedious weeks he rises from his sick bed, he finds himself penniless. Travelling once more into the interior of the bush, Mr. Frederic de Brabant Cooper becomes a superintendent of cattle, in which vocation he has a few accounts to settle with the aboriginal natives. At length, rumours from the gold-diggings disturb his pastoral dreams; he hastens to Sydney, embarks for Melbourne, crosses the Keera Plain, and is soon busy with the busiest seeking the sparkling mineral, till the rain-season setting in, he returns to the sea-side, poorer than when he left it for the mountains. Letters awaiting his arrival at Sydney recall him to Europe. The reader will find in this small volume many amusing anecdotes and an interesting sketch of bush-life beyond the Borders.

BERMUDA, A COLONY, A FORTRESS, AND A PRISON; or, Eighteen Months in the Somers Islands. By a Field-Officer. London: Longmans. 1857.

A PLEASING sketch of life and manners in the Bermuda Islands is given in the volume of a Field-Officer. These islands have long been celebrated for the purity of the air, the delightfulness of the climate, and the beauty of the tiny landscapes in which they abound. In fact, they may be regarded as classic soil, since Waller has illustrated their natural products in his immortal verse; Moore—unhappily in office there for a short time—written some pretty strains to the beauty of their fair ladies; and commentators undertaken to prove that Shakspere had the Bermuda Isles in view when he wrote the "Tempest," and banished Prospero and his charming daughter to undiscoverable shores. The reader will find besides a sketchy history of the islands and their present social condition, some able remarks on the Bermudas as a naval station and fortress against the coast of America; whilst those curious in penal questions and the punishment and reformation of our criminals, will be let into a few secrets about, and be able to envy the "luxury" of, convict life in this delightful cluster of "gems of the sea."

DICTIONARY OF LATIN QUOTATIONS, PROVERBS, MAXIMS, AND MOTTOES, Classical and Mediæval, including Law Terms and Phrases, with a Selection of Greek Quotations. Edited by H. T. Riley, B.A., late of Clare Hall, Cambridge. Pp. 558. Bohn's Classical Library.

THIS collection is limited to Latin and Greek quotations, amounting in all to more than eight thousand. A separate volume will be devoted to those in the French, Italian, Spanish, and German languages. In the preface, Mr. Bohn speaks of the very efficient assistance of his eldest son, Mr. W. S. Bohn, who has been a coadjutor throughout, particularly in the Greek portion, containing upwards of five hundred quotations. We scarcely need say that this volume is a most desirable *vade mecum* for all students and literary men. The typographical execution is worthy of the established reputation of Messrs. Childs's press.

THE WORKS OF SHAKSPERE. Vols. XI. and XII. (Knight's Cabinet Edition.) W. & R. Chambers.

THESE two volumes complete this very elegant and convenient edition. They contain the Poems, a Life, abridged by the author from Charles Knight's remarkable volume called "William Shakspere, a Biography," and having, therefore, the advantage of all the recent, painstaking judgment and love of the subject so strikingly manifested in that fascinating narrative, and the "Studies," containing the curious "History of Opinion on the Writings of Shakspere," compiled by the same indefatigable hand. The volumes are got up with the neatness and elegance which are characteristic of all the publications of the Messrs. Chambers.

Books Received.

Aguilar's (Grace) Spirit of Judaism. 216 pp. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
Aguilar's (Grace) The Jewish Faith: a Series of Letters. 448 pp. Groombridge & Sons.
Anti-Slavery Advocate, for June. Wm. Tweedie.
Bagster's Large-Print Greek Testament; with Selected Various Readings. 523 pp. S. Bagster & Sons.
Bouchier's (Rev. Barton, A.M.) My Parish. 2nd series, 278 pp. J. F. Shaw.
Bowdler's J.) Religion of the Heart: The Life and Writings of John Bowdler. 356 pp. A. & C. Black.
Breen's (H. H.) Modern English Literature: its Blemishes and Defects. 307 pp. Longmans.
Broderip's (Mrs. Frances Freeling) Wayside Fancies. 271 pp. Moxon.
Candlish's (Dr.) Scripture Characters. 367 pp. Nelson & Sons.
Cassell's (John) Art Treasures' Exhibition. Part I. Kent & Co.
Chalmers's Select Works. Vol. XII. Moral & Mental Philosophy, &c. 636 pp. Thos. Constable.
Collegiate Education discussed and elucidated in a description of Gnoll College. 67 pp. Ed. Stanford.
Collis's (Rev. John Day, M.A.) Praxis Iambica. 158 pp. Longmans.
Commentary Wholly Biblical. Parts IV. and VIII. Samuel Bagster & Sons.
Congregational Pulpit. Vol. III. Judd & Glass.
Constable's (Rev. Henry, A.M.) Parochial Sermons. 220 pp. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.
Dingle's (E.) Healthful Musings for Evening Hours. 105 pp. Partridge & Co.
Encyclopædia Britannica. Art. "Luther." Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.
English Bible (Authorized Version), newly divided into Paragraphs. Part XII., Acts. W. Allan.
Evangelical Christendom, for June. Office: 7, Adam Street, Strand.
Exclusion: Report of Proceedings of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod. 31 pp. Glasgow: Gallie.
Exeter Hall Sermons for the People. Nos. 1, 2, 3. Robt. Mo r.
Faber's (Temple Christian) Caste and Christianity. 474 pp. Robt. Hardwicke.
Fletcher's (Robt.) England and her Colonies, or Progress in Unity. 200 pp. Longmans.
Fraser's Magazine, for June. Jno. W. Parker & Son.
Gospel Magazine and Protestant Beacon, for June. W. H. Collingridge.
Green's (Rev. T. S., M.A.) Developed Criticism on the Text of the N. Test. 192 pp. Bagster & Sons.
Grindon's (Leo H.) Life: its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena, &c. 328 pp. Whittaker & Co.
Hare's (Thos.) Machinery of Representation. 53 pp. W. Maxwell.
Harris's (Dr.) Posthumous Works. Vol. I.—Sermons on Special Occasions. 363 pp. J. Nisbet & Co.
Heads of Sermons made to reach the People. By a Methodist Preacher. 176 pp. Judd & Glass.
Helen and Olga: a Russian Tale. By Author of "Mary Powell." 304 pp. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
Henderson's (Rev. Dr. E.) The Book of the Prophet Isaiah. 473 pp. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
Hinchliff's (Thos. W.) Summer Months among the Alps. 312 pp., plans and views. Longmans.
History of Sunday. By Author of "Time and Faith." 21 pp. Groombridge & Sons.
Hodge's (Chas., D.D.) Exposition of the First Epistle of Corinthians. 373 pp. Jas. Nisbet & Co.
Incarnate Word (The): Exposition of John i. 1—18, &c. 117 pp. J. F. Shaw.
J. A. S. Atheisms of Geology. 68 pp. Piper, Stephenson, & Spence.
Jewish Chronicle, for June. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.
Kars and its Defenders: the Campaign in Asia. 46 pp. Partridge & Co.
Kitching's (Jno.) Lecture on Principles of Moral Insanity. 40 pp. W. & F. G. Cash.
Knox's (John) The Masses Without. 31 pp. Judd & Glass.
Leisure Hour. Part LXV. Religious Tract Society.
London City Mission Magazine, for June. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.
London University Magazine, for June. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
Mac Carthy's (D. Florence) The Bell-Founder, and other Poems. 244 pp. Bogue.
Mac Carthy's (D. Florence) Under-Glimpses, and other Poems. 212 pp. Bogue.
Matson's (Wm. Tidd) Summer Evening Reverie, and other Poems. 96 pp. R. Bulman.
Mure's (Wm.) Crit. Hist. of Language and Literature of Ancient Greece. Vol. V., 640 pp. Longmans.
Paragraph Bible (Large Print) in Separate Books. Kings; Chronicles. Maps. Baxter & Sons.
Perry's (W. C.) The Franks, from their Appearance in History to Death of Pepin. 508 pp. Longmans.
Phillips's (Chas., A.B.) Vacation Thoughts on Capital Punishments. 121 pp. W. & F. G. Cash.
Plea of the Pastorate: a Poem for the People. 32 pp. Belfast: Shepherd & Aitchison.
Questions of the Day. By the Creature of an Hour. 187 pp. Longmans.
Revue Chrétienne: Recueil Mensuel. No. VI. Paris: Ch. Meyreuis & Co.
Richardson's (Paul) Miching Mallecho, and other Poems. 193 pp. J. & C. Mozley.
Robinson's (Rev. F. W.) Sermons. Third Series. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Scott's Poetical Works, Vol. III. With Memoir, &c., by Gilfillan. Edinburgh: Jas. Nichol.
Scripture Translation: Facts and an Appeal. 20 pp. Assoc. Diffusing Holy Script. Telegu People.
Solly's (Henry) What are we to Preach about. 22 pp. E. T. Whitfield.
Spurgeonism in the Church: Opinions of the Peers, the Bishops, and the Press. 29 pp. Kent & Co.
Sturge's (H. J.) Texts and Hymns selected for Children. 184 pp. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
Such is Life. Sketches and Poems by Doubleyou. 160 pp. Samuel Eyre.
Tayler's (Jno. Jas., B.A.) Two Lectures on the Early History of Christianity. 48 pp. Whitfield.
Ten Passages of the New Testament relieved from difficulties. 16 pp. J. R. Smith.
Tregelles's (Saml. P., LL.D.) Account of Printed Text of Greek N. Test. 304 pp. Bagster & Sons.
Unprotected (The), or Facts in Dressmaking Life. 348 pp. Sampson Low, Son, & Co.
Usill (Jas. H., M.A.) Twelve Sermons preached at St. Giles's, Northampton. 194 pp. Seeley.
Warning Voice (A) to Archbishops, &c., of the Church of Eng. in Convocation. 12 pp. J. R. Smith.
Webb's (Caleb) Religion: its Sources, Character, and Supports. 30 pp. Houlston & Stoneman.
Winslow's (Dr. Octavius) Morning Thoughts. July to December. 460 pp. J. F. Shaw.
Yonge's (Rev. J. F.) Horace, with English Notes. Part I.—Odes and Epodes. 204 pp. Longmans.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1857.

ART. I.—MICHAEL ANGELO AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti; with Translations of many of his Poems and Letters. Also Memoirs of Savonarola, Raphael, and Vittoria Colonna. By John S. Harford, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S. In Two Vols. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, & Roberts. 1857.

THERE are mighty agencies in the physical world, which have not only temporarily marked the place where their manifestations have occurred, but have likewise stamped their impress upon them to endure for ever; and so, too, in the world of mind, there are master-spirits which have not only exercised a mighty influence upon their own age and country, but have also defied the power of time; and are, even now, exerting over the human intellect a more extensive dominion than that which they possessed over their own contemporaries. Among these—

> "Dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns,"

none deserve a loftier niche in the temple of fame, and few have had greater influence upon succeeding ages, than Michael Angelo Buonarroti. The architect of St. Peter's—the skilful engineer whose efforts almost saved Florence in her last struggle for freedom—the designer of the Cartoon of Pisa, whose appearance marked an era in Art—the painter of the Sistine Chapel, whence generation after generation of artists have since drawn inspiration—the sculptor of the tomb of the Medici, and the mausoleum of Julius II.—the author of

many a graceful madrigal and thoughtful sonnet—the great Florentine possessed a comprehensiveness and universality of genius, to which the whole of history can scarcely furnish a parallel. In him, vigour and originality of conception and matchless fertility of imagination, were combined with energy of purpose and unwearied application. Solitary, self-sustained, incorruptible, incapable of truckling or flattery, he stands forth, a prominent example of a true man in the midst of a profligate and degenerate age. Often misrepresented, disappointed, undervalued, compelled to waste some of the best years of his life in works unworthy of him, by the ignorance and obstinacy of his employers, he never gave way to idle complaints, or sunk into unmanly inaction; Art was his mistress, to whom his thoughts were unceasingly directed, and whose smiles consoled him for the frowns or neglect of his patrons. Of such a man we can scarcely have too many biographies. That at present before us, is most carefully compiled, written in a clear and pleasing style, and, besides the life of the hero, includes clever sketches of his principal contemporaries, such as Lorenzo de' Medici, Savonarola, Raphael, Vittoria Colonna, the beautiful and accomplished Marchioness of Pescara, and many other distinguished historical personages.

Mr. Harford thus sets forth the objects at which he has aimed in adding another to the already numerous lives of the many-sided Tuscan:—

"The claims of Michael Angelo to admiration as an artist, have been forcibly pourtrayed by numerous writers; but his great qualities as a man, present a wide field for further illustration. It has been my aim throughout the following biography, fully to do justice to him in each of these capacities. And, though it may appear difficult to add to the force of all that a Flaxman and a Reynolds, a Lomazzo and a Fuseli, have so ably written upon the characteristics of his art, I trust it may be found that the subject is not wholly exhausted, but that writers following in their train may be able to glean precious materials in the same field of criticism. My aim throughout these volumes has been to render them interesting, not only to the artist, but to general readers, and to the literary world, by developing Michael Angelo's character, artistic and social, political and religious; and by proving him to have been in each of these particulars equally worthy of esteem and admiration. His social character, it is true, has been ably illustrated by his biographers Condivi and Vasari, who enjoyed the privilege of his intimate friendship, and published their memoirs of him in his own life-time. These pages will be found to combine all the most interesting facts recorded by them, as well as much matter collected from other sources."

We are bound to say that Mr. Harford's volumes fulfil the

promises thus made, and present a full and most able delineation of the brilliant career of Michael Angelo, whose long life extended from 1474 to 1563, and whose mental powers continued unimpaired even in his ninetieth year. The principal incidents of his life are too generally known to require recapitulation, and we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to bringing before our readers some of the most interesting facts and eloquent passages in Mr. Harford's work relating to the great artist and his most distinguished contemporaries.

The ruling passion was never more strongly displayed in early youth than in the case of Michael Angelo. Descended from the noble family of the Counts of Canossa, his father esteemed it a disgrace that his son should become an artist, remonstrated with him on his fondness for drawing, prohibited him from using the pencil, and had even recourse to severe personal chastisement; but all in vain; and the father was at length obliged to yield, though with a very bad grace, to this scion of the Counts of Canossa following art as a profession. The abilities of Michael Angelo soon attracted the notice of Lorenzo de' Medici, and the youth was admitted into the Academy of San Marco; where, in his ardour to excel, he pursued his professional studies even on holidays, and often far into the silent hours of the night. While Michael Angelo studied at Florence, he had the privilege of associating on intimate terms with some of the most accomplished scholars of the age, such as Politian and Pico di Mirandala. Lorenzo was a great patron of Greek literature, and two young Englishmen, named Grocyn and Colet, afterwards distinguished promoters of Greek learning in their own country, obtained their knowledge of it at Florence:—

"The torch of Greek learning," says Mr. Harford, "which to the honour of England, has so long emitted a pure and steadfast light on the banks of the Isis and the Cam, was thus derived to her from those of the Arno, beneath the auspices of Lorenzo de' Medici and Politian. Such, however, is the power of bigotry and prejudice, that great opposition was made to the first attempts of English scholars to introduce Greek letters into our two Universities. The facetious pen of Sir Thomas More denominated the two parties at Oxford for and against the new study, as Greeks and Trojans, and so bitter was their mutual animosity, that they actually came to blows, the watchword of the opposing faction being, 'Cave a Græcis, ne Hereticus fias.' When Erasmus visited Oxford, this prejudice was on the decline; but it continued so strong at Cambridge, that he lectured on Chrysostom to empty benches; and severe penalties were even denounced against any one who should be detected as having a Greek Testament in his possession."

In the fourth and fifth chapters, an interesting account of the Platonic Academy, founded at Florence by Cosmo de' Medici, will be found, and of the doctrines and beliefs of these modern Platonists. Michael Angelo used to frequent the meetings of this Academy, and his poetry proves how deeply he was imbued with its doctrines; and Mr. Harford thinks, that their influence is also to be traced in his artistic works, inducing a lofty idealism, a love of allegory, and mystical views of nature and art. The death of Lorenzo de' Medici, in 1492, was a great blow to Michael Angelo, who long continued deeply to lament him, but found a refuge from his grief in unceasing application to his professional studies. About this time, he seems to have acquired the profound knowledge of anatomy for which he was afterwards so distinguished. He was intimate with the prior of the monastery of Santo Spirito, and executed for its church a Crucifix in wood of somewhat less than the natural size. The prior, who was a great admirer of his talents, furnished him with an apartment in which to pursue his anatomical studies. On first handling the dissecting knife, however, his nervous system was so powerfully affected that it seemed as if he must for ever abandon it. But his resolute will and unquenchable desire to render himself a complete master of the science of design came to his aid, and, at length, enabled him to overcome his repugnance. Subjects were frequently supplied him from the hospital of the monastery; and, ultimately, he became able to handle the knife with surgical indifference and precision.

We now come to one of the most interesting and best-written parts of Mr. Harford's work, the history of Savonarola, that fearless and single-minded, but ill-starred precursor of the Reformation, who, for some years, exercised in Florence a power as great as that afterwards exercised by Calvin in Geneva. Michael Angelo had a great friendship for this extraordinary man, regarded his character with affectionate veneration, and in his later years, the Holy Scriptures and the writings of Savonarola were his favourite study. Both the monk and the artist were ardently attached to the cause of freedom, in which the former fell, and the latter long afterwards nobly distinguished himself, when appointed commissary-general of the fortifications of Florence, against the attacks of the Imperialists, in 1529. Savonarola was born at Ferrara, in 1452. He was of noble extraction, and being destined for the medical profession, had all the advantages of a learned education. He soon, however, evinced a decided preference for the study of theology; and to avoid the opposition of his relations, secretly quitted the paternal roof at the age of twenty-three, and joined himself to a Dominican fraternity at Bologna. His first appearance as a

preacher at Florence took place in 1483, when owing to a natural difficulty of articulation, he entirely failed. Undiscouraged, however, he persevered for a year, like the great orator of Greece, in trying to overcome this defect, and succeeded so well that, being appointed in 1486, to preach at Brescia, scarcely a vestige of it was apparent. From this time, his preaching was distinguished by all the zeal and energy of a reformer. He denounced the vices of the age, the luxury and profligacy of nobles, and priests, and cardinals, and even ventured to point to Rome as the mystic Babylon, and mother of abominations. In 1491, he was appointed prior of the Dominican convent of San Marco in Florence, and soon became the most popular preacher in the city; crowds flocking to hear him from the neighbouring villages as well as from the town itself:—

"Many of the tradesmen," says Mr. Harford, "forbore to open their shops till after the morning preaching was over, and not a few of them were in the habit of exercising hospitality to such of the peasants as had come in from a great distance, and needed refreshment. Even during the rigours of winter, the area in front of San Marco was thronged, long before the doors were opened, by a multitude of devotees, anxious to obtain the best places. The people hung upon his lips with intense interest, for he addressed them with a fervour, an affection, and a fidelity which they had never before witnessed, and which deeply touched their consciences and their hearts. An increased attention to the duties of religion, and a remarkable reformation of life and manners, gradually became the visible consequences of Savonarola's preaching."

Savonarola, as Mr. Harford justly observes, was not the first Italian who had denounced the vices of the clergy, and the corruption of the papacy. Petrarch, a century before, in his "Epistles *sine titulo*," and in three of his Sonnets, spoke of the Romish Court at Avignon, as the western Babylon, a sink of iniquity, a hell upon earth; and Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI., the successors of the popes denounced by Petrarch, and under whom the youth and manhood of Savonarola were passed, were equally vicious and unprincipled, and disgraced their position by the most shameless profligacy and the darkest crimes. These roused the zeal of Savonarola, and one cannot but admire the courage of a simple monk carrying out his reforms against the spirit of the age, and in the face of all Italy. Lorenzo de' Medici—although he and Savonarola worked in different ways, the one trying to divert the Florentines in order to prevent them from thinking of their lost liberties, the other striving to reform their minds and lead them heavenwards—

had such a high opinion of the fidelity and truthfulness of the Dominican monk, that he sent for him when on his deathbed, and listened in the most devout manner to his prayers and exhortations. After the expulsion of the Medici, Savonarola was applied to, by the members of the new government, to point out the measures best adapted to the present crisis. This he did in an eloquent address, and concluded by exhorting the citizens: 1st. To do whatever they resolved upon in the fear of God. 2. To act on a patriotic preference of public to private interests. 3. To promulgate a general amnesty; and 4th. To fix the government on a popular basis. Thus placed in an elevated and commanding position, the subsequent mistakes of Savonarola were the consequences of a misdirected zeal for good and great objects, not of any selfish or unworthy motives. Mr. Harford gives several specimens of Savonarola's powers as a preacher, which will be found very generally interesting, from their fervour, boldness, and just views of Christian truth. The indignation of the papal court against this unscrupulous reformer was unbounded, and his own rashness at length enabled them to effect his destruction. He endeavoured to turn the Carnival into a religious ceremony, of which mystic dances and sacred songs formed a part, the whole scene being strongly tinged by fanaticism. He induced the citizens to give up indecorous books, pictures, and objects of extravagant luxury, and resolved, during the Carnival of 1497, upon making a holocaust of the various offending objects, which is thus graphically described by Mr. Harford:—

"A pyramidal scaffold was erected for this purpose in the public place, opposite the palace of the Seignory. At its base were to be seen false beards and hair, masquerading dresses, cards and dice, mirrors and perfumery, beads and trinkets of various sorts; higher up were arranged books and drawings, busts and portraits of the most celebrated Florentine beauties; and even pictures by great artists, condemned in many instances, on very insufficient grounds, as indecorous or irreligious. Even Frà Bartolomeo, one of the greatest artists of that, or of any age, was so carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, as to bring his life-academy studies to be consumed on this pyre, forgetful that, in the absence of such studies, he could never himself have risen above low mediocrity, nor such painters as Raphael and Michael Angelo ever have been trained to glory. Lorenzo di Credi, like himself, a devoted follower of Savonarola, did the same. It was thus that a man of great learning and lofty eloquence, full of zeal also for the glory of God, and for the highest interests of humanity, was betrayed by monkish extravagance into an indiscriminating warfare against taste and genius. The pile thus constructed was set fire to by the enthusiastic procession, amidst hymns and acclamations; and its value may be judged of by

the fact, that a merchant of Venice offered to purchase the whole at the price of 20,000 crowns."

From this time the influence of Savonarola appears to have declined, but not his reforming zeal, and denunciations of papal corruption, which, at last, induced the infamous Alexander VI., to determine on effecting his destruction. An interdict and excommunication was suspended over Florence, the partisans of the Medici and of the Romish Court obtained an ascendancy in her councils, and the spot where the dauntless monk was arrested is still pointed out in the beautiful library of San Marco. His arrest was immediately notified to the pope, who dispatched two judges from Rome to try, or rather to condemn, him. Savonarola was put to the torture in its severest form, and the extremity of pain wrung from him admissions retracted as soon as the torture ceased. After passing a month in prison, he was sentenced to be strangled and burnt, along with his disciples, Pescia and Maraffi Sylvestre, which sentence was carried into effect on the 23rd of May, 1498, and the ashes of the martyrs was afterwards cast into the Arno. The deportment of Savonarola was calm to the end; and his last words to his confessor were "Pray for me, and tell my friends not to be discouraged at my death, but to continue steadfast in my doctrine, and to live in peace."

During the period of Savonarola's power in Florence, Michael Angelo had paid his first visit to Rome, and had executed his Bacchus, and the Group of the Pietà, now in St. Peter's. Nothing could exceed the celebrity which the last of these great works attached to his name. It was the theme of universal admiration. Poets celebrated its merits, artists multiplied studies from it, and its author was henceforth regarded as the first of living sculptors. In 1502, he revisited Florence, having received a commission to execute a colossal statue from a great block of marble which had long lain neglected in the Palazzo Vecchio. From this, in spite of the difficulties of the undertaking, he sculptured his celebrated "David," which now stands in the open air in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. About this time, he also painted a Holy Family for Angelo Doni, and designed the famous Cartoon of Pisa, in competition with Leonardo da Vinci. Each artist selected his subject from the wars between Florence and Pisa. Leonardo chose a cavalry encounter; his youthful competitor a company of infantry surprised by the near approach of the enemy whilst bathing in the Arno. In Michael Angelo's cartoon the figures were of the size of life, drawn in black chalk, the shadows being in brown, and the lights in different degrees of white. Benvenuto Cellini thus

speaks of these two great works: "While these cartoons thus hung opposite to each other, they formed the school of the world. Although the divine Michael Angelo afterwards painted the great chapel of Pope Julius, he never again fully realized the force of these, his earlier studies."

Michael Angelo was drawn from his literary and artistic pursuits at Florence—where he assiduously studied the Tuscan poets, and especially Dante, as well as the arts of design—by the invitation of Pope Julius II., who sent for him to Rome, in order to intrust to him the execution of his mausoleum. The fiery old pontiff and the haughty independent sculptor had many differences; and at length the latter, indignant at the studied neglect with which he was treated, fled from Rome to Florence, and resumed his labours upon the Cartoon of Pisa. He was, however, induced to return, and was received by the pope with distinguished consideration. He returned to Rome in 1508, and soon after, at the urgent request of the pope, but contrary to his own inclination, undertook the painting of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, which he completed entirely with his own hand, and which occupied him for nearly two years. Of this magnificent work, Mr. Harford remarks:—

"Michael Angelo stands single and alone, no less in the force and spirit of his execution, than in the grandeur of his conceptions. Never was pencil more obedient than his to the suggestions of the intellect. Those who have had the privilege of mounting, by means of temporary scaffolding, nearer to these awful Titanic forms of prophets and sybils, who look down like another race of beings from their lofty seats, or who have availed themselves of the use of mirrors to bring them beneath the eye, never fail to be smitten with admiration at the dash and vigour of each stroke, and not less at its certainty and truth. On a fine day, aids like these will ensure to the artist and the amateur impressions of indelible wonder and delight, at the originality of this great artist's mind and style; a style in which the relief of sculpture appears to blend with the richness and clair-obscur of painting."

Those who wish a detailed account of the whole composition and painting of the Sistine ceiling, will find it in the thirteenth chapter of Mr. Harford's first volume, who thus eloquently sums up his elaborate description:—

"The grand works of creation—the primeval history of man—the entry of sin into Paradise—the curse which it brought on this fair creation, and its awful consequences—the reversal of that curse, and the re-entry of life and immortality through the Gospel—the initiatory preparation for the incarnation of that divine Redeemer to whom all the prophets bear witness, and to whom at length every

knee shall bow—such are the great subjects chosen by Michael Angelo to employ his creative pencil. We are carried back to the patriarchal age, to the mystic age of prophecy and poetry; and we have also before us a magnificent display of the mighty energies of physical force and industry. Sublimity of sentiment and unrivalled powers of design, undebased by any admixture of puerile superstition, here reign and triumph."

That selfish and unprincipled voluptuary, Leo X., whose name has come down to posterity encircled by a halo of false glory, succeeded the fiery old soldier-pope, Julius II. He sent for Michael Angelo as an architect, in order to employ him in building a magnificent façade for the church of San Lorenzo in Florence, which contained the ashes of many of the family of the Medici. In consequence of this commission, the great artist was compelled to proceed to the quarries of Seravizza, where five or six of the best years of his life were consumed in making roads and raising marbles; and yet, after all, the undertaking was abandoned by the capricious pope, whose patronage proved to Michael Angelo the greatest misfortune of his life.

In 1527 took place the terrible sack of Rome by the lawless bands of the Constable de Bourbon; and, in 1529, the Imperial army encamped before Florence. The citizens had for some time been aware of the impending struggle, and had made preparations to meet it. Towards the close of 1528, they appointed Michael Angelo commissary-general of the fortifications, in which post he displayed transcendent abilities as an engineer. His first care was an attentive inspection of the fortifications, and the execution of all essential repairs; his next was to place the walls and fortress of San Miniato, as commanding the city, in a complete state of defence, and to add to their security by new works and bastions. This he accomplished with so much scientific skill, that, in after times, the celebrated French engineer, Vauban, devoted considerable time to their examination, and made accurate drawings of them. His labours were, however, futile. There was treachery within as well as the foe without; and Malatesta Baglioni, the Florentine general, introducing the enemy within the bastions of the Roman gate, nothing was left but to surrender; and so, in August, 1530, fell the liberties of Florence. A general amnesty, with certain exceptions, was one of the conditions of capitulation; but, to gratify the revenge of Pope Clement VII., this was afterwards violated, and the scaffolds ran red with the blood of some of the noblest citizens of Florence. Michael Angelo was among those excepted from the general amnesty. He succeeded in concealing himself for some time, and was at length pardoned by the pope, who wished to employ him on

the sacristy of San Lorenzo, for which he executed the tombs of the Medici, where are the celebrated statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici, and the no less famous allegorical figures of Aurora and Twilight, Day and Night.

The mausoleum of Julius II., Michael Angelo's first papal commission, which had given him such constant anxiety, and about which he had suffered so many disappointments, was at length finished on a reduced scale, and erected in the church of San Pietro-in-Vinculis. It is thus described by Mr. Harford:—

"Not having been originally destined for its present locality, it very naturally appears quite out of place. It is too lofty and vast in its dimensions for the size and height of the church. The object which principally strikes the eye, on approaching it, is the colossal statue of Moses; not placed according to the artist's original plan, on an elevated platform in composition with various figures of Prophets and Virtues, but singly and alone in the centre of the façade of the mausoleum, and close to the eye. It is some time before the spectator discovers, what ought to have been a leading object, the sarcophagus and reclining form of Pope Julius on the second stage of the monument. It was the work of Maso dal Bosco, but is devoid of dignity or effect. On each side of the Moses, in niches, are two statues emblematic of Active and Contemplative Life. The idea is borrowed from Dante. They were designed and finished by Michael Angelo himself, and are fine specimens of his sculpture. Active Life, under the appellation of Leah, holds a mirror in her hand, signifying that our actions ought to be the result of reflection; in the other hand is a wreath of flowers, the symbol of cheerfulness. Contemplative Life, under the name of Rachel, indicates by the bent knee, by the upraised head and eye, that her wrapt soul is mounting heavenwards. Above the sarcophagus is a Virgin and Child, from the design of Buonarroti, by Settignano. The child holds a little bird in its hand, and is a model of grace and sweetness. Immediately above the statues of Active and Contemplative Life, are two figures of a Prophet and a Sibyl by Montelupo, with which Michael Angelo was by no means satisfied. The entablature of the tomb is flanked on each side of the Moses, and at its extremities, by termini, and is further adorned by the arms of the pope, and by two marble candelabras. The whole looks less like a monument to the honour of Julius II. than to that of Moses."

In 1533, Michael Angelo, at the desire of Paul III., commenced his famous painting of the Last Judgment. Its design and execution cost him eight years of assiduous application and severe labour, and it was finally opened to public view at the Christmas festival of 1541, when Michael Angelo was in his sixty-eighth year. Before the painting was quite finished, the pope came to view it, accompanied by a train of attendants, among them his master of ceremonies, Biagio da Cesena, a

grave and grand old gentleman, far more alive to breaches of etiquette than to wonders of Art. He was terribly scandalized at the number of naked figures that met his view, and pronounced them more suitable for the walls of a bagnio than for those of a pope's chapel. Unlucky man! Michael Angelo had heard and remembered; and never was poor master of ceremonies so punished. On the pope's departure, he seized his pencil, and gave to the countenance of Minos (a huge monster with a sweeping tail, bowing amidst a crowd of demons) so perfect a resemblance to Biagio, that no one could possibly mistake the likeness. The painter's revenge soon became known, and created much merriment; but the indignant master sought the pope, and complained of the insult to which he had been subjected. "Where has he placed you?" said the amused pontiff. "In hell," replied poor Biagio." "Alas! then," replied the Pope, "I can do nothing for you; had he placed you in purgatory I might have delivered you, but in hell there is no redemption."

In his seventy-first year, Michael Angelo painted, in the Pauline Chapel, the Conversion of St. Paul, and the Crucifixion of St. Peter. These, the last works of his pencil, were completed when he had reached the advanced age of seventy-five. As compared with the free and grand pencilling of his works in the Sistine Chapel, their execution is deficient in spirit and energy. "They may be regarded," says Mr. Harford, "as forming the Odyssey of his art." Behind the great altar of the Cathedral of Florence is still to be seen a marble group, the last piece of sculpture touched by the great Florentine. The subject is the Dead Christ supported by the Virgin Mother, to whom another female figure is ministering, and Nicodemus is introduced near them in a standing posture. Owing to the intractableness of the marble, this group was never completed. The following graphic account has been left by an eye-witness of the energy and certainty with which Michael Angelo wielded his chisel:—

"I may say that I have seen Michael Angelo at work after he had passed his sixtieth year, and although he was not very robust, he cut away as many scales from a block of very hard marble in a quarter of an hour as three young sculptors would have effected in three or four hours—a thing almost incredible to one who had not actually witnessed it. Such was the impetuosity and fire with which he pursued his labour, that I almost thought the whole work must have gone to pieces; with a single stroke he brought down fragments three or four fingers thick, and so close upon his mark, that, had he passed it, even in the slightest degree, there would have been a danger of ruining the whole."

The magnificent fabric of St. Peter's was the work of Michael

Angelo's old age; for he was only appointed architect on the death of San Gallo in 1546, when he was upwards of seventy years of age. In contrast with the design of his predecessor, whose defects he had clearly pointed out, he formed a new plan, simple and majestic, a model of which he executed in fifteen days, at an expense of only twenty-five scudi. It exhibited a single order of 108 feet, of a magnitude unexampled in ancient or in modern times; for the order of the great Temple of Baalbec, the loftiest of antiquity, is only eighty-one feet. This order he surmounted by an attic of thirty-two feet, making the front altogether 140 feet high. Thus, to a gigantic design he superadded gigantic features appropriate to its colossal dimensions, and imposing by real magnitude as well as by quantity and numbers. He also restored the church to the Greek cross,—a form best adapted to give prominence and effect to its grand and central feature, the magnificent dome, whether viewed from within or without. This design was approved of by the pope, and, at the advanced age of seventy-two, the great sculptor entered upon the arduous duties of architect of St. Peter's. In the patent appointing him to this office, he demanded and obtained the insertion of his refusal of all salary for his great work, and, during the seventeen years of his superintendence, he never received a single farthing. He at length achieved the magnificent conception of Bramante, of elevating the Pantheon in the air, and produced a cupola far surpassing that of Florence in height and magnificence, and transcending it no less in the beauty both of its external and internal curve In this respect, indeed, the dome of St. Peter's can scarcely be surpassed:—

"He planted it," says Mr. Harford, "upon an elevated tambour, and in place of the unbroken peristyle of Bramante, he introduced on the side of each window (sixteen in number) piers encircled with coupled columns, the summits of which were destined to be adorned with statues of prophets and apostles from his own designs. That magical play of light and shadow upon the cupola of St. Peter's, which charms the eye of the spectator throughout the day, is a consequence of these advancing piers, and the present effect would be greatly heightened if the statues, as seen on his model, had actually been introduced. The corresponding piers on the minor domes were also to have been adorned with statues. The interior sections of the cupola correspond with those of the exterior; the linear graces of the roof being repeated, and coupled pilasters within answering to the coupled columns without. The lantern is singularly elegant, and was constructed with only a slight deviation from the original model."

Unfortunately, Michael Angelo's plan of the Greek cross was departed from. Pope Paul V. authorized Carlo Maderna to

violate the original plan by the elongation of the entrance nave. Had the great artist's scheme of the Greek cross been adhered to, the eye of the spectator, on entering the church, would at once have been struck by the sublimity of the dome, and by the fine arrangement of the subordinate parts of the fabric in connexion with it. Carlo Maderna's alteration entirely frustrated the possibility of any such effect, by placing the opening into the dome at such a distance from the entrance portal as scarcely to allow of its being visible; and it was still more fatal to the external beauty of the building, for the cupola, on approaching the grand façade, is cut through in perspective by its upper story, and is, therefore, half concealed from the eye, instead of triumphing as the sublime and presiding feature of the whole edifice. Another most unfortunate departure from the plan of Michael Angelo, has been the substitution of the present encumbered façade, frittered and broken into a number of parts, for the grand portico in the style of the Pantheon, which presented a design of unexampled boldness and magnificence. Mr. Harford supplies two careful drawings of St. Peter's—as Michael Angelo designed it, and as it now appears—which show far better than any description how much the world has lost by these ill-judged departures from the plans of the great Florentine.

A very interesting chapter in the second volume is devoted to the considerations of Michael Angelo's poetry, which, says Mr. Harford, "is deeply interesting from the light which it reflects upon his character and opinions, as well as from its intrinsic beauties. It chiefly consists of small poems, some of which are light, airy effusions of sportive fancy, whilst the greater part are of a graver character, and are replete, like his art, with original and lofty thought, and pure and noble sentiment, conveyed in language concise, vigorous, and elegant. The collection includes sixty-two small poems under the name of madrigals, and sixty-four sonnets, besides a few pieces of somewhat greater compass,—the most interesting among which is an elegy, in which he deplores the death of a brother, and describes in a touching strain of devotion and tenderness, how much this stroke had revived his feeling of grief for the loss of his father." The original MSS. of these poems in Michael Angelo's own handwriting, very clearly and carefully transcribed, are among the literary treasures of the Vatican Library. They were first published at Florence in 1623, and were reprinted by Manni in 1726. They have since passed through several editions, both in Italy and France; and, about ten years ago, Mr. E. Taylor published, at London, an elegant essay on these poems, accompanied by various translations.*

* For specimens of Angelo's graver sonnets we refer our readers to Mr.

In his old age, Michael Angelo was deeply afflicted by the death of his faithful and attached servant Urbino, who had lived with him for twenty-six years; and the following touching letter to Vasari, who had written to condole with him, shows how deeply he felt his loss:—

"MY DEAR GEORGE.—I scarcely know how to write, but I must just acknowledge your letter. You have heard of Urbino's death—an event for which most grateful thanks are due from me to God, though, as respects myself, the loss is most severe, and my grief profound. My thanks are thus due, because, while living, his care of me was such as greatly to prolong my life, and dying, he has taught me to meet death, not with aversion but with desire. He lived with me twenty-six years, and I ever found him incomparable and faithful; and now, when I had rendered him rich, and regarded him as the prop and the repose of my old age, he has passed away, leaving me no other hope but that of rejoining him in Paradise; and of this God has vouchsafed me, as it were, the pledge, by the great blessedness of his last moments. His chief regrets in the prospect of death were, that he left me in this deceitful world pressed upon by so many sorrows, though, indeed, the greater part of me is departed together with him, nor does aught remain behind but a deep sense of bereavement."

In 1558-9, Duke Cosmo of Florence visited Rome, and paid the utmost respect to Michael Angelo; and his son, Don Francesco de' Medici, when conversing with the great artist, held his cap in his hand, and seemed unable to express the delight he felt on finding himself in the presence of a man of whom he had heard so much, and whom he had long wished to see. But the closing scene was now approaching. A slow fever attacked Michael Angelo in the beginning of 1563, and he breathed his last on the 17th of February of that year, surrounded by his friends, retaining his senses to the end, and in his last moments, requesting those around him to remind him of the sufferings and death of our blessed Lord. According to his expressed wish, his mortal remains were conveyed to Florence, which they reached on the 11th of March; and it was decided to convey them in the dead of the ensuing night to a chapel in the church of Santa Croce. A great concourse of artists assembled for this purpose; the elder bore torches in their

Sheppard's volume, "The Foreign Sacred Lyre," noticed in our last number. Sonnet VIII. is deeply interesting, written, as it appears to have been, at the close of the great artist's earthly career. The last stanza is thus translated by Mr. Sheppard:—

"Nor painting now, nor sculpture can beguile
The soul—embracing on death's awful brink,
Love's arms for us upon the cross outspread."—Pp. 226, 227.

hands, while the younger contended with each other for the honour of aiding in carrying the bier, over which was cast a velvet pall studded with gold; and happy, in after times, did any of them feel, who could boast of having shared in this office. A magnificent public funeral was celebrated on the following 14th of July, in which the splendour of the preparations vied with the artistic beauty of the works prepared by the genius of the Academicians. A conspicuous position in the church of Santa Croce was subsequently selected by the duke for the monument of Michael Angelo, for which he presented the marbles, while Vasari furnished the design, which was carried into execution by the eminent sculptor Battista Lorenzi. "Its most prominent features," says Mr. Harford, "are a pure bust of Michael Angelo, and statues of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in allusion to his triple artistic honours. The bust is distinguished by an expression of dignified amenity. Recorded honours gathered around this monument in the form of innumerable poetical tributes in Latin and Italian, the most admired of which were afterwards published."

We cannot better close our notice of these interesting volumes, than by the following extract describing the personal appearance and habits of the great artist whose career we have been pursuing:—

"Michael Angelo was of middle stature, of a spare habit of body, bony and muscular, active in his gait and movements, and of a ruddy complexion. His forehead was square, lofty, and somewhat projecting; his nose might have been fine, but from the flattening injury inflicted upon it early in life by Torrigiano; his cheek-bones were a little prominent; his eyes were rather small, sparkling, of a grey colour inclining to blue, and but slightly overshaded; his lips were thin, the lower lip somewhat projecting; his hair and beard raven black, till extreme old age shed its snows upon them; the beard terminated in two points. The cranium was large in proportion to the face. His aspect was amiable and animated, blended with an expression of resolute firmness and decision. He was rather broad in the shoulders; but his limbs were in good proportion. His habits of temperance were rigid. In youth, when absorbed in study or by professional labour, he lived chiefly on bread and a little wine; and in old age he exercised the greatest moderation. At the age of sixty-six, when pursuing the gigantic labour of painting the Last Judgment, he contented himself with little more than a frugal repast at the close of the day. He was in consequence ever active both in body and mind; seldom accepted or gave invitations to dinner; and declined receiving presents, which he regarded as involving dangerous obligations. He required but little sleep, and often rose in the dead of night to pursue his artistic occupations. At such times, if employed in sculpture, he would put on a paper cap or casque, so constructed as to bear in its front a candle, by means of which his hands were left at liberty while pursuing his work."

Art. II.—INDIAN IRRIGATION AND THE CULTURE OF COTTON.

1. *On the Culture and Commerce of Cotton in India.* By J. Forbes Royle. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1851.
2. *Italian Irrigation.* By R. Baird Smith. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1855.
3. *Irrigation in the Madras Provinces.* By R. Baird Smith. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1856.

At the present day, when so large a portion of our national wealth is invested in the manufacture of cotton, and so very large a proportion of our population depends upon the healthy state of that branch of trade, every question connected with the supply of the raw commodity, assumes an importance of the most serious description. To the teeming cities of Lancashire and West Yorkshire, indeed, a plentiful crop of cotton is nearly as essential as a plentiful crop of corn; and as an illustration of the magnitude of the interests involved, we may state, that it has been calculated that not less than one-tenth of the population of our islands are directly or indirectly connected with the conversion of that plant. Then, again, to how many countless millions have cotton goods become almost necessaries of life, or, at least, have become so essentially connected with their daily habits, that any increase in their cost would be a matter of serious inconvenience. It is not marvellous, therefore, that our manufacturers and our statesmen should alike turn their thoughts anxiously to the future supply of an article so precious; and the uneasy feelings which might naturally arise on such occasions, must, we conceive, be sadly increased when the numerous contingencies to which the question is exposed are taken into account. At present, war with the United States would be fatal to our manufacturing classes: if any of the new and inexplicable forms of disease, which have lately produced such sad havoc amongst potatoes, the vines, or the silkworms, were to manifest themselves in the American cotton fields, the labouring classes of Glasgow and of Manchester would inevitably suffer. Every consideration of prudence, then, calls upon our rulers to assist in extending the sphere of production of the plant, and thus to render the nation as independent as possible of the contingencies of politics, or of the mysterious laws of vegetable life.

As might naturally have been expected, under these circumstances, the attention of all far-seeing manufacturers and politicians has been long directed towards the inquiry into the

possibility of obtaining, from the great Indian possessions of this country, an increased supply of cotton. Formerly, indeed, India was an exporter of manufactured cotton goods to our own shores; even now it supplies the raw material, required for clothing its own indigenous population, and is also able to supply the deficiencies of production in other countries of Eastern Asia. Several varieties of the cotton plant are indigenous in portions of our dominions; and there seem to be no natural causes in operation which should lead to the belief that ordinary care and skill would not secure the same results that they have done in the Southern States of America, if only due attention were paid to the selection of the localities in which the experimental cultivation were carried on. No doubt there are differences between the climatological conditions of the Indian Peninsula and of the North American continent; and the geological and hydrographical characters of the two regions vary greatly. But these differences between the distant countries do not surpass those which exist between one cotton-growing district in the United States and another; nor, we believe, have all the modern inquiries succeeded in discovering any specific ground for supposing that the plant should not thrive as well in India as it has done under the care of the energetic planters of the United States. Dr. Royle, indeed, records failure after failure in the attempts of the Indian government, and of its agents, to revive a cultivation of such vital importance to ourselves, as well as to the tribes subjected to our rule; yet these failures appear to admit of such easy explanation, and the real cause of the impotence of Indian agriculture to help us at this our need, lies so near to the surface, that it were worse than folly for the parties interested to entertain feelings of discouragement, still less of despair, on account of the results hitherto attained.

The very uneasy state of our dominion in the far East, at the present moment, invests, however, every inquiry into the past or the future condition of any portion of India, with a more solemn and absorbing interest. Strangers in race, civilization, language, and religion, to the dense populations of those regions, we have succeeded, by force or by fraud—too little, alas! it is to be feared by persuasion or by justice—in destroying, one after the other, the native governments, which existed when we first appeared on their shores. Unquestionably, those governments were vile and contemptible, in the extremest sense of the words; and the populations submitted to their rule were oppressed by the saddest and most degrading forms of despotism. But who gave us the mission to redress the wrongs of the unfortunate Hindoos? Do we pretend that there is "a

manifest destiny," by which semi-barbarism is to be thrust aside by Anglo-Normans, or that semi-barbarians are to be made the serfs of those who have found out the worst part of the secret and wonderful power conferred by superior knowledge? We fear that the English rule in India is, after all, but a grievous national sin; and that, sooner or later, unless our rulers vigorously address themselves to the task of expiating the evil deeds of their predecessors, we, as a nation, must suffer the punishment they deserved. It is too late, perhaps, for us now to discuss this question of the right of our dominion in the East; and there seems to be very little reason to suppose that, even if we could withdraw entirely from the scene, the happiness of the countless millions of India would be benefited by the restoration of native governments. But it is precisely on this score that the awful magnitude of our responsibility rests. We have assumed the duty of protecting and of governing tribes, said to number 150,000,000 of souls, who may forcibly and truthfully be described as overgrown infants; and we may depend upon it that they will never pardon us the insult of our foreign rule, and of our forcible invasion, unless we strive earnestly and conscientiously to advance both their moral and their pecuniary interests, or unless we can convince them that our government is immeasurably superior to any one they could originate amongst themselves. The very plasticity of the Indian character, and the general tendency of southern populations to cast every description of anxiety for national welfare upon their rulers, make the difficulties of our position the greater; for we are bound to educate to the enjoyment of freedom men who seem hardly capable of self-government, and to teach the maxim, that "Man shall not live by bread alone," amongst a race which cares for little beyond the satisfaction of its daily wants. Without, however, dwelling upon all the consequences of the position we have thus assumed, it is certain that one of the first objects which ought to employ the thoughts of the men who wield the destinies of this mighty empire, is how to increase its material wealth; and, therefore, it is that this one question of the cultivation of cotton rises at once from a mere mercantile inquiry to the importance of a grave political problem.

For a careful perusal of Dr. Royle's very elaborate, but at the same time very wordy and very tedious book, convinces us that the cause which is really at the bottom of the present unsatisfactory state of agriculture in India in all its branches, is to be found in the fatal system of land tenure which prevails there. Dr. Royle gives a detailed account of the past and present states of cotton production, and of cotton consumption, in

India, from which it certainly appears that the production of the present day is proportionally less than that of former times. He records the strange tale of the proceedings of the American planters, sent out by the East India Company at a very great expense, who, we suspect, must have enjoyed vastly the joke of hoaxing the "Britishers," first, into the belief that they were earning their salaries; and secondly, into the conviction that cotton could not be grown in India so as to compete with that grown in their native land. How, indeed, was it to be expected that these Americans should strive earnestly to destroy the main stay of their national prosperity? and how forcibly does this little tale illustrate the unfortunate propensity of our rulers to select the very worst agents for its experiments! But the mistakes which were made in all the attempts to grow cotton recorded by Dr. Royle, seem to us precisely to have been those which would never have been made, had the parties concerned in them had any direct or personal interest in the success or the failure of the new culture. It must, moreover, be evident that the natives would not be likely to continue the latter to any practicable issue, unless they were able either to acquire the absolute possession—the fee simple of the land, or to effect a settlement of the annual payment to be made to the state which should be equivalent to a long lease. There are, indeed, but few places in India where individuals are able to possess the freehold of land. Over the greater portion of that immense region the government practically enforces the socialist doctrine, that the surface of the country belongs to the state; and it lets, with a practically uncontrolled right of sub-letting, the land to a peculiar class of tenantry, who live by grinding down the actual cultivators to the lowest depth of misery and wretchedness. It is worse than folly to suppose that an agricultural class so oppressed should be able to attempt even the cultivation of an article like cotton, which can only be rendered productive by the employment of much capital, and by a continuous system of working; and we ask ourselves seriously, at this early stage of the inquiry, whether even if the experiments carried out at the expense of the Honourable Company had succeeded, they could have produced any useful result to the country at large, commensurate, that is to say, with the results they certainly would have produced if a sounder social organization existed. If by any possible combination of fiscal arrangements, and of government encouragement, the cultivation of cotton should, however, be temporarily extended under the existing system of holding the land, it must still be questionable whether such a result be desirable by such means; for unless the production of an article of daily use be regulated by the

natural conditions of demand and supply, and unless it be left entirely free from state interference, it is always exposed to the numberless vicissitudes of state affairs, and may fall short, perhaps at the most fatal moment for the interests of the manufacturers on this side.

We call serious attention to this question of the tenure of land in India, because of the infinite importance it must eventually exercise upon our hold of the country, and upon the moral and physical welfare of its inhabitants, even more than on account of its influence upon the production of cotton. There are, indeed, numerous other sources from which that material might be obtained, perhaps, even with smaller exertions than are required in the case of our Eastern empire. We are only beginning to awaken to the boundless resources of Africa; the Polynesian islands might furnish large supplies; and we ourselves are convinced that there are several portions of Europe, not at present cultivated, from whence cotton might be easily and successfully raised. South America, too, yields comparatively little of an article for which its soil and climate are so well adapted: so that we are far from being reduced to the necessity of considering India as our only resource in our cotton needs. But our hold of those regions must permanently depend upon the acquiescence of their inhabitants in our rule, and their conviction that they themselves are interested in remaining British subjects. So long as an alien government is proprietor, by the right of the sword, of the whole surface of the land, the sympathy between it and the resident population must be of the feeblest kind; even if we ought not rather to come at once to the conclusion that the latter must necessarily consider that there is no community of interest, no mutual relationship of duty, between themselves and their rulers. In by far the larger portion of India, indeed, the only tie which binds the natives to the land of their birth is the mere accident of their having been born there, and the local superstitions or associations which have so strong a hold on their minds. To them it must be a matter of the most utter indifference as to whom their rulers may be, upon the system which has hitherto prevailed, be they Turk, Mohammedan, or Christian. True it is that the rule of the latter is always milder than that of the Moslem; but, after all, to the Hindoo, one Christian must be as much a matter of indifference as another—nay rather, we suspect, that they would prefer the light-hearted, expansive character of the French, to the retiring and apparently cold reserve of our fellow-countrymen. We may, then, retain India upon the present system so long as we maintain our superiority of strength over the native rulers, or native adventurers, and so long as we

are not seriously attacked by any European power; but our rule must always be exposed to the double danger of internal or of external attack, unless we proceed to identify the natives with our government, by raising them from the position of casual, temporary land tenants, to that of land owners having a direct interest in the maintenance of the government, and possessing their fair share of influence upon its direction. Englishmen must, if we rightly view the necessities of our position, sooner or later raise the natives of India from their actual condition of subjects, to the nobler one of fellow-citizens. In our opinion, indeed, the periodical uneasiness and the permanent tendency to revolt amongst the native populations are to be attributed to the radically unsound social system we have retained, without any modification of its principles, from the former barbarian conquerors of these fair regions; and even the progress we have enabled the natives to make in intellectual and moral culture, must tell against our present rule by rendering them more able to perceive, and to appreciate, the evils under which they suffer, and the wrongs we really inflict upon them. Would that our rulers would read the lesson they might learn from the sad tragedy which is now going on in the East! Alas! the truest principles of social philosophy are precisely those which are the least likely to attract the attention of the artful, unprincipled intriguers, or the shallow politicians who too often guide our national councils; whilst the majority of those who pretend to form or to guide public opinion, are unable to think or to reason for themselves! And so—although we have no doubt but that the present disturbances in India may be quelled, nor that they *will be* quelled at any cost of men, or of money—we have the firm conviction that the wound thus inflicted upon our Indian empire will only be skinned over, to burst out anew, and with increased virulence, upon some future, and perhaps more fatal occasion. *Absit omen!* Most devoutly do we hope that we are mistaken in our opinion with respect to the active opposition of our subjects; but however that may be, the obligation which is incumbent upon us to advance the moral dignity of our subjected races remains the same; and even if the Indians be not worthy of freedom, it is our duty to instruct them in the duties and obligations of responsible beings; and the first, the most fundamental of these, are the duties and obligations attached to the possession of real property, from which our Indian subjects are so jealously debarred by the existing system of government.

The preceding remarks upon the baneful effects of the system of land tenure prevailing over the larger portion of our Indian possessions, have been founded purely upon abstract, *à priori*

reasoning; but there are many incidental passages in both Dr. Royle's and Mr. Baird Smith's works, which serve "to point the moral," even though they are far from "adorning the tale" to be derived from the "strange eventful history" of our Eastern dominion; and as both those gentlemen produced their works "by authority," we suppose that they may fairly be cited in support of the opinions we have expressed against the system that authority is interested in supporting. Thus, at p. 30 of Dr. Royle's work we find that it is stated that the cotton is spoiled at certain stages of its passage from the field to the shipping port, in consequence of the carelessness with which it is treated; but the Doctor adds, quoting Mr. Vaupell: "The cultivator has, generally speaking, no immediate inducement to render the produce of his fields unfit for market; for in most cases he disposes of the cotton in seed, in the state in which it is gathered; from that moment his concern about it ceases, and it rests with the purchaser, or middleman, to prepare it for the exporter." On the next page Dr. Royle inserts the opinion of Dr. Gibson, whom he represents as an authority upon the habits and modes of thinking of the natives, to the effect that, "they prefer the tolerably certain returns received for the inferior article [of cotton] to the trouble and expense required to produce cotton of superior cleanness." At p. 37, Dr. Royle says, quoting one of the American planters who hoaxed the Indian government: "The cotton is produced by the ryot. He is always in his banker's books, as deep in proportion to his means, as his European master, and can do nothing without aid." The brokers, or cotton-cleaners, or gin-house men, are the middlemen between the chetty (or the cotton-agent of the southern cotton districts of the Madras presidency) and the ryot." At p. 46, however, our attention is first directly called to the nature of the land tenure; for, in seeking to account for the diminished production of the Bundelcund, Dr. Royle states that the district "no doubt suffered, amongst other causes, for years from the ill-consequences of the heavy assessment levied by the official zeal of the collector of 1815. This assessment was much diminished by Mr. Pidcock and by Mr. C. Allen, and the district is stated by Mr. Lowther, the present commissioner of the Allahabad division, to be rapidly recovering." At p. 56, a quotation from Captain Dorin's report is inserted, in which that officer accounts for the diminution of the cotton crop of the districts towards the south-west of Berar by stating that that style of cultivation did not now pay the ryots, if they cultivated it properly—allowing the land to be fallow every second or third year [?]; and the restrictions as to gathering it, and the necessity they were under of selling it to the people who had made

them advances, together with the high arbitrary dues, and the difficulty of transporting it when gathered, were so oppressive that they preferred cultivating any other crop." Nay, even at p. 64, Dr. Royle adds as his own opinion, that, "having considered the long list of untoward circumstances which attend the growing, picking, cleaning, packing, and selling of cotton, it appeared to him that they were sufficient to have long since annihilated the cotton trade of India, especially as it had to contend against that of America, where cotton is produced abundantly and of excellent quality at moderate prices; which [*cotton*, we suppose] is, moreover, carefully picked, well cleaned, and substantially packed, *with both the culture and the trade often in the same hands, and these characterized by energy enlisted in the cause of self-interest.*" The text of the chapter upon the "Diagram of the Prices and Imports of Cotton," terminates thus:—

"The only method upon which any reliance can be placed for getting rid of the hopeless dependence upon the American market, is to improve the condition, and, if possible, the quality of Indian cotton; substituting in its place, wherever this is feasible, superior kinds, diminishing at the same time every expense that is possible, whether in carriage, in packing, or in shipping; improving old ports and establishing new ones. The transit and export duties having been abolished in the East India Company's territories, those in the native states should be controlled, as their produce has the advantage of passing securely and free of interruption throughout the British territories. *The land-rent, or tax, as it is called, may require modification in a few districts, from the fall in prices of almost all produce; as some say that land rent must in this country from the fall in the price of corn; but the author cannot learn, from those practically acquainted with the subject, that this rent, amounting as it does, in the majority of places fitted for cotton culture, to from* 1*s.* 6*d. to* 2*s.* 6*d. an acre, interferes with the proper culture of cotton.*"

It would be easy to continue quotations of this kind from Dr. Royle's somewhat tedious report; but we think that enough has been said to substantiate the position from which we started; viz., that underlying the whole of the questions of detail connected with the culture or the preparation of the cotton, is the more vital one of the tenure of the land. An injudicious collector, in his anxiety to serve, as he believes, the interest of his employers, is shown by the Doctor to be able in India to destroy an important cultivation merely by increasing "the land rent, or tax, as it is called;" for be it observed, so anomalous is the whole of this land system, that even the agents employed in carrying it into effect cannot agree upon the precise terminology to be applied to it. But the most serious consequence of this tenure appears to be discernible in India, as it

was in Ireland before the Encumbered Estates Acts were passed, in the creation of a "cottier" class, who may fairly be described to be suffering under an equality of misery, and as being alike at the mercy of the state or of the middle-men, in case of any accident to the crops upon which they depended for the payment of their rent, or of the advances made to them in anticipation of the sale. With an agricultural population so circumstanced, it must evidently be impossible to contend with the American planters in the production of an article requiring a singular union of skill, energy, and money capital in the hands of the producer. As Dr. Royle says, "self-interest" does not act upon the ryot to induce him to undertake a hazardous style of cultivation, which must be managed on a large scale, and be carried on during many consecutive years. Sufficient, indeed, to him is the evil of the day before him; and our rulers may depend upon it that the fearful error which pervades the whole social system of India is the great obstacle in the way of the extension of cotton cultivation, as it is in the way of the spread of civilization, or of the improvement of the physical comfort of the millions we have undertaken to govern. No doubt the prejudices of caste, and many fiscal arrangements of the native princes we have retained for the purposes of revenue (such as transit dues, &c.) may add to the difficulties to be encountered before any great change could be made in the social state of the Hindoos; but the first great step to be taken in order to raise them in the scale of nations is to enable them to become possessors of the soil they till. Their own interests may then be safely left to guide them in the choice of the description of crop they should raise, as well as of the manner of raising it; for, after all, we Englishmen should bear in mind one thing we appear sadly to overlook, namely, that Providence designed India primarily to supply the wants of its own inhabitants, and only in a secondary manner to co-operate in keeping down the price of American cotton.

There is a great deal of curious and valuable information in the chapters of Dr. Royle's work upon the botanical descriptions of the varieties of the cotton-plant, upon the analysis of the cotton soils, and upon the principles of culture; although, no doubt, the ordinary defect of Indian Reports, their prolixity, may fairly be urged in his case. We suspect, also, that botanists have too readily admitted distinctions of species of the plant, or rather that they have described local varieties too often as species. But the most serious defect that we notice in this part of Dr. Royle's labours, is to be found in the singular omission that he makes of not recording the state in which the silica exists in the soil. Yet (p. 159), he states that upon analysis

of the Sea Island cotton soil, it was found that silex was present in the proportions of 88 and 92 per 100; or, in other words, that in one or other of its states, the soluble or the insoluble silex constituted the mass of the soil. Surely it was important to have ascertained the precise character of an ingredient of such numerical importance; and even though the analysis of the ashes of cotton-seed, and of the cotton-wool, do not exhibit any traces of the silica, yet its presence in the seed-cake shows that the plant must have taken up some of it in the soluble form, and we think that if the ashes of the plant itself (stem, leaves, and all) were examined, it would be found that the part played by the silica in its nourishment is far too important to justify its being treated in this general and cursory manner. It would have been more satisfactory, likewise, if Dr. Royle had attempted to account for the notable quantity of potash stated to exist in the Sea Island cotton, whilst the soil itself is expressly stated to contain no potass, unless it were found in the vegetable matter; or if he had thrown some light upon the power of soils which differ so essentially in the proportions of carbonate of lime they contain, as do the American and the Mauritius cotton-soils, to produce the same plant. This part of Dr. Royle's task is, indeed, treated in a very superficial and unphilosophical manner, and it still requires to be more thoroughly examined by a chemist who has devoted exclusive attention to the mysterious actions of organic life upon the simpler substances. Nor can we consider that Dr. Royle's observations upon the climatological conditions of the cotton-bearing districts are entitled to serious attention, for they are both incomplete in themselves, and they are not extended over a sufficiently long period of time to make them of much scientific value. They seem, however, to prove that cotton grows the most luxuriantly in insular climates, and near the sea shore, between the latitudes of 20° and 35°; and as far as we can judge from the materials before us, it is most successfully raised in soils resulting from the decomposition of the primary rocks, containing an excess of felspar. Dr. Royle seems to believe that the dryness of the Indian atmosphere might be counteracted by the introduction of an extended system of irrigation; but in Mr. Baird Smith's work, to be hereafter noticed, some observations upon the effects of the irrigation of the Lombard provinces are recorded, which do not justify the opinion that the physical means at our disposal are sufficient to produce any permanently valuable results in the contest with nature. Mr. Smith indeed shows that the immense artificial evaporation produced by the irrigation of Lombardy, has actually no perceptible effect upon the hygrometric condition of its atmosphere. Unless, therefore, the

cotton-plant can thrive when the water is directly applied to its roots, irrigation will not, we suspect, prove of much benefit to it; but this branch of the inquiry is still in such an unsatisfactory state that we hesitate before the expression of any decided opinion with respect to it.

We may, for the present, conclude our examination of the questions connected with the future prospects of Indian cotton production, suggested by the perusal of Dr. Royle's work, by stating that his book is a very valuable record of facts and observations upon the past history of cotton cultivation; even though we regret that it has not been drawn up in a more concise form, and in a more philosophical spirit, than it actually has been. There is, however, an evident desire to tell all that the author knew, a painstaking spirit of inquiry, and an earnest striving after truth, which is highly creditable to Dr. Royle's moral character, let our estimate of the scientific value of his treatise be what it may. With respect to the latter consideration, we may also observe that, at any rate the book before us, by its records of past failures, and by many of the attempts to trace out their causes, must always constitute an invaluable guide to those who may hereafter turn their attention to the subject of cotton cultivation in India.

Lieutenant Baird Smith's "Report upon Italian Irrigation" strikes us as far from attaining the degree of scientific value which the Reports of an analogous nature addressed to foreign governments so frequently do; but on the whole it is amusing, and it contains much valuable information with respect to the general character of the operations he was directed to examine. Mr. Smith does not, indeed, enter into any serious examination of the numerous practical details of hydraulic engineering still under discussion both at home and abroad, many of which must have come under his notice during the visits to the Italian irrigated districts so pleasantly recorded in his pages. It is true that, in the second volume of his work, he dwells at some length upon the question of the best mode of gauging the quantity of water to be delivered, and upon the necessity for enforcing the use of the best description of gauge, but this is only as an incidental question, and there is very little of applied science even in this portion of the work; nor are the principles involved in it discussed in the elaborate manner we are entitled to expect from a person placed in the responsible position occupied by our author, and intrusted with a mission of such practical importance. We are disposed also to find fault with Mr. Smith for having neglected to record the useful lessons he might have learned with respect to the use of the different classes of building materials, or to the countless varieties of

accidents to which irrigation canals are exposed in the peculiar districts of Piedmont and Lombardy; nor can we hold him free from blame on the score of his having neglected to observe the irrigation of the Savoy. Yet it is but fair to say that Mr. Smith's journey was, comparatively speaking, a hurried one; and that the extraordinary amount of bibliographical information he has collected upon the subject would enable the student who had access to a good library to complete the investigations thus suggested. The East India Company, like her Majesty's Government, does not appear to allow its agents sufficient time to study the questions submitted to them; and with the singular short-sightedness of our practical Anglo-Norman race, it also appears to prefer paying for the blunders, rather than for the studies, of its officers. At least, this strikes us as being the reason why Mr. Baird Smith, who could write so well as he has done upon the general history of irrigation, did not write a more satisfactory, or a more scientific treatise upon the moot points connected with its philosophy. However this be, the comparison between the East India Company's official publications and those of our Central Government must stop here; for it is only necessary to compare Mr. Baird Smith's "Report on Italian Irrigation" with the disgraceful trash issued by the General Board of Health on subjects connected with hydraulics, to become convinced of the immeasurable superiority of the officers of the Honourable Company to the servants of the Crown, either as scholars or as philosophical inquirers. Indeed, the remarks Mr. Smith makes upon the subject of the *Marcite* of the Milanese in a manner force upon us this comparison, for Mr. Chadwick used them so unmercifully in his blue-books, when he desired to make them give evidence in favour of his sewage irrigation theories, that it is impossible to pass over Mr. Smith's account of these meadows in any ordinary manner, or to refrain from a more careful investigation than they would otherwise merit of the official nonsense of our "new lights" in engineering science.

"Comparisons," says Dogberry, the prototype of the official school of writers, "are odorous;" but it is beyond the powers of human forbearance to read Mr. Baird Smith's observations upon the *Marcite* without a "lingering look behind" to the nonsense with which the public has been of late so plentifully deluged. It is equally difficult to those who are familiar with the productions of foreign hydraulic engineers to avoid dwelling upon their published works with—we are ashamed to say—feelings of regret that Englishmen should have done so little towards advancing the science immediately connected with the subject before us. Mr. Baird Smith, indeed,

laughs at the anxiety of his foreign guides to explain to him, the mighty ruler of some East Indian canals of irrigation, the principles of hydraulic architecture connected with irrigation. But oddly enough, he has avoided the discussion of any, and of every problem connected with the abstract sciences it is necessary to bring to bear upon an irrigation work; and we confess, for our own parts, that we prefer the Continental system of discussing the questions before them *ab ovo, usque ad mala*, to the slipshod "rule of thumb" style of inquiry our rulers tolerate. The first volume of Mr. Baird Smith's work on Italy does, indeed, contain an interesting history of the progressive development of the wonderful system of irrigation which has converted the naturally barren plains of Piedmont and Lombardy into the most extraordinary illustrations of agricultural fertility; and he has interwoven with the narrative many curious particulars connected with the execution of the works, with their effect upon the public health, and also with the legislation affecting water privileges in a country where water is of inestimable value, and is consequently an object of desire to the avaricious and unprincipled. But the student who would desire to learn the philosophy of irrigation, or in other words, who might wish to study the hydraulic, the constructive, the legislative, or the agricultural details of such operations, must still refer to the works either of Colombani, Romagnosi, or of Nadault de Buffon, who have treated the investigation of the subject in a far more comprehensive and philosophical spirit than our gallant author. Even the illustrations the latter gives of the Italian irrigation works are inferior, both in drawing and engraving, to those of Nadault de Buffon's work on the same subject; nor are they even so generally useful to the ordinary inquirer as the plates attached to M. Keelhoff's excellent "Traité Pratique de l'Irrigation," (Bruxelles, 1856). It may be over-critical on our part to reproach Mr. Smith with his neglect of any reference to the water-meadows of our own country, or to those of Belgium, France, Spain, Germany, or America. Still we cannot refrain from thinking that in a work of the important nature of the one intrusted to him, Mr. Smith ought to have brought a very wide range of collateral information to bear upon the immediate subject of his investigations; and that the interest of his remarks upon Italian and Indian operations would have been enhanced by occasional comparisons with what has been done elsewhere. It is strange, too, that Mr. Smith makes no allusion in his text to De Prony's very valuable work upon the Pontine Marshes, nor to Tartini's "Memorie sul Bonificamento delle Maremme Tos ;" al , perhaps, more information is to be obtained fro u he subject

of draining marsh lands in warm latitudes than in any other works we are acquainted with.

The consideration of the numerous questions connected with irrigation which crowd upon us in our examination of Mr. Baird Smith's accounts of the Indian and Italian works would lead us so far that we think it would be preferable to return in a separate article to them, for their importance is so great that they cannot with any justice be dismissed in a cursory notice. At present, however, we beg to call serious attention to the fact, that the district in which the East India Company has done the most for promoting the physical comfort of its subjects by the establishment of irrigating canals—such as those of the Doab and the Great Ganges Canal—is precisely the seat of the revolt which is now shaking our empire in the East. No doubt that revolt is purely military, and the civil population keeps entirely aloof; but does it not argue a sad state of social demoralization when the whole civil population of a country stands coolly by during the struggle between armed bands who are disputing for the power of taxing them? The apathy with which the Indian population receives such inestimable benefits as are conferred by the creation of the great irrigation works in the Bengal and Madras provinces, strikes us as being one of the most singular, and to those who reason aright it must also be one of the most fearful, phenomena in the history of that race. It tells a tale of long-continued oppression; of the secular existence of a rule which has arbitrarily separated the interests of the governors and of the governed, and of a total annihilation of the feeling, on the part of the latter, of their right to be considered the main objects of anxiety on the part of their rulers. It is strange that our political writers and our statesmen should either not perceive, or should wilfully pass over, the serious question of the false social organization of India, brought so prominently into notice by the discussions upon the cultivation of cotton in those lands by the results of the gigantic irrigation works of the Honourable Company, or by the disturbed state of our possessions. The present revolt will, of course, as we have said before, be quelled—at what cost of blood or of money it is impossible to say—but most earnestly do we repeat, that we shall only have whitened a sepulchre if we do not at once deal with the cause of uneasiness prevading all Indian society, and if we do not, at the earliest possible period, introduce a legislation with respect to the tenure of land which shall enable the subjects of our Eastern empire to feel that they themselves form part and parcel of the government to which they contribute. It is a wise law of Providence that no sin ever escapes its punishment, and nations

equally with individuals are subject to the effects of this law. In India, we Englishmen have continued some of the sins of the worst forms of Asiatic despotism, in all that relates to the relative positions of the state and of the land cultivators at least, and we may be assured that, sooner or later, we shall have to repair our errors, or to suffer their expiation. So far as it lies in *our* power, we propose to keep this subject before the attention of the public, and as a careful investigation of the recently executed public works of India will serve to effect that object, as well as constitute in itself a very valuable practical course of study, we will return very shortly to the examination of Mr. Baird Smith's amusing and, on the whole, valuable accounts of the Italian and Indian irrigation, without, however, confining our remarks within the narrow limits he was compelled to do by the very nature of his subject.

ART. III.—FELICE ORSINI.

1. *Memoirs and Adventures of Felice Orsini, written by himself, containing Unpublished State Papers of the Roman Court.* Translated from the Original Manuscripts by George Carbonel. Edinburgh: Constable & Co. 1857.
2. *The Austrian Dungeons in Italy: a Narrative of Fifteen Months' Imprisonment and Final Escape from the Fortress of S. Giorgio, by Felice Orsini.* Translated from the Unpublished Manuscript by J. Meriton White. London: George Routledge & Co. 1856.

IN the latter of the two works which we have coupled together at the head of this paper, Felice Orsini first published to the world his experiences of Austrian police domination in Italy. The time of its appearance was auspicious. The eloquent and powerful appeal of Count Cavour at the Paris conferences in behalf of his beautiful and bleeding country, had excited a degree of interest in its affairs which quickly rose to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The eyes of the whole body of Liberals throughout Europe became fixed upon the issue of that address, and hopes the most lively were entertained that the day of deliverance had dawned over "the Alpine height of blue Friuli's mountains." Whilst the public indignation was thus kindled against the oppressors of that unfortunate peninsula, and more especially against the foreign officials and legionaries who, supported by the bayonet and the scourge, feed upon the fatness of the land, and cruelly insult and browbeat its crushed populations, the "Austrian Dungeons in Italy," came forth to add fresh fuel to the fire, and to illustrate, by an accumulation of facts, the fearful

rule of the Germans throughout the length and breadth of the country.

The second work of Orsini—a Narrative of his Life and Adventures—has been published, followed by one of those insurrectionary movements—episodes in the political drama of Italy—which every now and then break out to remind the world of the galling oppression under which the descendants of the old Romans are suffering, and the fatal impatience with which they wear their chains. As yet, we cannot assume ourselves to be in possession of the facts of the late attempt at revolution undertaken by Mazzini and his adherents. From what, however, has transpired, we may draw the conclusion that whilst the conspiracy seems to have been widely extended, it was ridiculously conducted; and that the chiefs of these futile risings, who shed the blood and hope of young Italy, are highly censurable. In the present instance, the ramifications of the revolution spread over France as well as the Italian peninsula. The overthrow of the French despotism was thought necessary to the triumph of Cis-Alpine independence; and though we do not place implicit faith in the revelations of the Paris police, there may be plausible grounds for the accusations brought against not a few of the Italian exiles resident in that capital. Had success attended the revolutionists in the Calabrias and Sicily, and had the cruel and inhuman tyranny of Ferdinand been uprooted from the soil of Naples, we could have sympathized with that success, and celebrated it in a pæan of praise. Even the Tuscan and Roman governments merit speedy retribution for the miseries they inflict upon their helpless subjects. But why Mazzini should have compromised the Italian league and the Italian cause by a mad attempt upon Genoa is inscrutable even to those who pretend to penetrate the motives and actions of that restless revolutionist. Genoa droops not under the influence of an iron despotism; her children have not been goaded into insurrection by repeated acts of cruelty and misgovernment; she is not impoverished and famishing by reason of bad legislation and destructive monopolies. On the contrary, she forms an integral portion of a kingdom whose government is constitutional, whose spirit is liberal, and which only awaits the favourable moment to place itself at the head of a grand national revolutionary movement, and to expel the hated Austrians from every inch of the Italian territory. Every honest and sensible man, however much he may sympathize with the ills and misfortunes of this unhappy people, ground down by the wickedness of petty governments, must regard the attack on Genoa as a mad scheme; nor will he less deplore the dreadful loss of life and liberty which must necessarily follow such partial and unsuccessful attempts.

We regard the appearance of Felice Orsini's life at the present moment as very *à propos*. For many years he was engaged deeply in the plots and conspiracies which have been set on foot from time to time for the expulsion of the Austrians from, and the destruction of their baneful influence in, Italy. He might truly write *Quorum pars magna fui*. He has been admitted into the secret counsels of the chiefs of insurrection. He was intrusted with the command of troops during the republican era of '48; and since that disastrous epoch has been still more closely connected with the grand schemes of deliverance projected by desperate and ambitious exiles. We say the publication of the work is *à propos*, because the moral of the experiences of this bold and brave man is, that the resurrection of Italian independence must come from within, and not from without; that the partial efforts which have been made serve only to weaken the strength of the Italian party, by wasting the blood of its best members, and causing unnecessary affliction and heart-burnings in thousands of Italian homes. For Orsini admits the reader behind the scenes, as it were, of this great drama; and makes him acquainted with movement after movement proposed and accomplished with no result but the loss of a few gendarmes on one side, and some enthusiastic patriots on the other. Mazzini seems to act, if we may judge from the picture here given, without one moment's thought or consideration for those whose lives he is exposing. As plan after plan rises in his mind, he is precipitately hasty to put it in operation; and that he works without adequate means to carry it out may be seen in the sudden collapse of the late insurrection. He is, in a word, a desperate schemer. His imagination is busy contriving new arrangements, devising new points of attack, and urging on the Italian youths to throw themselves upon the bayonets of the *carbonieri*, with the inevitable alternative of being shot or sent to pine away at the galleys, or in the loathsome dungeons of some Austro-Italian fortress. That Felice Orsini entertains similar views with regard to the head of the late Italian party is probable. He has already said: "If Italy *truly* rises, she must conquer; but to arrive at this end, men of *capacity* and *decision* must be at the head of the revolution; *practical* men, and not *dreamers;* men who are not *intriguers*, *ambitious*, or afraid of *death;* men who feel that *they live* to do good to Italy, who with this thought *sacrifice affection*, and all that which renders life dear to the generality of mortals. Without this there is no hope of redemption." That Orsini also looks for the deliverance of Italy from other quarters than the intrigues and machinations of the hitherto busy republican leader, is undoubted. His protestations declare it; and he is even indignant at being considered a Mazzinian. After the

movement in Modena, and the affair in the Valtelina—events at which we shall presently arrive—he is accidentally referred to as a *Mazzinian* by some friend. To this he replies: "I do not know what 'Mazzinian' means. I was in concert with Mazzini when I thought that most of the Italians recognised him as their head, and that he had the physical and moral means to effect a revolution in Italy. Being convinced now to the contrary, I do not connect myself any longer with conspiracies; and that there shall be no mistake, I feel myself bound to declare that I am with any one, save *pope or foreigner*, who will effect the liberation of my country. I have never served men, parties, or governments, but my principle and the Italian cause." Orsini has, since his exile in England, again repudiated the idea of being a Mazzinian; of course, by this, he means the idea of sharing in his personal opinions. That he has acted in concert with Mazzini,—that he has obeyed his injunctions,—that he has endeavoured to carry out his plans, is evident from his own writings; and inasmuch, then, as he was at that time the adherent of Mazzini, he was a Mazzinian, since that enterprising conspirator in being recognised as the head of a large band of patriots, gave his name to that band, even if now his star be on the wane.

Felice Orsini was born at Meldola, a small town in the Roman States, near Forli, a few days before the beginning of the year 1820. His father had served in the armies of Napoleon; been taken prisoner in the Russian expedition; and having been exchanged, returned to Meldola. The mother of Orsini was descended from an ancient Florentine family. Even in his earliest childhood he experienced the afflictions of his country. Being at the theatre with his mother and sister, he witnessed the arrest of his father, who was put in chains, and compelled to leave the Tuscan States. On demanding the cause of his mother, she told him that it was for *political reasons*. "I have never forgotten the feelings," he writes, "I experienced on seeing my father in chains, as these impressions, like others we receive in early youth, can never be effaced." Shortly after, he was removed to Imola, to be received into the family of his uncle, Orso Orsini, a bigoted, priest-ridden old gentleman, who undertook to have him taught writing and Latin—the latter being essential to his understanding the prayers in his missal—and the elements of a general education. In process of time the youth, Orsini, was sent to a public school, to rouse his emulation and excite his dormant faculties, and it having been observed that he had an excellent memory, his friends at once determined to make him a lawyer or an ecclesiastic.

A new era now dawned (1831) in the career of the youthful

patriot. The insurrections of Modena and Bologna broke out, and the spirit of party reached even to Imola. The national flag was raised, and the national cockade worn, by the students of the upper forms; whilst battalions of juvenile soldiers thronged the streets of this remote town. But at length the news of defeat came, and the Liberals were once more constrained to be tranquil; but no sooner had the Austrians quitted Romagna than the citizens were again in arms, the national guard organized, and a constitution demanded. But the pope rejected the idea of concession. A battle was, therefore, fought near Cesena, and the patriots once more broken. Of course the usual cruelties were perpetrated by the victorious hirelings; and the only excuse that can be made for the Italian party for engaging in so desperate an enterprise is that Louis Philippe held out hopes to them which he never performed, or rather, which he purposely betrayed. The Duke of Modena, who was aware of the intended revolution, and who, had it succeeded, would have placed himself at its head, with a view to being proclaimed "King of Italy," exhibited his apostate zeal by sending to the gallows several of his noblest citizens—men rendered illustrious by their patriotism, genius, and the universal esteem in which they were held. The state of the Papal Government at this period is graphically described by Orsini:—

"If a citizen was unfortunate enough to allow his beard to grow, or if he failed in attending mass, he was immediately set down as a Liberal, and, as such, was exposed to all the fury of the Centurions [a body of irregular militia enrolled by the pope]. Not a day passed but some one was killed or ill-treated by these 'Irregulars.' Sometimes, however, the Liberals, driven to desperation, took their revenge, which increased the insolence and barbarity of the Centurions. But these did not suffice; and more Swiss were sent for, so that at this time the pope oppressed his people by the aid of a regular army, an irregular militia, combined with the French, Austrian, and Swiss troops. Although young, my indignation was extreme against the perpetrators of these barbarities, particularly against the Centurions and the Swiss. Romagna, at that time, was afflicted with two parties, called the 'Brigands' and the 'Liberals;' the former, who were partisans of the government and the Austrians, were known by the name of the 'Second' party, as the Papal cockade is of two colours, *white* and *yellow*, while that of the Liberals is of three, *white*, *red*, and *green;* and it was a common occurrence that when young men met each other in the streets, one would address the other, saying, 'Dost thou belong to the *two* or the *three?*' If the answer was satisfactory, each passed on his way; if not, they fought with knives until one or other perished. And so high did party spirit run at the time, that bands of individuals for the same cause fought desperately in the public streets of the cities of Romagna. This

factious excitement was the same in all. It was to be found even in the schools. I was compelled to witness these conflicts, and I sympathized with the Liberals, for had not their party been defeated? Were they not the weakest? This feeling in favour of the Liberals was greatly increased by the hatred expressed towards them by the priests who frequented my uncle's house, and to which I was an unwilling listener. They wished to make me become a priest, but finding their promises and menaces equally futile, they accused me of being a *declared* Liberal."—P. 7.

The French were excepted from the general hatred with which the Italians regarded all foreign invaders. Although they were acting at Ancona as the Austrians were doing in the Roman States, they were still regarded in the light of liberators. This feeling is, in a measure, to be attributed to the affection which not a few Romagnoli, who had served under the first Napoleon, retained for his memory, and who thought that the political maxims of the old Revolution were still in force in the capital of the Continent, and partly, that France having recently obtained a Liberal constitution, would be ready to assist the insulted nationalities of Italy. With some such vague ideas floating in their minds, Orsini and some of his companions resolved on abandoning their homes, and seeking employment in the French army. Orsini was the only one, however, found at the place of rendezvous at the appointed time; the others not having the courage to execute the plan they had the vanity to suggest. The result of this foolish exploit was, that the servants sent out to look for the young truant soon discovered him at Bologna Castle, and restored him to his uncle. His education was now renewed with increased vigour. He studied history, and learned in the chronicles of the Roman Empire the greatness and valour of his country in past times; he imbibed the principles of the old republican valour; the ancient heroism and glory of his ancestors awoke an echo in his heart, and made every fibre tremble with exultation, until he thought of the present state of his country, when a melancholy reaction would take possession of his soul. There was, too, something of the spirit of old Cato in his uncle. He detested anything approaching to effeminacy, and had no great respect for the fair sex; he had an extreme contempt for gambling, drinking, smoking, and similar social vices; and gave his nephew an excellent example, for which the latter expresses his lively gratitude. Doubtless, it served to form in him that masculine temper of mind which has carried him through so many perils, and given him the fortitude to bear so much suffering. It is necessary thus to dwell largely upon the education of an Italian Liberal, to show that no amount of persecution, no degree of affliction, can

quench the sentiment of national glory and the love of independence ever burning in his broast; we shall also perceive the indestructible power, the inevitable agency which is growing up and daily increasing, and perpetually menacing the native as well as foreign upholders of tyranny on the Italian soil. Few can really conceive the intense affection, the deep devotion, which an honourable Italian patriot feels for his country, or how much he is ready to sacrifice and suffer for her sake. It is to those whose heart-strings have never been wildly, rudely touched,—the gentle tenour of whose lives has afforded no opportunity for the display of the powerful latent faculties of the affection,—a kind of romance, an incredible fiction, a baseless dream. But see the influences brought to bear upon his education. From infancy he is taught to love and admire his country as the most beautiful in the world, as the garden of Europe, the theme of the poet and the subject of the painter,—as the study of the historian, the source of modern civilization. We have seen how the stories of the ancient power and grandeur can affect the hearts of her children, and awaken the spirit of ambition and independence amongst them. What a revulsion, then, of feeling must come over the glowing patriot, when turning from the picture of the past, he contemplates the degradation of his country at the present moment! How can he see her fearful prostration—how can he hear her wasting groans—how can he witness her bitter tears—how can he stand by and behold her bleeding wounds without registering an irreversible oath that he will devote his health, his strength, the faculties of his mind and body, yea, life itself, to rescue her from the polluting hands of pitiless tyrants? The reader will find this feeling fully developed in the education of young Orsini; but we must continue with our narrative of his life and adventures.

An unfortunate event, which occurred when he was only sixteen years of age, brought upon Orsini the formidable terrors of Roman law,—the accidental shooting of a servant, named Spada. In England, a coroner's jury would have determined the character of the case, and acquitted or condemned according to evidence. Not so in Romagna. Here the innocent only are punished; the violent and guilty escape. Where there is no regular tribunal the chances of acquittal are small, and though Mastai Ferretti, the archbishop, now Pope Pius IX., was his uncle's friend, he was obliged to quit the city, and take refuge with some friends at Borgo San Lorenzo. Here his time was passed in comparative idleness, and having had the weakness to fall in love, the object of his affections was used by the Jesuits to induce him to become one of their body. At length, several months after the event,

on a promise from Cardinal Gamberini, Secretary of State at Rome, that his trial should be regular, Orsini went to the Augustine monastery at Ravenna, when his charge was gone into. He was acquitted; but fell again into the insinuating embraces of the Jesuits, who left no stone unturned to induce him to join their order.

"Many a time in the solitude of my room," he writes, "I have thought seriously upon all the dangers that surrounded me. I recollected my vivacity in former years, and could not understand why I was so changed; but I felt bound, and saw that I ought to follow the counsels of my uncle and Gianrotti (an influential Jesuit). The unfortunate affair of Spada frequently recurred to me, and almost made me desirous of leading a contemplative life, away from the world and its miseries, because my youthful imagination pictured such a life as one worth seeking. During all the time I remained there, I did not relax in my studies. A learned priest continued my education, and Dante, as well as the ancients, formed my chief delight, and these kept my mental eyes open, and formed an antidote to the poison so dexterously instilled by the Jesuits. They taught me to love my country, while the sight of Austrian and Swiss soldiery made my blood boil against the oppressor."—P. 18.

When at length a letter from his uncle insisted on his entering the Society of Jesus, he tells us he wept with rage; and when he was removed to Turin, and thence to Chieri, to undergo his novitiate, he wrote in the book in which every new member has to state the reasons why he wishes to become a Jesuit, that his vocation was to go to India to convert the infidels to Catholicism, his real intention being to abandon the Society directly he got away from the Continent. After remaining a month at Chieri, utterly wearied of the life of absolute inactivity he passed there, he feigned illness, obtained permission to leave, and returned to Imola. Reproaches awaited him for not being entrapped by the priests; but he remarks, "I did not put on the Jesuit's gown; I knew their wiles, and escaped them."

Orsini was now eighteen; and being, we presume, somewhat in disgrace at his bigoted uncle's, went to live with his father at Bologna. A desultory kind of study, embracing the French and English languages, gymnastic exercises, sabre and pistol practice, algebra, geometry, philosophy, jurisprudence, the elements of legislation, followed by severer application to history and military science, fill up the period of the next two or three years; though he passed the latter part under the guidance of the University, into which he had been admitted. Referring to this time, Orsini says:—

"I now began to study the great historians of Italy, Livy and Tacitus; the former inflamed me by his eloquence, the latter made

me reflect deeply. The former impelled me to attack the Papal Swiss troops, the latter to slay a tyrant. I then commenced to read Guicciardini and the elegant Botta; then the great Machiavelli—his discourses upon Livy filled me with wonder; I admired his circumspection, his forethought, and intimate knowledge of ancient history, together with his grand conceptions and careful deductions. At the time of which I speak, Thiers's History of the Revolution appeared. I meditated upon this work. I regarded every portrait, and shed tears over some of the pages. So much blood shed for liberty! so many sacrifices! and then—slavery. I read Napoleon's commentaries, and then the speeches of Mirabeau, and then the 'Emile,' and the 'Nouvelle Heloïse' of Rousseau, with Filangieri, Pagano, and Lomonaco."—P. 23.

The despondency created by these studies, and the apparently utterly helpless condition of Italy, together with the suicide of a cousin to whom he was much attached, suggested, he tells us, thoughts of self-destruction:—

"For some nights I read and meditated on the letters of Rousseau respecting suicide; but happily, reflecting on my duties towards God and my country, and having become a member of the society called 'Young Italy,' I resisted the temptation."

In fact, he imagined that a career of action and usefulness was opened to him, and he eagerly pressed forward to embrace it.

This was in 1843. A movement had taken place at Barcelona; and the incipient hero secretly procured a passport for Florence, with a view of crossing over the Mediterranean, and taking part in the insurrection; but his intentions were discovered by his father, who communicated with the police authorities of the Tuscan capital; and he was consequently prevented from proceeding on his enterprise. He, therefore, returned to Bologna, where he took out his degree. But all this while the political horizon of Italy was lowering; the Roman government had redoubled its ancient system of coercion and rigour; rumours of outbreaks in the kingdom of Naples were whispered about; bands of armed men had been seen in the neighbouring mountains; skirmishes were reported to have taken place between the Liberals, and the *carbonieri* and Swiss soldiery. Conspiracies were everywhere rife for the destruction of the Papal government. The youthful enthusiasm of Orsini led him to mix himself up in every plot, and even form revolutionary projects for himself. At three o'clock in the May-day of 1844, however, he was awoke by a knocking at the door, and found there Colonel Freddi with fifteen gendarmes who had come to arrest him. He was put in chains, and then conducted to the prison of St. John-on-the-Mount. He passed down long corridors exhaling that inexpressible odour peculiar to prisons,

to his cell, where he found three other inmates, one of whom was condemned to death for political offences. "I had hardly entered," he tells us, "when they made a conventional signal by knocking on the wall, and I afterwards heard that my imprisonment was known from one end of the gaol to the other. They congratulated me, after their fashion, and I heard the words 'Courage, courage, never fear!'" How affecting is this gaol-greeting, this sad consolation in the home of affliction and sorrow. At night he wakes up thinking himself free; but on the second day, or rather evening, he is conducted to the jailor's room, where he receives his first lesson in the practice of interrogation. The examination commenced thus:—

"'Do you know the cause of your arrest?'

"'No, signor.'

"'You have heard speak of the movements last summer?'

"'Yes, signor.'

"'Did you take any part therein?'

"'No.'

"'Do you know Melara, Zambeccari, Biancoli, Muratori, Lovatelli?'

"'No, signor.'

"'Do you know Eusebius Barbetti?'

"'Yes, signor,'

"'What kind of acquaintance have you had with him?'

"'Superficial.'

"'You deny all, then,' said he; 'you wish to be your own ruin; poor young man, I pity you; you are in the flower of youth; twenty-one of your companions have been condemned to death; every day we expect that their sentences will be executed: you will be the twenty-second. But let us go forward.'

"'Do you know this writing?'

"'Yes, signor, it is my own.'

"'Explain all about it, and be quick.'

"'One day I found a MS. on the ground in the public street; it was nearly illegible. I felt some curiosity, and copied it; then I tore it up, put it in my pocket, and lost it.'

"'These are lies,' answered the interrogator; 'you will ruin yourself.'"—P. 29.

So ended his first interrogatory. The MS alluded to was part of a revolutionary scheme which he had addressed to Barbetti, and which his friend had not had time to burn before his arrest. It is almost impossible, in our limited space, to pursue the career of Orsini during the period of this first imprisonment; yet it is necessary, in order to give the reader some idea of the horrors and miseries to which political offenders are subject in Italy. It must be remembered that he was in hourly expectation of sentence of death being passed upon him, and we can easily imagine the sad feelings and recollec-

tions such a position is likely to awake in the hearts of even the bravest. He was removed from Imola at night, and on leaving the prison, passed by the house where his childhood had been spent, and where his fond uncle and relatives were still living. Then he was fastened with chains to a fellow-prisoner. Nevertheless, in twenty-six hours, the company arrived at Pesaro, a distance of seventy miles, where he was separated from his companion, and placed in a secret cell three yards long to four yards wide. "I could scarcely breathe," he writes; "one day I knocked my head against the wall, and made a great noise, and at last they allowed me to have the shutters open, as the window was not glazed (it was at a considerable height from the ground.) . . . . I had been two days there already, when I heard an unusual noise of chains, cries, and singing; I heard some words, but enough to make me understand that of the twenty-one condemned to death, fourteen were sent to the galleys *a chiado*,* at Civita Vecchia, and seven had been shot in the back. These were the unfortunate men who knocked on the wall of my cell at Bologna, and with whom I at that time corresponded. This made me sad." After a month's confinement in his narrow cell, and numerous interrogatories, he was placed in another containing three other prisoners, one of whom was his *own father*. Ten days after, these four were sent securely chained together to Urbino, and thence to San Leo, an old fortress belonging to the ancient and powerful seigneurs of Montefeltro. After seven months of imprisonment here, he was, at his own request, sent to Rome to be tried before the Sacra Consulta. At Sinigaglia, the same cell which contained thieves and murderers of the most horrible character, was selected for him; for seventeen days he and his companion travelled in a cart chained to these ruffians, whilst every hour the *carbonieri* seized the end of the chain and drew it violently to ascertain that the links were secure, which caused the acutest pain to all the prisoners. The assizes took place; and Orsini, with several companions, was condemned to the galleys for life. Civita Vecchia was the place to which they were consigned. Provisionally, however, they were removed to Viterbo. No less than 120 prisoners were immured within the walls of its fortress; their sentences to the galleys having been commuted to that of confinement. They were permitted to work at their several trades, and to possess musical instruments. A committee was formed amongst themselves, to

* Galleys *a chiado*, means that the prisoner is chained up for life to the walls of his cell, with a chain a yard long. His bed consists of a plank, and his chain is never unloosed until death.

be re-elected from amongst their own number, whose aim was to maintain order and tranquillity in the prison, to represent the prisoner's wants to the commandant Latini, to examine the food, and to refuse what was unwholesome, and finally to instruct those that were ignorant. So suspicious, however, were they of their guards and gaolers, that many of the prisoners made weapons out of the different tools used in their trades, and though the commandant knew of this, the instruments of offence were too cleverly concealed to be discovered by his minions. "We formed a picture of society in miniature," says Orsini, "with the difference, however, that confinement and privations made many of us irritable and melancholy. We had no high aspirations, no enthusiasm, no light-heartedness, but instead, loss of health, family reminiscences, and all the evils which accompany the loss of heaven's greatest blessing—Liberty." However, the authority of the committee did not prevent serious disturbances sometimes occurring, in one of which Orsini received six stabs from a dagger, which laid him on his bed for some time. The culprits, however, were expelled from the society, and removed to another prison within the fortress.

But we must hasten on with our narrative. It was at this time, when Orsini, wearied of prison-life, and seeing his companions dragged away, one after the other, to perish with the sufferings of the galleys *al chiado*, to which he, amongst others, was condemned, was preparing to put a plan of escape into execution, that news arrived of the death of Pope Gregory XVI. and the elevation of Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, Archbishop of Imola, his uncle's friend, to the papal chair. The known liberal views of this prelate created the liveliest hopes even in the damp gloom of the dungeon, nor were these hopes deceptive, for within a short period an amnesty was granted, and the political prisoners of Romagna became once more free. The events of this breathing-time of freedom has been so often described, that we feel ourselves excused if we pass over this epoch with a casual notice. The impulse communicated to Liberal thought throughout Italy by the concession, proved greater than the newly-elected pope perhaps anticipated. The revolution spread itself to Milan; seventeen thousand Austrian troops were driven out of Lombardy and Bologna; France and Hungary took up the cry, and the flame threatened to envelope the whole of Europe. Influenced by the College of Cardinals, Pius IX. repented of the step he had taken, and published his "Enciclia." The reactionary tone of the manifesto irritated the Liberals; they combined, however, to compel the pope to adhere to his reforms; he became alarmed, escaped from the Holy City, and allowed the

government of Rome to devolve into the hands of a triumvirate. Meanwhile, Orsini commands a troop of volunteers, goes to assist the Venetians, and is present at the disastrous attack on Mestre; after which, he is elected deputy in the provisional government; does essential service to the Republic in repressing brigandage at Ancona, and resisting the cowardly attacks of the French on the capital of the ancient world. Rome, however, fell, and with its fall Orsini became a fugitive, an exile, and a conspirator—a true Ishmaelite whose hand was against every despot and invader of his country's liberty, whilst his hand was against him. Henceforth his life may be divided into three parts. The first includes the period from his flight from Ascoli, when he saw that all hope was gone, to his capture at Hermanstadt—a period full of dangerous activity and hairbreadth escapes. The second embraces the fifteen months of his captivity, so graphically described in his "Austrian Dungeons in Italy;" and the third, from the time of his landing in England to the close of the volume. The first part is highly interesting, as showing the energy, the courage, the goodwill, and the secrecy with which the sons of Italy conspire together for her freedom; no sooner is one plot concocted, put into execution, and fails, than another is devised, and no ill-success seems to damp the heroism, however much it may betray the indiscretion, of the revolutionists. Does an enterprise fail in Milan or Bologna? another is prepared for Modena; does this not succeed, an expedition is organized for the Valtelina, and so on; the restless spirit of the Italian party everywhere manifesting itself by small outbreaks. We must leave the reader to peruse in the pages of the book itself, the details of these different adventures. Sometimes his deepest feelings of interest will be awakened by passages of peril and escape; sometimes by a relation of personal courage and self-possession; sometimes by the repetition of an amusing *contretemps*, as an example of which last we give the following: Orsini was disguised, and travelling under the assumed name of Tito Celsi. It was immediately after the attempt in the province of Modena. One day he had occasion to speak to a political refugee from the Roman States, called Joni:—

"I will mention a fact regarding him," says Orsini, "so that my reader may judge to what miseries a conspirator is sometimes exposed. Mr. Joni was an excellent and good young man, and knowing that I came from Piedmont, spoke of the attempt in the Duchies, and said that Orsini had spoiled everything; it was the second time he had done the same thing. 'Are you certain,' I replied? 'Quite,' he answered. 'And yet,' continued I, 'an intimate friend of Orsini explained the whole affair to me, and I believe, from his information, that no man in his position could have done

better.' 'No!' said he, 'I know better; and I also know that he would not allow his men to fire on the Piedmontese soldiers, so that one of the expedition, now in Paris, said that the muskets were useless.' I cut the question short by asking him, 'Where is Orsini now?' 'They say at Marseilles,' he replied, 'living quite retired, and not interfering in politics.' 'He does well,' I replied, and we separated."

A short time after Orsini was again in the company of the young engineer, Joni, when the necessity for concealing his name no longer existed, so that he said to him:—

"'Do you know who I am?' 'Certainly,' he replied, 'Tito Celsi.' 'Not at all; I am Orsini.' He then, without saying a word, hid his face in his hands. 'Do not mind,' replied Orsini, 'what you said to me the other day; I know what the world is, and have had some experience of it; calumnies do not trouble me.'"

On another occasion he was travelling through the Grison disguised as a botanist, by way of accounting for his moving in out-of-the-way places, when a young hunter entered into conversation with him.

"After a few preliminary observations, the Swiss exclaimed, with a curiosity that startled me," writes Orsini, "'Have you come from Poschiano?' 'No,' said I, 'from St. Moritz.' 'Oh, tell me something about the people who were arrested there then?' 'I don't know anything about them,' I replied. 'What! you know nothing of them? A gentleman named Celsi was arrested there three days ago for having taken part in some political movement. They say that Mazzini and Kossuth are taken, too, with many other Italian patriots.' 'Oh, yes,' said I, 'I heard something about it; but as I take no part in such matters, I can't give you any positive information.' At these words, with a sorrowful aspect, he sighed and said, 'Poor Italians! How many attempts they make, and so unsuccessfully!' He was silent for a moment, and then said, 'I should like to know Mazzini, Celsi, and Kossuth.' 'Indeed,' I replied. 'Yes, very much,' he exclaimed, with energy. It occurred to me at this moment that he might be very useful to me as a guide, and with that blind confidence which I always had in moments of danger, I said, 'Would you like to know these gentlemen from motives of ambition, or from love to the cause they serve?' 'For the cause,' he replied. 'Well, then, I am Celsi! I escaped only to-day out of the hands of the gendarmes; if you like to arrest me you can; but you will not do it; you have an honest face; you are young, and a Swiss; young people have seldom evil thoughts, and the Swiss are generally very loyal. I want a guide; you can procure me one, or deliver me up to the gendarmes.' The young Swiss gazed at me in astonishment, and as I uttered the last words he seized me warmly by the hand, and I knew at once that I possessed a friend."—P. 126.

From the analysis we have given of the work the reader will perceive how full of interest and amusing anecdotes it is. We forbear to criticize the style of the writing. It purports to be a translation, and much as we may regret the *traduction* did not fall into more experienced hands, the narrative of adventure alone would redeem it from the charge of being a dull book. Passages of it are, however, occasionally vague, and we may especially point to pp. 128 and 130, where the account of Orsini's movements is greatly confused. Neither shall we now enter again into the vexed question of the propriety and utility of these petty partial movements. In fact, Orsini seems to have made up his mind as to their futility. In reply to a recent communication from Mazzini, inquiring how far he would be disposed to engage again in this desperate service, he replies, "That he will always be ready for any fact which presented any likelihood of success; that if he had *under him the elements of the past expeditions he should not move; that in the next fact he would succeed or die; in fact, that he would not make himself ridiculous.*" This seems to be conclusive. The friends of Mazzini, however, maintain that their intrepid head is in possession of those means which must lead to ultimate triumph; and point to the gigantic scale on which the late conspiracy was organized, as a proof that had it taken effect its success must have been overwhelming. They assert that but for an unforeseen event or two it must have succeeded, and Italy would have been free. But the weight of the contrary argument rests on the fact that it did not succeed. Not only is there a colossal combination against the Italian patriots,—not only are there railways and telegraphs at work to defeat their projects; there are even spies amongst themselves, if we are to credit the reports of the French government and the narratives of almost every unsuccessful insurrection. Against these secret machinations all the organization and vigilance in the world cannot make ground. This should teach the enthusiasts the futility, if not the criminality, of wasting so much precious blood, and casting away so many noble lives. The odds against them are fearful. The time, however, will arrive, and that perhaps speedily, but they must abide it. They must exercise patience. They must, above all, learn that important fact, "*occasions are not made, they come.*"

ART. IV.—THE EDUCATION AND INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

1. *The Education of Character; with Hints on Moral Training.* By Mrs. Ellis. London: Murray.
2. *The Feminine Soul: its Nature and Attributes; with Thoughts on Marriage, &c.* By Elizabeth Strutt. London: Hodson.
3. *The Mental and Moral Dignity of Woman.* By Benjamin Parsons. London: Snow.
4. *On Education: its Constituents, Objects, and Issues. A Series of Essays and Lectures.* By William M'Combie. Aberdeen: King.

WOMEN are the best ministers of that spirit which stirs the heart from one end of life to the other throughout the world. Those who ought to know better designate a being in whom common sense is superannuated, as an "old woman." Common sense is seldom superannuated in woman. A ripe Christian lady usually becomes more angelic in her influence through the clear grey twilight of the evening of her days; while one whose wisdom is all of this world becomes more snake-like in her godlessness, as she wriggles reluctantly to the grave. All who study the nature of grandmothers will agree that they ultimately resolve into "dear old souls" or "dread old witches," with the spirit that is in them mighty to the last. Hence (good) aged women are declared to be the proper teachers of the young (Tit. ii. 4); and if, therefore, we are to have especial books for the instruction of young women, let the elder women write them, as they can, not with the tone of the schoolmistress, but with the touch and teaching of a life. We still desiderate such books.

"Let the women learn," says St. Paul. What shall they learn? St. Paul also supplies the answer, and the sum of what he says may be thus rendered—Let them learn whatever may qualify them to get good husbands, and become good wives and mothers. Would that all feminine education now in vogue were adapted to this end! and would that every woman when so educated could, as the same authority exhorts, have her own proper husband! Perchance—a thought worthy of thought—there would be fewer without that blessed ownership were that right education more frequent. But, alas, quoth the wise preacher, "Seeing there be many things that increase vanity, what is man the better?" (Eccles. vi. 11.) We entreat our young lady readers, as well as our young gentlemen, to answer that question.

Our personal feeling may, we fear, betray us into partialities on this subject unless, like that experienced lady Mrs. Ellis, we endeavour to assume, however ill sustained, something of the philosophic style. Could we assume that style it would be in no play-fashion, for we love woman—friend, sister, daughter, mother, wife—and, therefore, now inquire, to the best of our ability, what kind of education will make the best woman in all her sweet relationships.

What is education? The word speaks for itself, but yet never signifies the same thing to any two who would interpret it. Of course everybody who consults the dictionary understands it to mean teaching, training, educing, leading out the mind, instructing, enlightening the intellect, and forming the manners. This seems to be definition enough of a word; but in order to comprehend it we have to obtain clear ideas of what it is that is to be educated, and what it is that educates. It is not enough to say this person teaches, and that person is taught; or that by the process of tuition the knowledge of one mind is transferred to another till they both see ideas alike. There is a process of intuition also. No one is altogether educated by another, for no one can completely transfer his ideas to another mind, and no two persons can think precisely alike concerning even the same object. It is a question, indeed, whether two minds looking at the same time at the same object ever see the same thing in thought; the *understanding* differs. True, a primrose is a primrose, and the sun is the sun, whether seen by Mrs. Nickleby or by Sir Isaac Newton, but William Wordsworth's *idea* of a primrose was not that of Peter Bell, neither did the image of the "Eye of Heaven" appear the same to the mind's eye of William Herschel as to Anaxagoras, who denied the existence of God and deemed the sun a ball of fire self-made.

There is a difference in conception arising not only from previous knowledge, but also from original difference in mental constitution; and, therefore, under the very same circumstances of outward training, the real education, the growth of the individual soul, must differ in each case. As every tree has its own character, and must have room for itself, a standing apart, in order to its perfect development, so is it with souls. We may (to borrow a figure) cut and trim the trees into one shape, but they will not retain the formality we put upon them. If *life* dwell in them they will grow into better shapes than we can invent for them, since the Divine breath moulds them from within, and from without, conforming them to its own universal movements, making them, though individuals, yet parts of a whole. Probably souls differ in their specific qualities as much

as bodies vary in form, figure, face, and expression; and that not merely from their bodily connexion, or mode of manifestation, but also from their original and native constitutions as souls, or beings, that through the body are capable of evincing to each other all the faculties pertaining to intellect, and all the affections arising from the union of intellect with will. And as in all nature each creature demands appropriate culture for its fullest and healthiest development, so especially does the human soul require a treatment and a training in keeping with the character of its peculiar individuality in order to its highest manifestation.

In educating woman then it is, first of all, necessary to consider how a woman must necessarily see and feel, merely as a woman. Sidney Smith says, "As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt and trundle hoops together, they are precisely alike. If you catch one half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ." Of course they will; but, nevertheless, they are trained differently by nature even in trundling hoops, because nature has established a difference between male and female still "in the dirt." The training cannot explain the phenomenon, since it is the phenomenon of difference of disposition between the male and female mind that has led to the difference of training, when they have done with the trundling of hoops at last. The most marked difference between human beings is that which characterizes sex. Hence the common sense of mankind has everywhere instituted a difference in the training and treatment of the male and female according to the demands of the social condition and the degree of civilization. But are we to regard this natural arrangement as the result only of bodily structure and fitness? No. Are there not feminine souls in heaven? There are, unless to be like the angels of God is to be *unsexed*. Or are we to believe, after St. Augustine, "that in the next world, women are to become as men, even as the angels of heaven," who are all, in his opinion, masculine?* Or with Mahomet, the grossest of idol-haters, are we to believe there are no feminine souls in heaven, because women have no souls, and so, of course, never get there? Surely neither. For though in one sense, woman is, and must ever be man, yet she is something more—she was made for man, not man for her; that is to say, God's favour to man takes its highest objective form in woman, that man's desires together with woman's may all the better be brought into subjection to

* Treatise on the Excellency of Women.

that love, the end of which is eternally to unite the divine nature to the human, and to render all pure delights essentially devotion. We believe, then, as Coleridge says, "There is a sex in our souls." We needed not Swedenborg's visions nor Mrs. Strutt's ingenious and interesting exposition of his teaching on this matter, in her "Feminine Soul," to assure us of this truth, for reason without revelation might convince us that the nature and attributes of each soul must be permanent in order to the perpetuity of identity and the eternal bliss. There are eternal relationships for each sex, and on these relationships is founded all the importance of mental, moral, and religious cultivation. As heaven or hell is a change of condition rather than of character, and as character, or state of will and spirit, is determined by the faith and love that regulate the relations of this life, so the results and associations of memory and affection must remain in all futurity, or else a period must come when the immortal soul shall lose all the value of its immortality in losing its self-consciousness; for if it lose its own experience, it can no longer recognise itself, since as a being of intellect and will, the memory of facts and feelings must be the groundwork of its growth in knowledge and affection.

It is the *nature* of man and of woman that is to be educated. But what is the nature of man and of woman? We cannot know merely from what we see of it. We must learn that from the revelation of the spirit, each in each self, even as we learn concerning God himself, in the image of whom both man and woman are created. The "Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve," was the divine model of woman, and her perfection was her fitness for fellowship with man, as *the son of God;* in all things man was to be the better for her, while, moreover, as a woman, her nature had a place nearer to childhood, and therein, nearer to God, in as far as woman is a mother in spirit, if right-spirited, whether she have children or not. Hence if a woman say she dislikes children, she cannot, however outwardly beautiful, be cordially loved by a true man; for he knows her natural affections must have become perverted, and something monstrous have taken their place. We must not forget that there is a child at heart in every true-hearted man; and it is the child-like spirit in man on which the womanly influence has the firmest hold, for strength is always made perfect through weakness, and in weakness. To woman pertains the first and most delicate duties of education; the heart-work, and the sympathy and ministry of spirit to spirit, that tend to form and fashion character upon the plastic being before words and meanings are or can be brought to bear upon intelligence. It is, therefore, manifest that woman's education

ought to fit her the better for gentle heart-ministry; *that* is especially hers. From her the child is to learn religion as a thing felt rather than reasoned on; a thing seen in life with all its utterances of deeds rather than in discourse; though this too is to breathe forth its renovating spirit upon the child in due time, since if that child is to be saved when it begins to reason, the means of the new creation of its soul in the image of God must be brought to bear upon it intelligently as well as sympathetically, for it is through and in knowledge that this renewal is effectuated. (Col. iii. 10.) One taught to live well is well educated, and our life will be as are our faith and our love. Knowledge is, therefore, a weighty thing; it is acquaintance with the meaning of God's handwriting on the universe, and the inspired page, and the human heart, and the body, and the soul. This is what every woman ought to know. Such knowledge is not a safe gift to a fool, a wilful being; he may destroy himself with it, as an idiot with a torch might destroy the temple of God. An untrained will (say womanly nature if you will) cannot use knowledge. Paradise was lost for want of wisdom. Knowledge cannot regain *that*, but faith can; because faith is wise, it has the power of doing the will of God, since it works with love as God works. Faith is knowledge put in practice wisely, heartily. Education that will enable man and woman to obey the divine law, uttered in the word Love, the better, is the only education we want. Knowingness does not belong to it; but the knowledge of the truth,—"*Thy law is* THE *truth*,"—every truth does belong to it; for all truth comports with true faith, and, therefore, with true life, which is eternal. All science, properly so called, belongs to our faith, and we must study the science of education Christianly, if we would be practical in applying it. Just as we must study the laws of electric force to make an electric telegraph, correct it when impaired, and know how to work it rightly, so we must make sure that our education is sound by the use of it. Therefore, we say, O Woman, know thyself; see what is becoming to thee as the garb of thy spirit and the means of thy power over man! Man is to be drawn nearer to childhood and to God, to feebleness and almightiness, by woman. It is high time that woman in general should know more of her own nature, that is, know more of humanity as a whole, beginning and ending in God. Without this, she cannot know her duty, nor do it. This is an age in which the atmosphere of the common mind among us is obscured by clouds of floating ideas, as the sky of Chili is with mist, and it is only those who make an effort, and climb the mountains, that see the glories of the heavens, and feel that humanity is connected with the infinite in body and in soul.

But the noblest height to which woman need aspire is the height of her own nature; for is she not possessed of all the faculties which elevate man? Yea, and more; for she may be the producer of souls immortal out of her own substance; and to show that she is the crowning work of creation the Godhead has been born of her in our own nature, thus uniting into one the beginning and the ending; because the first and final cause of humanity is the full manifestation of God.

We begin with the highest part of education that we may see our way to the lowest. There is no difficulty in deciding that it is as good to enlighten the understanding as to form the manners; but there is difficulty in deciding how far the intellect is to be cultivated in any given case, since it by no means follows that mental culture is moral culture, any more than improvement in manners is a proof of an improved heart. Manners without morals is the good behaviour of devils. We ask then, What is the best mode of training the heart and intellect together? *There* is the difficulty. The heart will have its heresies, however orthodox the schooling. The dark ages are not over, as we find from the glib talk of those who see no mental difficulties, because they would knock down heresies with anathemas, and leave mysteries of mind to the management of gownsmen. But such easy-going wayfarers are passing off, and the questions that simpletons ask, as freely as water slips from a cracked fountain, the wise are trying to answer. But they involve results and considerations like rivulets running on to the great deep, and not to be fully known till the crisis of tried spirits, the day of God's final judgment.

When we ask, What is mind, and how are we to treat it, the old philosophic word-tricks about the nature of things, will not suffice to meet the demand, for we believers are brought into contact and co-operation with eternity and heaven. These are to be met. A soul-crushing weight of meaning, therefore, comes down upon us as we think of training the human mind. There is all the wondrous vastness of thought and will, boundless as the illuminated and everlasting heavens around us. There is a solemn and awful import in the thought of educating *that*;—an undying power, mind, soul, person, related to this world and all worlds, to passing time, and the near and steadfast eternity;—the theme would expand upon us for ever. How shall we treat this mind and soul? We say, as God wills. He has spread creation before us, and thrown His light upon it; therefore, let every soul learn all it can of God's work in creation and providence, with His light upon them,—that is, His word. What is more than this cometh of evil, and tends to evil.

Woman's education, though perhaps most neglected, ought to stand first, for God's own reason,—she is the mother of all living, the moulder of mankind; her thoughts are the first thoughts with every man. Before considering the education proper for woman, we must consider what is her capacity, and what she is fit for. We desire to assert the entire equality of women with men in all the faculties of reason. Benjamin Parsons has energetically endeavoured to show that in moral and mental dignity, woman is equal, if not superior to man. He might as well have contended about which was the nobler half of a pair of scissors. As the halves of a pair of scissors are made of the same metal, and as the value of the one depends on its fitness to work with the other, so man and woman are made to work together in pairs, though not exactly in parliament. Whether our fair friends would be ambitious of seats in parliament, or be flattered or not by being told that they are better representatives of men than men themselves, we will not inquire, for we think they are not so ready to mistake their vocation as their advocate was. We conceive that he has endeavoured to reverse the poles of our nature in defence of woman's rights, and by asserting her political equality he has not vindicated her rights, but committed the sin of speaking evil of dignities. Though, with him, we deem it a happy omen for England that VICTORIA is on the throne, we do not believe with him that, "Could both Houses of Parliament be dissolved, and both Lords and Commons sent off to their different beloved pursuits, of gambling, steeple-chasing, shooting, drinking, &c., and a few women of plain common-sense put in their place, the country would in a very short time be raised to the highest degree of prosperity." (P. 400.) If Lords and Commons were as he describes, why then indeed—but they are not, and, to be sure, the thing has not been tried—*Why?*

Woman is doubtless a female man. Adam and Eve were designated by their Maker under one name to show their one nature. He "called *their* name Adam, in the day when they were created." (Gen. v. 2.) "Adam," quoth the quaint old Dutch etymologist, Scrieck, "is Scythic or High-Dutch, *Haid-am-ens*, a united entity," * that is to say, man and woman are created as corresponding natures, a duality in unity. Whatever we think of the queer etymology of the Dutch scholiast, we have the fact that man and woman are pronounced equal as one flesh by Him who inspired both with His own spirit.

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* Celtic and Belgic Origins. Quoted by Mrs. Strutt.

"The dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference."—*Tennyson.*

"As the soul," says Milton, "cannot do well without company, so in no company so well as where the different sex, in most *resembling unlikeness* and most *unlike resemblance*, cannot but please best, and be pleased, in the aptitude of that variety."—*Tetrachordon.*

The influence of woman over man is the necessary result of man's deficiency, and *vice versâ*. What man wants is love, says Mrs. Strutt, tacitly following Swedenborg; and what woman wants is wisdom, according to the same authority. But Mrs. Strutt shall speak for herself concerning the *difference* between male and female. She goes back to the beginning, and utters her oracle from thence:—

"Adam, on the separation of the two interior principles with which immediately on his creation he was originally invested, retained that of wisdom or the understanding, which is of the masculine nature, and with it, consequently the outward figure thereof; while Eve took and embodied forth that of love, or the will, as is manifested in the different characteristics of her form."

So, then, we need not wonder that in civilized society it has come to be acknowledged that the influence of woman is paramount; for, doubtless, in society as we see it, will or love, such as it is, have vastly more power over mankind than wisdom or understanding. Whether it should be so is another question. Solomon, from the experience of folly, learned to call wisdom the principal or leading thing. Mrs. Strutt tells us that St. Paul failed in his logic; she says he was not right in the reason he assigned in forbidding a woman to teach,—"*For Adam was* FIRST *formed, and then Eve.*" (1 Tim. ii. 13.) That was not the reason, as she affirms, but woman was forbidden to teach, simply because a woman is "not capable of impartial and logical reasoning, or of convincing or being convinced by truth *alone*." (P. 100, Feminine Soul.) We confess we know not any truth in the Bible that belongs not to the heart. But is it not the order of Divine working that the perception of truth must lead the way to the love of it? We see first, and then love. Certainly Mrs. Strutt exemplifies her argument; and it would not be amiss for her to consider that will and love, without the power of reasoning to lead the way, would make but wild work of cultivating God's earth. We too often see what results from will and love without wisdom and understanding *first* to direct and control them. Those who ask for reasons find your right-hearted, wrong-headed people very difficult to deal with. Why? Because

their will is right, but their reason wrong; as Shakspere would say, the mother is strong within them. Since truth cannot, according to Mrs. Strutt, be the governing principle of woman, she very consistently represents dissimulation as a feminine virtue, supposing it, of course, always exercised for love's sake, if not for truth's. (P. 33.) Surely here we have a sufficient reason, if there were no other, why every woman should be united to her own husband for truth as well as for love. We would not separate truth from love; we think them to all intents and purposes one *in the Lord*. However, it is not to be imagined for a moment that woman is more defective in discernment than man. Oh no! love in woman though apt to blink, is not blind, but rather eagle-eyed; therefore—

> "*Her* rapid mind decides, while *his* debates;
> She *feels* a truth that he but *calculates*."

Unlogical love, with the use or abuse of woman's supposed safeguard—dissimulation, together with the fine faculty of jumping to conclusions at will, are probably sufficient to account for the dominant influence, good or bad, of woman. Mrs. Ellis, however, honestly confesses "a little weariness, and some scepticism on the subject of woman's unbounded influence in the world." She rather thinks that, "as a law of our social existence men have it in their power to make the characters of women whatever they would wish them to be." Of course they have, if woman be the more impressible.

"I do not, of course, mean individually, but nationally; not as character is considered singly, but in masses. Neither do I mean that by merely dictating to woman, praising her, or even preaching to her, these results can be expected; for such is the quick perception of woman's nature—such the inherent and almost instinctive feeling with which she discovers the tone of popular opinion, and sympathizes with the likings and dislikings of those to whom she is bound by social or domestic affection; such also is her natural tendency to lean for protection and support on something stronger than herself—something less emotional, and consequently more stable; and thus leaning for support, thus depending for guidance and protection, it is almost inevitable that she should, to a great extent, receive the bias of her character from the help and the protection which nature has provided for her in the firmer and more decided character of man."—P. 131.

This is a fair specimen of Mrs. Ellis's style. The moral of the world's history rests on the *mutual* influence of the sexes; and if the memoirs of the nominally great prove too often like malarious districts, unsafe to enter upon, and if the lives of

kings and queens are very exciting and unwholesome reading for weak minds of both sexes, why is it, that the mutual influence of one sex over the other is demonstrably all powerful for evil, unless controlled by those heavenly principles that are not indigenous to courts, and without which the highest cultivation of intellect is only the highest refinement of corruption? History only shows that the sexes operate upon each other like the poles of a mighty magnet on which the world turns, and we cannot say where the preponderance of influence lies; we can only say, that through all lands we find where men are especially bad, women are found to be a match for them; and if anywhere superior human excellence holds forth its light, it shines alike from man and woman, who may be thus compared to the twofold wick of the patent mould, not to be separated, but only the more brilliant for burning together in opposite directions.

Cornelius Agrippa (*vide* ECLECTIC, May, 1857) asserts the superiority of woman on the ground of her weakness, thus perverting the words of St. Paul—"*Weak things have been chosen to confound the strong.*" "Adam," says he, "was sublimely endowed, but woman humbled him; Samson was strong, but woman made him captive; Lot was chaste, but woman seduced him; David was religious, but woman disturbed his piety: Solomon was wise, but woman deceived him; Job was patient, and was robbed by the devil of fortune and family; ulcerated, grieved, and oppressed, nothing provoked him to anger till a woman did it, therein proving herself stronger than the devil." If thus mighty for evil, how great must she be for good? In this our day when feminine genius is absolutely possessing the popular mind and heart by millions of truthful and loveful (?) books, it is too late to hint the inferiority of the female intellect as *a power*. Perchance the powers that be are pretty well balanced at their birth. We, at least, have no reason to offer why we should doubt that He who has so arranged that an equal number of males and females should be born into the world, should not also so arrange that their influences in their different spheres should balance each other, so that the social world, like the physical, should roll on in the diagonal between two forces,—that of the centrifugal, so to say, in out-going man, and that of the centripetal, or home-force, in woman. "The head of the woman is the man, and the glory of the man is woman." Being made for the same purpose as respects the glory of their Maker, they have only to fulfil their relationships to be so far like the angels as to be unconscious of inequality, while mingling their light together upon every object that engages them. He was a libeller of the sex who said, "Most women have no character at all;" every woman

has not only a character of her own, but she helps to form the character of those about her, and *as a man thinks of woman so is the state of his heart, religiously and livingly*.

There are those who, sensuous in all things, would degrade woman by a nominal adoration, and desecrate her spirit by their idolatry of the body. When a woman consents to be worshipped instead of God, or to come between man and his Maker, she is lost, and is apt to lead others to perdition. If she does not feel she can know all the truth that man can know, and help him to apply it, then her love will act upon him only as the ivy on the oak, to which it clings but to destroy it.

O Woman! yours is no outside dignity. It is the spirit within you that moulds the world around you—the spirit of creation completing its last work. Mother and moulder of man, it is for you to take the new-made being, into which God has just breathed the breath of life, to take it warm from His hand into your bosom, and qualify it by your love and life, in their blended light, to walk and dwell with the perfect in the Father's home. Can man stand before you there? No; unless you refuse to work with your Maker who comes closer to your hearts than your own life-blood, and kindles your bosom with a genial fire, gladdening as the home-hearth of the spirit, an altar and a refuge for the feeble who need to know that God is love.

We wish to see wisdom and love so combined in operation in our home, and everywhere, as can be possible only through woman. If we are to see that joy, that thing of beauty, anywhere, this land of Christian light should show it. Does it grace our streets? Ye pattern women of olden day, beauties of holy history, how would ye be astonished to behold your modern sisterhood, proud to employ their bodies as frames to hang outrageous fashions on, and thus becoming, as Foster says, "ambulating blocks for millinery." The silken inflations of our sunny promenades give no sign that the souls within them know anything of their own nature. Are not their *physical* faculties, instead of being cultivated to divine ends, too generally made subservient to self, and to sin? Are not their *intellectual* faculties devoted to the Prince of Deluders? Are not their *moral* faculties nourishing and cherishing the worm that dies not, by warming it at the flame that never will be quenched?

Education proper, whether for man or woman, is that which imparts a sound practical knowledge of the nature of body and mind, in their mutual relation, together with that social training which best calls into action the moral virtues, enlightens the conscience, and brings the affections into subserviency to right reason, and the law of God. As Sidney Smith observes,

when writing of woman, "There is nothing so social as a cultivated mind." By cultivated mind, we mean rather more than the genial prebend meant; we mean a mind well acquainted with nature, that "universal and public manuscript," as Sir Thomas Browne calls it.

Mr. Parsons very cogently enforces the necessity of woman being educated to the full extent of her capacity, and presents a strong array of facts, in proof that she is the glory of man, in respect to the qualities alike of her head as of her heart. The originality, freshness, force, and pungency of his eloquence, together with the general good sense, both of his matter and manner, are calculated to impress the reader. He succeeds in pleasing, even where he fails to convince. Parsons writes like a Christianized Cobbett. His view of the mental and moral constitution is peculiarly clear and instructive. He classifies the powers of the human mind thus: 1. Inquiry, or the Inquisitive Power; 2. Apprehension, or the Understanding Power; 3. Intellect, or the Distinguishing Power; 4. Consciousness, or the Self-Observing Power; 5. Memory, or the Recollective Power; 6. Wisdom, or the Synthetic Power; 7. Emotion, or the Pathetic Power; 8. Will, or the Voluntary Power; 9. Conscience, or the Moral Power.

Whether this classification agree with school-metaphysics and phrenology or not, it serves exceedingly well to indicate the steps of mental development, by showing what is to be educated as well as how to educate. He illustrates his views very pertinently:—

"I take a child and show it a flower, and it is pleased by the beauty of its appearance; so far we have both the same sensations; but how different will its emotions be if I can awaken its inquiries respecting it. Well, let us sit down together, and take this plant to pieces; it has a *root*, a *stem*, *leaves*, and *flowers*, and by-and-bye may have *fruits* and *seeds*.

"Here then we have minds at work, and mental powers exerted, which no animal has ever employed. We *inquire* into the flower; we *apprehend* several ideas from it; we *distinguish* one part from another; we become *conscious* of mental power; we have something to *recollect;* we have knowledge that we may *wisely* or practically use; there is much to call forth the most pleasing *emotions;* much to influence our volitions, our actions; and, therefore, most valuable materials for *conscience* to use in the cause of virtue and religion."

It is obvious, that what is said respecting the flower may be applied to any subject; and it is also obvious that the mental powers as thus illustrated in their action, are as capable of exertion in one sex as the other. Mr. Parsons carries out his mental analysis with skill in his work, but so far from supposing

with Mrs. Strutt and Emanuel Swedenborg, that because woman excels in loving, she is, therefore, deficient in wisdom, he maintains the contrary, and argues well that the synthetic or convincing power of the feminine mind, though opposite to the analyzing, logical power of the higher masculine mind, is nevertheless more akin to faith, and more apt to take the right path, and arrive quicker at the truth. No doubt true love is correlative with true wisdom; what then is false love but the worst form of folly? If it be true that woman's will, and hence her love, be stronger than man's, then so much the more need has she of the knowledge that may forewarn her of the danger of wilfulness. We very much question whether the feminine soul is better constituted for the love of truth, and so of truthful love, than the masculine. She depends more on personal attachments, and she desires to be desired; she is man's object, and knows it. Hence, the natural and beautiful efforts to please which commend the woman everywhere to man's love, and without which she forfeits her true position, and may become hateful as well as unhappy. But, alas, how wily the will that would win dominion by yielding, not for good but for selfishness! And alas! too, as Mrs. Ellis says, "Pure, unostentatious, steady-working benevolence is quite as deficient in one sex as the other!" A woman whose heart and mind are ruled by the governing motives, goodwill, conscientiousness, and love of God, may be allowed to be in no great danger of "synthetically" leaping to conclusions; but, the habit of leaping to conclusions is apt to land the leaper very considerably on the wrong side. Therefore, we say that if the more loving and lovelier feminine spirit be the more naturally disposed to sudden bias and determination, so much the more urgent is the need that she be well trained in all that exalts the *intellect*, improves the *moral being*, and rectifies the *conscience*. Without this training, it is impossible for any soul to see the right and approve it, for even God's own voice is either not heard or not regarded by the untrained soul. How dark that mind whose light itself is darkness! Now we contend that every kind of light is as good for every variety of soul as when God first said, "Let light be," and pronounced it good, because human beings were coming to enjoy it. We think that we, both men and women, ought to know more than we generally do concerning the connexion of our own bodies and souls with the rest of the universe. Without information about what concerns our mental, moral, and bodily constitution, we are ignorant of our Maker's purposes concerning us. We may do our duty, in blind obedience to moral law, and be safe; but it is happier, if not holier, to see the congruity of moral goodness with the well-being of all existence for ever. Without

this insight and faith, our notion of duty is as undefined as lamp-light in a fog, and our motives are confused, because our impulses to action are not guided by rational principles. Women, as the trainers of souls and bodies in their most pliable and plastic state, ought, we conceive, to be well instructed in all that practical science can teach concerning the best modes of managing minds and bodies. Woman and man are equally able to read nature and the Bible; their duties are equal in relation to both; and if the Word that was made flesh made whatever is made, we forsake that Word if we think that what is revealed entirely supersedes that which is created. Men and women ought, we say again, to be better acquainted with their own compound nature—soul and body,—with all their dualities and manifold relations to each other and the universe, through all the gateways of knowledge. On the proper management of mind and body, it depends whether that which wills, feels, thinks, acts, shall work in keeping with heaven and be heavenly; or create its own heart-hell by its perpetual abuses of God's goodness. Should one world go wrong, all the other worlds would work together for its destruction, for not to obey the universal law is to perish. Worlds right themselves; souls, however do not, but deviating from the right line, are for ever lost if left alone. Those who are right must rectify those who are wrong. Now souls go wrong from mismanagement of the body, as well as bodies from the mismanagement of the soul; and, therefore, we must learn how best to manage both. We agree then with Mr. Parsons in desiring that our feminine fellow-heirs of eternity should learn as much as they can well apply of all the first principles at least of physiology and metaphysics, as of really higher value in their practical use than much on which the mental powers of females are diligently expended:—

"Were this subject considered in all its importance, there is not a female but would dread the idea of becoming a mother, until she had qualified herself by the study of physiology and mental philosophy to watch over the body and the mind of her child. Every human being ought to understand mental philosophy. How can the mind be taught, controlled, and matured if its possessor or teacher be ignorant of its own faculties? It should be considered a duty, and the birthright of all, whether rich or poor, 'to know themselves.' Without this, all education, to a great extent, will be lost."—*Dignity of Woman*, p. 387.

"It should be remembered that there are but two classes of thoughts, those which are *true* and those which are *false*; and with one of these the minds of women must be imbued." "I know the sordid mind of the objector throws itself in a moment into the kitchen

and the laundry. He trembles for his clean shirt, and his mince-pies. Poor fellow!"—*Idem*, p. 381.

The body must exert a great influence over intention, propensity, and disposition. Persons, whose nerves are habitually excited, often show great determination, but it is animal will after all, a determination to please self, either concentric or eccentric, either gregarious or wandering alone, one of a party or a party to oneself. Mr. Parsons well observes that:—

"A steady nerve [or, as we would say, a healthy state of brain] is eminently conducive [essential?] to decision of character. But the body is not all; there may be nerves of iron, and yet the mind, for want of cultivation, may be the sport of every wind of doctrine. To perfect the character it is absolutely necessary that the soul should 'be rooted and grounded in the truth.'"—P. 313.

—Rooted and grounded like a tree planted by the hand of God in the soil made for it by that hand. Souls are made to grow upon truth; and if they are not acquainted with truth, that is, with whatever God has said and done, then their volitions must of course go wrong, and their tempers too. It is a point of the first importance to know that though intelligence suggests reasons for action, that is to say, furnishes moral motive, yet it is the state of the body that moves the will, so far as will depends on sensation, and instincts must master our minds if our minds master not them. If, then, man or woman would acquire that highest of all accomplishments *self-control*, they must learn to discriminate between *instinctive will* and *rational will*. Without a habit of discriminating between these, life becomes subject to a succession of impulses from without, instead of being guided by a spirit-power within; and the formation of character, in respect to the right state of will, known as love and faith, the state in which we enter eternity, is impossible.

There is a profound and beautiful mystery in the fact that the feminine mind is more apt to run into extremes than the masculine, in consequence of those physiological peculiarities of constitution on which sympathy depends. There is more ready nerve — sympathy with the activities of other beings — in females, because the body itself is more susceptible of impression, and, therefore, the influences of both spiritual worlds, good and evil, are felt in a more positive and bodily manner by woman. Hence she is necessarily more dependent. The *moral training* which is so cogently enforced on females by Mrs. Ellis, can never be thoroughly carried out, unless they are made better acquainted than by ordinary school acquirements with the dangers arising from their very nature. That quaint old physiologist Dr.

Gideon Harvey (in "Archæologia Nova," quoted by Mrs. Strutt), accounts in a summary manner for the fact, which he assumes as to woman being "more fierce, furious, rash, and swift in judgment than man;" "for," says he, "their spirits and heat, moving in great troops and confluence of particles, must needs move swift, which swiftness of motion is the cause of their *sudden rage, nimble tongues,* and *rash wits.*" Modern physiology and experience of better feminine training than any in vogue in Gideon Harvey's day (1600), tend to obviate his poor apology for the ladies, and we know they need not the excuses he offers for rashness, since there certainly is not any reason why woman should be more prone than man to confound likings with lovings, and suddenly succumb to impressions, excepting from indulgence to a wrong state of will, and from a lack of those habits of thought which are the only checks upon impulse. Those habits must be formed early to grow strong. There is a tendency in parents to be peculiarly tender in coercing the will of their girls, because girls are usually gentle; they forget that like the air, the sea, and the light, it is the seeming soft that has the most unmanageable force; and when they do coerce it, how often is it merely to please themselves instead of proving their own obedience to the unerring Will! The perpetual indulgence of the Pawnee Indians to their children is safer than the parental waywardness that pretends to wisdom while showing folly. Neither man nor woman can rule the will of a child without ruling their own, and from first to last, we all require to see, and so to believe in, a better will than our own in order to real obedience. We never cordially yield but where we cordially love.

It would be a calumny uttered in the face of truth to say that woman is necessarily more thoughtless than man; her active outlay of benevolence in all the best schemes for the amelioration of human misery, in our age and country at least, is a demonstration that the loving heart is a help, rather than a hinderance, when thought is to proceed to action, and when doing and suffering are demanded to prove the validity of intellectual vigour. We need not look into the hospital of Scutari to prove what is meant by a wise heart, for we have it at work about us in many a home, that, without it, would fall crashing to pieces, like the house built on the sand. But this wisdom of heart does not come as a natural matter of course; and the accomplishments so sedulously cultivated at ladies' schools in general, do not foster it. We fear rather the contrary, for there is nothing in the teaching of pianists, drawing-masters, posture-masters, elocutionists, and memory-loaders, to instruct woman in the duties and dangers of real life, or to

fortify mind and heart for the grand battle. The education that forms a correct mind is too often sacrificed for that which makes a pert critic, who sees faults, not to shun but to point at them. A carping young lady may be pretty, but she is sure to be a pest. We cannot bear to be forced to hate where we look to love. Truth is as blue as the heavens, but of a very different hue from that of the blue-stocking.

The beautiful belongs to the good and the true. All that is æsthetic and calisthenic is needed, indeed, both for mind and body, manners and morals; for in real life none can be too powerfully beautiful in doing what has to be done; but this should be taught first, and then would follow, with more force, lessons on the mode of doing. When we know what is to be accomplished,—when, like travellers about to climb a mountain pass, we know the height to be attained, and the difficulty of attaining it, we may better understand how far what we carry should combine the elegant with the useful. There are multitudes who start prepared only for the drawing-room, who have to encounter blasts that make sad sport of muslin and artificial flowers. Let the useful be ornamental, and the ornamental useful—beauty and use are near akin—and then all will be safe whatever comes.

There is one circumstance very unfavourable to the advancement of female influence in the right direction—the bettering of man. Young women usually leave school too early, and precisely at the period when the mind is most susceptible, and when a steady course of mental discipline would be most valuable. They do not learn to carry any weight. Just when young gentlemen are ready for colleges, young ladies are ready for coteries. Those are crammed with facts, these with fancies. Both are furnished with certain elements and means of mental advancement, but the boy goes on into the severer mental training of manly science and association, while the girl, with her heart and head all alive to the emotional, comes out and makes a show of herself. In her retirement from the wear and weariness of hopeless effort to attract and secure a right heart-fellowship, what can her mental resources be? She has not been trained to enjoy solid reading and reasoning; the dry splendours of science and of all God's handiworks are too strong for her eyes. There are mostly but two forms in which she can gratify her warm heart and womanly love of pleasing; she can read novels and study dress; she can amuse herself and beguile man. We see the result—plenty of sweetness that soon turns sour, because neither heart nor intellect have been cultivated morally or spiritually, that is to say with a view to the end.

With Mrs. Ellis, we would urge the importance of constructing schools for moral training and the formation of character. But we think she has not dwelt with sufficient force upon the value of acquaintance with natural science, and the teaching of events, as a means of steadying the mind, rectifying the will, and improving the reasoning powers. The feeling of the inevitable will, the will that fixes itself in the laws of existence, the very truth of being, is the feeling which alone schools the human will; that alone produces free-will—the will that chooses to do right from the knowledge of what must result in doing wrong. The very refinements of mind and elegances of life, to which cultivated females so essentially contribute, require the counteracting influence of the full and intimate knowledge of natural truths to qualify for their true enjoyment; and that education can confer but little dignity on character which ignores acquaintance with the laws of being as fixed in our very framework, and in the elements on which our mortality and immortality exist. Above all, the soul is to be studied as the source of the beauty within beauty, the life of life, without whose health the dimpling loveliness of the most smiling face is but the hiding of a fallen spirit behind a veil of light. Is it not possible to be too violently evangelical? We think we have seen men in earnest, who would honour the teaching of Christ by ignoring that of nature. The New Testament implies that the teachings and dictates of nature as perceived by a reasonable mind are in keeping with the Gospel. The contact of mind with mind brings our moral powers and natural affections to the test. Mrs. Ellis would have the virtues studied and practised in a positive manner, like a language or an accomplishment. This mode of treating the subject is open to ridicule, for how can love of truth, or conscientiousness, or benevolence, or honesty, or modesty, be practised as distinct lessons to be got up under a professor, and touched off like a picture with the finish of a fine hand? Social intercourse, the contact of will with will under the restraints of the known requirements of good feeling, is all that is really required; and if schools, as at present conducted, do not afford scope for the exercise of the virtues thus, the sooner they are remodelled the better. Of course it is impossible to supersede the teaching of Providence in the struggles of humanity in the world by anything in the school-room, but surely there is room enough for the exercise of every good feeling amongst a number of young ladies, subject to a governing mind, if tasks do not deprive them of sufficient leisure to learn how to live together. If the school afford more opportunity, as we think it does, for learning true obedience,

sympathy, and self-control, than can be learned at home, it has that advantage over home-training. At home the will takes more liberties.

A sprightly writer has said, "a good education is very like a good hat. It should be not only strong, substantial, stiff, and durable, but shapely, glossy, comfortable, and, above all, a good fit." How often we see the stiff and the strong without the shapeliness, the gloss, or the comfort, and how often the gloss upon a bad material, with nothing fit for anything about it.

Of course we desire our daughters to acquire every art and intellectual accomplishment that will qualify them to become most pleasant and profitable at home, whether wives, mothers, sisters, aunts, or friends. If they are called to the high vocation of spinster ministrations, which the wisdom of God ordains for multitudes in this world-renovating, Bible-taught country, they have only the more need for all that can adorn and edify the mind, for they will have to endure hardness in proportion to their usefulness. Blessed are they who are *not* subject to *man*, *if* subject to *God*. Those who are not directly governed by either will find the study of Bible-logic, and of every form of right reason, a useful check upon too nimble a tongue, as also they would find general science a safe ballast against the dangers of too much sail, and a strong course of mathematics a good drag upon that capricious wit which, like all earthly things, is so apt to run fastest in the downward direction.

The object of our life's education is to *train* the spirit, or willing power, not merely to *inform* it. How can this be done without some understanding of its faculties, not as abstractions, but as they operate in connexion with brain and nerve? We must not forget that it is in this connexion only that we have anything to do with it, or know anything about it. As already said, motive is never unmixed; and our morality includes the government of the body as well as the direction of the will and the belief. The three graces are, we conceive, good-temper, good-sense, and good-health; and the wise old heathens, who deified these graces as female beauties, meant only to teach that the training of women should unite them all. We would most strenuously insist first of all on the necessity of attention to every means conducive to good bodily health, not only from its value in relation to true feminine grace, but also because without outward health that inward sanity which is expressed by good temper and good sense is most apt to be absent.

That, indeed, must be a life of faith on the truth of the Spirit which can at any time be superior to the distractions of a disordered body. Whatever faith, whatever love we feel, is doubtless to be proved by our mastery over the body. Know-

ledge must rectify will, but a sound body is essential to the co-operation of the sensational with the moral will.

As we cannot separate faith from love without violence to true nature and the eternal Spirit, so neither can we separate will from knowledge without danger of eternal damage to our selfhood. Hence the danger of educating the acquiring, or knowing, and imagining faculties, now so largely done in school as the task-work of memory, to the neglect of that moral sense which goes with the proper action or the right use of the body. Thus we may be learning our lessons of facts or fancies, history, science, and religion, and have no more appreciation of duty or ability to do it, than a man walking in his sleep, and following the dictates of a dream instead of obeying the real relationships of life. Let us endeavour to analyze the soul; that is, the being to be educated. We need not discuss the difference between faculties, and affections, and instincts. We acknowledge their existence as distinct, though incessantly co-operating in our motives. A metaphysical acumen, or rather the higher teaching of Divine truth, is required to enable us to discriminate between our motives, for it is faith in the Word of God only that enables us to analyze the thoughts and intents of the heart, dividing asunder soul and spirit, or mind and will.

The faculties, and affections, and instincts are differently combined in their proportions in different individuals. Different aptitudes are born with us, and though all who are not idiots are possessed of some degree of what is common to all, yet the success of training will be commensurate with the original power, or combination of powers innately possessed. This applies more to the intellectual than the moral powers, for we may by training produce a moral conviction in a weak mind, but no training will produce ability to act the logician, statesman, philosoper, or poet, without the inherent power of faculty leading to those exercises of mind which constitute those characters. Mrs. Ellis resolves all motive into desire. We would resolve all desire into love, for as we love so we will. Hence we discover the two natures in man; that which wills without other desire than self-enjoyment, and that which wills in true charity, desiring the good of others with oneself. As is the love so is the life. Our thoughts will run in the line of our loves, whatever be the power of our intellect. Reason cannot be satisfied without a good state of conscience—without a full approval of all that is desired and done; but the demand of reason is proportionate to the improvement of our spiritual perception, the inward revelation of the Divine character to oneself. Hence all education leaves the mind "an aching void," except so far as it improves the conscience. Hence too

the sympathies cannot be rightly directed and educated, and lured along the path of light, except by Christianity, for the meaning of humanity is not wrought out in any other system of teaching. M'Combie wisely observes that—

"To the education of the sympathies, in the case of girls, a double importance attaches. They attract and they stimulate. Themselves more excitable than the other sex generally, they are the main source of excitation. Of course we dream of nothing so absurd as to bring love [quite] within the square and rule of reason; yet it is true, notwithstanding its essential and necessary spontaneity, that its course is always perilous when it careers away in either blind or wilful disregard of her dictates.

"The first thing in education is to induce and develope the right character, but the mode in which the character finds expression is no trivial matter. In respect to both, our modern female education is at fault, being directed to the development of what in most instances needs sobering and subduing. We crowd on too much sail, and lay in too little ballast. An airy, impulsive, beautiful girl, gliding through drawing-rooms, flitting over gardens, pulling roses, and playing holiday airs, is a creature of boundless fascination; yet an education adapted to turn out young ladies approaching the type of that somewhat incredible portraiture, 'Nina,' is, we cannot help thinking, perilous and mischievous in almost every aspect and relation. . . . When we reflect how much is at the mercy of woman's emotions—as maiden, wife, mother—how far round the entire sphere of human happiness (or misery) her influence sweeps, we shall see how needful it is that her sympathies should be brought under the regulation and control of pure principles and sound reason. How large a proportion of the personal incompetence, of domestic infelicity, of the various crime, which we see so rife, may we not trace to the ill-regulated sympathies of mothers."—*W. M'Combie on Education*, p. 132.

True education—the drawing out of the mind in a feeling of God's works and words—is a kind of sympathy; like the real preaching of all truth, it is a propagation of what is felt by the utterance of living words from heart to heart. No one is fit to teach anything worth knowing who does not evidently feel its worth. The repetition of words and meanings may make dry scholars; but "the humanities" of language and science have a life which associates right-heartedness with logic, and brings will and understanding alike into sympathy with the personal source of all true ideas. When a girl feels *that*, her real education for life is begun, and not till then.

Whatever has life in it is never tedious, if its life interfere not with our own. This is the secret of the taste for novel-reading. It is founded on the true, humane principle of sociality and fellow-feeling—sympathy with all that feels; and this ought

to be indulged as far as it is possible to convey the lessons of different forms of human life, without debasing the taste or wasting the time. The popular soul is not to be reached by abstractions; but story-tellers have reached it; and nobody will ever succeed in reaching it without telling traits of life, and all will succeed in reaching it who have anything positive, and active, and eventful, to state about any human being. The true is the most stirring. It is the life of Christ that is God's story for us, and it is in that we see how Jesus Christ founded His empire upon love—His life—and so also we see that Jesus Christ is God.*

From infancy to age we watch whatever comes before the mind with life and motion in it. What nonsense then to charge the young child with stanzas that teach grammar thus:—

> "Grammar has just four heads—
> First we learn Orthography,
> Etymology succeeds,
> Syntax next, then Prosody."

Old Mother Hubbard and kindred histories of uncommon life are, at least, equally strengthening to the mind. Do not let us be unnatural in our methods. *Unnatural restraints produce disproportion. To produce elegance we must encourage ease.* These sentences might be good school-copies; but they would not be useless to the memory of man and woman, for the greatest distortions of thought and will are the results of enforcing proper things in an unnatural manner.

The danger of the feminine spirit is its readiness to be influenced from sympathy, whether with the fictitious or the real. Woman, therefore, rushes directly into the thickest and most formidable array of the enemy when she runs to romance and passion-painting for excitement and pastime. She is in danger of never finding her way out of the pandemonium created by her fancy. This is the danger of every mind, for minds must think, and if they are not thinking of facts, they must be thinking of falsehoods. Oh, for the power that might train imagination! The habit formed by force is wanting,—the habit of attending to dry, hard, crystalline, fossil facts, with no life to be discerned in them, except so far as reason and faith, the eyes of the soul, seeing before and backward, look into the

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* "Alexander," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself, founded empires upon force; Jesus Christ founded an empire upon love; at this hour millions of men would die for Him." Then turning to Bertrand, he added, "If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I did wrong to appoint you general."

future and the past which are in that eternity to which all life belongs. Facts, facts reasoned out in their relations, afford the only proper schooling for souls too ready to sympathize with human beings cast out, it may be, upon life's billows, struggling in their agony, or wantoning in Cyprian isles. We must form right habits of mind *per force;* and if we would learn to love aright, we must learn to reason rightly, and if we are not schooled by those who are wiser than ourselves, we must be schooled by our own sufferings.

"Kindness is the key to the human heart," and, whoever would educate another, must open the heart. But hearts, alas! are as open to false kindness as to true. Hence the vast importance that those who are especially alive to love and its mimicries, should learn to distinguish true love from false, and see how they may be safe in falling in love, and in loving to the utmost. First, a woman should understand the great meaning in that first human fact: Man was made in the image of God; and next, that the existence of man implies a consequence, and that consequence was woman; and then, that through woman came the birth of the Second Adam—the Lord from heaven, that all holy human relationships might have the divinity of eternal love manifested in them. The education that does not elucidate those relations, and show how the constitution of all nature conforms to the demands of man's existence, is a delusion and a snare.

The soul and heart of man demanded the fellowship of a being corresponding to his dignity, an objective heart and mind, a helpmeet for him. It was part of man's likeness to God that man should desire to see his own image produced in many individual forms. A man who enjoys all his faculties wishes to perpetuate likenesses of himself in his offspring, as if he felt that every reproduction of his own image should be an enlargement of his own being, and contribute to the enjoyment of the common humanity, whose completion belongs to the eternal manifestation of good. Herein consists the highest sympathy between man and woman, — they sympathize with God in desiring to see their offspring inheritors of His kingdom. The common-sense view of the matter is this: Man was made to be a husband and a father, and woman to be a wife and a mother; —as the training that would make a man a good husband and father is the best for man in all circumstances, so that which would make a good wife and mother is the best for any woman. Who would be a monk to prove his manhood? or a nun to demonstrate her virtues? It is true that since Christ came, an apostle could tell us, that "the unmarried careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy in body and in spirit," and

so far as she *so* careth, she is doubtless in the happiest position. Still, however useful single women as Christians may be in Christian society—and it is there only they can be useful—yet the law of woman's usefulness is contained in her relation to manhood and childhood; and, therefore, whatever fits her best to become a Christian wife and mother, also fits her best for all her duties in Christian ministration of any kind, and without this she has no duties.

The first thing to be learned is, not to fall in love with the wrong character, lest marriage should indeed prove as some Frenchman calls it, "a double selfishness." Affection, in the ordinary sense, is not love. The most selfish of demons are probably the most affectionate; their feelings are most deeply involved in their attachments, and their wills are strongest when most unreasonable. Who so passionate as those possessed of devils? Those who do not acquire the spirit of love from the spirit of truth, must fall in love with "bottomless perdition." To love aright is to enter into God's plan of promoting happiness, that is, not to love for the sake of being happy, but to be happy in the happiness of the objects loved. The woman who, from the habits of artificial life, has made her life a sentiment, is irrecoverably hard at heart. She may *fall* in love, but not be loved. In mind and affection, she lives in a fictitious world; and, therefore, she is disqualified from taking her place, and fulfilling her part, in the awful realities of life's grand warfare. It seems simple enough to say the best education is that which fits one best for life's duties. This requires such an amount of knowledge concerning the nature of the duties as may fit a person to perform them becomingly at the right time. A good temper, which is one with good sense and good will, must be also acquired, in order to the formation of a good working character. This is not learned from professors. The art of *appearing* benevolent may be learned at many schools, as we know from the smiling eyes and honeyed lips of many an angel of darkness who has been educated, very generally, to assume the dangerous, seductive, dreadful beauty of an outward semblance of moral loveliness, while all the purpose to which the heart applies itself is that of self-idolatry. A woman, then, who would not pass on to perdition with a train of admirers, must see that she studies to *be* what she desires to *appear*. The direct and, indeed, the only way to accomplish this is to come at once to the Source of love and light. The vision of sin reigning unto death must be seen. We must look behind death for true beauty. We must see what was prophesied when God pronounced his new-made earth all very good. We must see with God to the end, --our end, His end. In short, it is by seeing and feeling the

meaning of woman's nature in relation to God and man, as fulfilled in the birth of the blessed Virgin's Son, that any human being can attain a right state of sympathy and love; for without this seeing and feeling there is no inwrought energy of spirit by which this cold, hard world can be made the stepping-stone to heaven. Any soul, whether feminine or masculine, devoted to the Divine Adam, may safely go to college, and enter upon any of the exercises that are calculated to strengthen and develope the powers alike of body and soul, but not else. Without this there is no safety in schooling, because there is no proper sense of responsibility either as to our thoughts or our feelings, since there is no sense of personal relation to a person perfect in love, wisdom, and power. Without this there is no possibility of avoiding the fascination of the false, nor of delighting in the true,—without this there can be no principle of mind begetting right impulses; and, therefore, to fall in love selfishly, or with whatever is sufficiently pleasing at the time, is inevitable; and then any one who has spring and energy of natural hope enough to make any efforts, will taste delusion, and excuse whatever words, looks, actions, thoughts, cultivations, or occupations, that natural desire, with its rational fig-leaf coverings upon it, may suggest. Many women indulge their feelings because they do not know they have no right to them. Yet the laws of nature are not so very far wrong. If but rightly interpreted, they teach us pretty plainly what kind of education is best for feminine souls. Whatever qualities a good man naturally loves in woman, are those that she ought to cultivate. He does not admire bodily beauty, except as the proper expression and embodiment of the adorning, intelligent, loving spirit which he loves in sister, wife, or mother. Any other beauty he views as a dead thing,—a picture or statue, a form with colours more or less pleasing. Whatever is unbecoming to the domestic virtues a man will vehemently avoid if there be any quality within himself that would help to make a blessed home.

Let not woman try to excel man; she will do her best if she keeps pace with the best man she knows. Woman is not a safer leader than man. By all means let love and wisdom be wedded together. We reiterate, that as marriage is "the nursery of heaven," as well as "the mother of the world,"* we regard that as the best education which best qualifies for marriage, because, being qualified for that, man and woman are qualified for their highest as well as lowest duties—if any can be low. Woman's character ought to be private. In privacy is her power; and unless it can be proved

* Jeremy Taylor.

that private things are less approximate to God than public, it cannot be shown that woman's position is inferior to man's.

Our Lord did not choose feminine apostles, but He found His rest in the ministry of woman after His work. Woman may be as tender and godlike in talking to the heart as any apostle, but her place is the heart, and the heart's resting-place, home! She may be a martyr, because she may be a saint; but she cannot be a bishop in her lawn sleeves except with children. Her divinity belongs to the hearth, and man must be grimly determined to keep her there if he would feel the divinity of home. There is a right side and a left in the duality between man and woman. The body is the symbol of duality in unity, and it teaches us that every movement must begin on one side. Shall it be the right or the left? The right moves first, except in those who are sinister or awkwardly left-handed. The heart is on the left side, but it animates both sides, imparting the working power to the right hand, and the holding power to the left. This analogy is a lesson.

The instant a woman *tries* to manage a man for herself, she has begun to ruin him. The lovely creeper clings in its feebleness with grace to the stately tree; but if it outgrow, as if to protect or conceal its supporter, it speedily destroys what it would otherwise adorn. When the serpent had persuaded Eve that she ought to induce her husband to take her advice, and become as knowing as herself, she no longer felt herself made for him, and both for God, but rather that he was made to admire her. When she prevailed, they soon bickered about their right places, no doubt, for God's law was lost sight of by both.

One grand purpose of woman's power over man's heart, now that both are fallen, is the maintenance of man's self-respect. A man who loves a true-hearted woman aims to sustain in himself whatever such a woman can love and reverence. They mutually put each other in mind of what each ought to be to the other. To the formation of manly character, the love and reverence of the virtuous feminine character is essential. One must see in the other's love the reflexion of the character desired. Hence, the pertinacity of true love and reverence often recovers a character that would otherwise be lost for ever. If once mutual respect depart, then farewell the love that can alone rectify what is wrong; then farewell the heart-rest, without which life becomes a delirium and an agony. If it be the faculty of woman to love more tenaciously than man, her might surpasses his so far as she is wise in showing it. In expressing love, without at the same time indicating her faith in the inherent dignity of man, however obscured, she only repels him to a worse condition by exciting a reckless sense of

his own worthlessness, together with a hatred of her forgiving patronage. When man hates himself, what can he love? Give him time, and he will love the soul that clings to him to save him.

Thus we conclude our rapid review of this large subject. As we have run on with the current of our own thoughts, we have hinted at, rather than critically examined, the contents of the volumes named at the head of the article. Having expressed opinions concerning the works of Benjamin Parsons and Mrs. Strutt, we have only to add, that Mrs. Ellis has taken that enlarged view of the subject which we might have expected from her known experience in the matter, and from her skill as a ready writer. To enumerate in brief the contents of her volume is to show its worth; she examines: 1. What is to be educated; 2. The element of character; 3. Motives; 4. Woman's influence; 5. Principles of moral training; 6. The mother's part; 7. The governess; 8. Conductors and structure of schools; 9. Standard of merit; 10. Crime; 11. Poor men's wives; 12. High and low, encouragements, &c. Mrs. Ellis's manner of treating the subject made us feel as if sauntering with a masterly lady through a formal botanic garden. She is apt to teach, and we are willing to learn, all about it; but, by some invisible means, we fail to discover the desired secrets of cultivation, and we turn from flower to flower without quite discerning what department of the subject we are at in the several divisions. There is, however, much in the "Education of Character" highly deserving serious study. Of the work of Mr. M'Combie, we have only to say that he treats of the feminine part of education but incidentally: what is done by the author of the "Moral Agency of Man," is likely to be well done, and need not be commended by us.

Art. V.—ANCIENT GERMAN HISTORY.

The Franks, from their First Appearance in History to the Death of King Pepin. By Walter C. Perry, Ph.D., Barrister-at-Law. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, & Roberts. 1857.

The introductory sentence to the Roman History of Eutropius applies in a measure to that of all large empires, and to none more than to the history of that state which succeeded to the position once held by the ancient mistress of the world. In its beginnings the smallest, the Frankish Empire has become, and seems likely to continue, under every aspect, the most com-

prehensive. Of all the nations with which ancient history has made us acquainted, the Germanic tribes alone seem capable of continual existence and development. Whether on their native soil or transplanted to foreign shores—in Europe, America, or Australia—the Saxon not only lives but reigns, impresses his national peculiarities on society, casts political institutions in the mould of his genius, and leaves the stamp of his individuality on men and matters. From the time when the semi, or wholly barbarous Saxon tribes issued from their forests, their progress has been steady and continuous. They successfully resisted the Roman power. Curbed they were, not subdued; nor did the struggle which then commenced cease, until they had given laws and emperors to the Roman world. Britain and France became their home. Since they first appeared on the stage almost every great movement—social, intellectual, and religious—proceeded from, or was perfected by, them. They evangelized Europe, and gave it the science, the institutions, and the religion with which, as history has shown, social well-being, intellectual progress, and the highest moral action are connected. The influence of the old Romanic elements proved only pernicious; it retarded, and, where dominant, prevented the peculiar Saxon development. Up to our own days, the relation between the Romanic and the Saxon principles has been that between progress and retrogress,—between dreamy luxury and vigorous thought,—between superstition and simple, yet energetic faith.

Accurately to determine the grounds of this difference between the ancient and the modern dominant races is a task of peculiar nicety and interest. But we can have little hesitation in ultimately tracing them to native peculiarities, which, to borrow the profound observation of a Continental historian, if they did not predispose these races towards Christianity, at least offered peculiarly suitable soil for the growth and development of the good seed of the kingdom when once it had taken root. The peculiar Germanic characteristics when cast in the mould of Christianity, became the sources of modern civilization, and of the social, intellectual, and moral greatness to which we have referred. From the first, did the Saxon people exhibit traits which, if properly developed, betokened future greatness. All barbarous nations have, at any rate in their period of youthfulness, the bravery which man shares even with vigorous animals; all brave nations are free, or love liberty; all free nations are patriotic. These then are qualities which do not distinguish the Germans from the Romans or the Greeks. But their great distinguishing characteristic, if we mistake not, was their *individuality*. Personality was not merged in association. Though

connected into tribes and races, each German stood forth as an *individual*, conscious of his *personal* rights and duties, and anxious to preserve and defend them. The individual manor, and not the village or city, was his chosen home. His individuality and not society, his individual and not his social liberty, were the great objects he had at heart. Round this individuality formed the family circle,—that peculiarly Saxon idea; thence, the sacredness of the family relation, the respect entertained for women, and with it the purity of morals and the prospect of social solidity. Conceive, then, a soil so well prepared, or at least so suitable for it, sown with the seed of the Gospel, and the various elements which together make up the greatness of the Saxon races, will readily be seen. Indeed, every nation embodies in its history some great principle. Without it you have only a fortuitous aggregate of individuals, incapable of a history. Palestine represented *moral*, Greece *intellectual*, Rome *material* strength. Each nation continued till the principle which it represented had been fully developed, and sunk when the principle ceased to be national, and became universal,—the property of mankind. The Germanic tribes then were, and to this day are, the representatives of the great principles of individuality,—individual rights, individual worth, and individual duties. The peculiarities of Saxon society—both its excellences and its defects—may be traced to apprehension or misapprehension of this principle. Christianize it, and true personal liberty, honour, independent inquiry, energetic and self-dependent action, in short, the most stable constituents of national prosperity, are its results. On the other hand, when misdirected, it can only lead to unscrupulous selfishness, to a mercenary spirit, and to ultimate ruin, by producing an Ishmaelitish spirit,—the hand of every man being raised against his neighbour. It is not difficult to recognise the existence and the conflict of these two tendencies among ourselves; nor, from such a survey, to gather how strongly the stamp of individuality is impressed on all that is Saxon. We may, perhaps, be allowed to add that the contest between the principle of individuality and its opposite, that of gregariousness, of massing together, as represented by the Sclavonic and, in part, by the Romanic races, is up to the present time carried on in all the great events recorded by modern history.

To stand by the cradle of such tribes,—to watch the growth of the young Hercules,—is worth all the trouble and doubt which necessarily attends inquiry into the oldest historical data. The Frankish empire which, in the person of Charlemagne, became also nominally, what it really was, the empire of the civilized world, and on whom devolved the honours of ancient Rome, was

founded by the Franks, a Germanic race. The classical reader is familiar with the description which Tacitus, Cæsar, Quintilian, and others furnish of these tribes,—the only successful opponents of Rome. The Germans arrested and stemmed its progress, while the Parthians and other barbarians, rather wearied out the power of the Empire, by retreating and again returning to the charge. We have already explained why we place comparatively little value on the attributes of bravery and love of liberty, as applied to youthful, barbarous tribes. In the case of the Germans, however, these properties had ingredients not common. Their courage was not daunted by the military skill of Rome, nor were their liberties sacrificed to domineering nobles. Hereditary nobility, in the common sense, indeed, does not seem to have existed at all, and as at an after-period, individual merit was rewarded by grants of land made for life, so the individual warrior or chief became a *dux*, by calling by public assembly on all who were willing to follow him in a proposed foray. Tacitus specially marks the individuality of the Germans by noticing a trait so characteristic that we translate the statement of the historian on the subject: "It is well-known," he observes, "that the German tribes do not inhabit cities, nor even suffer their habitations to be joined to each other. Each, individually and separately, settles where stream, soil, or forest attracts him. Even their villages do not, as ours, consist of connected and contiguous dwellings, but each surrounds his house with a free space." Equally pointed is the reference of Tacitus to another honourable distinction of the Germans—the chastity of women, the sacredness of the marriage relation, and the honour bestowed on females. Of the latter, it is a curious instance, that the husband, not the wife, brought the dowry on the occasion of marriage. The same national peculiarity appears also in the collection of statutes well known as the "Salic Law." There, also, the rights of women are more fully protected than those of men. This cannot be accounted for on the ground of Germanic chivalry, as that sentiment presupposes the acknowledgment of the rights of women; while any supposed protection of the weak against the strong is a provision unknown to barbarian nations. Another very curious national peculiarity, which still appears in our own laws and institutions, and at times even strikes the stranger as somewhat incongruous, is that by which *money compensation* is made for injuries received. No matter what happens to you—whether you lose life, limb, liberty, or honour—the common *solatium* of the law is a *verdict for damages*. Now this is exactly what the Salic Law had also provided. Only the Franks went further in this respect, and punished actual crimes, and even

murder, by a *leodis*, or compensation in money; the criminal being sold in default of payment. The scale of these *leodis* is not without its interest. The compensation for the murder of a free German was 200 solidi, the fine increasing (even to nine times the ordinary amount) in the case of public officials, and again decreasing in that of vassals, or Gallic and Roman subjects. The game laws also were exceedingly strict. Besides life and property, honour was also protected. The Salic Law imposed heavy fines not only for wounding, maiming, or striking, but even for insults by words or deeds. To call a man a wizard cost 62½ solidi; to call a woman a witch, 187 solidi, or nearly as much as murder. In general, the punishments attaching to injuries to women were much more severe than where the party assaulted had been a man. The murder of a free-born woman cost 600 (or nearly three times as much as that of a man), or if she was pregnant, 700 solidi; if the unborn child killed with the mother proved to have been a female, the fine was 2,400 solidi! The modesty of women was protected in a similar manner. But, on the other hand, German women were expected to be *matrons*. The marriage of widows was discountenanced. The suitor had in this case to appear in public assembly, to go through many formalities, to make compensation to her relatives; the widow had to obtain the consent of her children, to pay back a portion of her dowry, &c. Nor were such high expectations disappointed by the conduct of the matrons. Classical writers speak, not only of the chastity but of the devotedness and the patriotism of German mothers, who, when necessary, exhorted their husbands, and even shared in their battles. Among the instances of their devotion is that of the band of captives, who, unsuccessful in their application to Marius to be given to the vestal virgins, destroyed themselves in order to preserve their honour. If it be remembered that such were the domestic relations during the period of heathenism, it will readily be understood how peculiarly prepared the race was for vigorous national life after Christianity gave stability and sanctified the family relation. The German races alone placed woman in her right position; they alone were fully prepared for the development of New Testament teaching on this point, and while they exhibited in all its beauty the "home" and the "fireside," they also laid thereby the foundations of true national vigour and greatness. A curious custom, perhaps, deserves special mention. Not only did the husband give dowry to his wife, but he was wont to make her a similar present on the first morning after their marriage. From the form used to designate this second dowry (*morgengabe*) are derived both the modern German word for a woman's dowry,

and the expression, "morganatic marriage," used to designate the anomalous unions of princes with subjects.

But we must put limits to these somewhat desultory remarks on the manners of the Franks, and on the Salic Law, and, in excuse, can only plead that the subject almost tempts to a gossip where a lengthened analysis is impossible. The chapters referring to it will be perused with great interest by the readers of Dr. Perry's volume. With the exception of a few episodes, the *history* of the Franks presents, as we shall by-and-bye see, little variety, and still less to attract, at any rate, till we reach the period when the "*majores domus*" appear on the stage. But before referring to this, we have yet to give some account both of the political institutions and of the planting of Christianity among the Franks. The former of these subjects involves so many difficulties that it is next to impossible to arrive at any really satisfactory conclusion. The mere absence of the mention of any nobility (not to discuss some variously interpreted passages in Tacitus) is, indeed, strong presumption in favour, but not absolute proof, of its non-existence. Another, and a more difficult question is, Whether any institution corresponding to the *feudal system* had existed among the Germanic races. In replying to these inquiries, writers have probably strayed into opposite extremes. We can neither believe in the absolute confusion which some suppose, nor in the absolute order and arrangement which others find. Here also the *via media* is the safest. It always requires to be borne in mind that these races were in that transition from barbarism when institutions are forming,—not formed; that existing historical documents referring to that period are retrospective—and only accidentally and occasionally so—rather than descriptive; and lastly, that the conquest of civilized Gaul, with its Roman or Romanized inhabitants, became an era in the history of the Franks. We present our readers with an abstract of Dr. Perry's account—only premising that in this, as in other parts of an otherwise excellent volume, the materials have not been sufficienty assimilated and digested by the author. Ascending in the scale of social association, we have successively the *family* and the *villa* (village), or the *mark* (district),—the difference between the latter two being chiefly in the extent of territory and in the contiguity of dwellings. The free inhabitants of the villa or mark constituted the "*hundred*," which again formed part of the *gau* (canton, county),—the latter either an independent principality or the province of a kingdom. Each *gau* had its parliament (*mallus*), or rather its popular assembly. Where several *gaus* formed a kingdom, every *gau* or hundred sent a

certain number of delegates to a central assembly or imperial parliament. According to Tacitus, a somewhat singular mode of procedure was observed in these assemblies. The first business seems to have been a *banquet* (our own favourite "public dinner"), where, under the genial influence of good cheer, noble resolutions were formed, which, however, were next day to be reconsidered in assembly. To use the language of the historian: "They deliberate when they know not how to feign; they resolve when they cannot err."

The question of the existence and limits of monarchy is among the knotty points. Many states were democracies; in others, the successful warrior became prince; in others, hereditary kings reigned, although they were much limited in their powers and privileges. It has been suggested that an order of nobility had at one time existed, but gradually became extinct, and that the Merovingian kings were the last scions of the Frankish nobility—a hypothesis not undeserving of notice. The *serving* classes were divided into three orders, the *liberti*, or freedmen; the *liti*, or rate-paying vassals; and the *servi*, or slaves. The *ban* of the king, or *dux*, summoned all freedmen to war; *forays*, expeditions, or *comitatus* (accompaniments?) were proposed by any warrior in public assembly, and executed by volunteers. Under the king were the *leudes*, and the *anstrutiones*, who probably had received grants of land, and in return sworn fealty. These simple institutions underwent a gradual change as the Franks conquered and settle din Gaul. Brought into contact with the civilization and the religion of the Empire, the barbarians gradually underwent a process of transformation. Its benefits consisted in the civilization and Christianizing of the Franks; its evil consequences in partial demoralization; the king became absolute tyrant, and the warrior, feudal lord. Had it not been that the more vigorous part of the nation remained in that section of the new empire, called Austrasia, and situate on the German side of the Rhine, the vices of the Romanic races would have destroyed, not only the liberties but the existence of the Franks. As it was, the consequences of the contact were, on the whole, of the most beneficial character—although the foundations of the feudal system were laid in extensive appropriations of land by warriors, who by-and-bye became *seigniors*—and the Merovingian line of kings perished of private vices, and general mental and moral inanition. It is not our province to trace the growth of the feudal system; suffice it to say, that so early as the time of Charles Martel, the seigniors had two kinds of dependants: the *vassi*, who had sworn allegiance, and were irretrievably bound to life-long service; and the occupants of *mansi*, or farmers, who paid a

rental, and might remove at any time. The consequences of such a system, when most of the land was in the hands of the clergy and the seigniors, can readily be conceived; indeed, Charles Martel was obliged, in order to raise troops, to resort to the expedient of rewarding his followers by *beneficia*, or non-hereditary grants of land. But even to accomplish this, the lands of the clergy had to be despoiled. Under the guidance of St. Bonifacius, the Frankish clergy agreed, in return for certain rights and immunities, to an act of secularization, which, while it acknowledged the title of the clergy to these lands, placed them, on payment of a feu-duty, at the disposal of the prince.

The most important part of Frankish history is that which refers to the evangelization of the race, and the development of the church. On this subject the volume under review, although giving a number of details, is decidedly too meagre, even as compared with Neander. Here, also, if anywhere, do we miss the broad and deep views of the historian, and the discriminating tact which enables a writer, who has thoroughly mastered his subject, to distinguish between the precious and the vile,—between the essential and the accidental,—between passing phases and lasting realities. It is too common for those who either want sufficient knowledge or sufficient insight to make no distinction, and either to condemn all or to praise all. One of Neander's great merits was his power of discrimination, and his ability of grouping and arranging. To our mind, on the other hand, one of the defects of Dr. Perry's volume, lies in this that the growth and real character of the church is not satisfactorily traced. Of course we can, in this paper, only point out some of the leading features in the ecclesiastical history of the Franks. Their acquaintance with Christianity must at any rate have begun with the conquest of Gaul. The inhabitants of that country professed the Gospel. Among them laboured most excellent men, although even at that early stage, many practices decidedly opposed to the purity of worship and faith, had crept in. Whatever the former religious opinions of the Germans had been—and much uncertainty hangs on this subject—their superstitions were effete, and they were prepared to listen to religious teaching, with which civilization, the only point in which the Gauls were superior, was identified, and which, by its gorgeous ceremonial, and still more by the zeal of its ministers, attracted the barbarians. Irrespective of the truth of Christianity, it is generally so that conquered civilization overcomes conquering barbarism, and that the subjects impose their manners and modes of thinking on their barbarian masters. How much more so when that

civilization was Christian, and represented by men such as Avitus, Faustus, or Cæsarius. It only required a strong shock, and the tottering edifice of heathenism would crumble down. The marriage of the Frankish conqueror, Clovis, with the Christian princess, Clotilda—her continual admonitions and her example—must have influenced him in favour of the Gospel. At any rate, he allowed his eldest son to be baptized, and although he ascribed his early death to this cause, he consented to the baptism of the second also, who, in dangerous sickness was spared in answer to Clotilda's prayer. Ultimately, an unexpected victory determined Clovis, as it had induced the Roman Emperor, Constantine, to lend an ear to the Gospel. Peculiarly characteristic both of the sincerity of the Frankish warrior and of his imperfect Christian development, is the saying attributed to him when told of the crucifixion: "Had I only been there with my Franks, I would have taught those Jews a better lesson." It is true that after his baptism, Clovis continued to wage sanguinary wars, and was guilty of deception, cruelty, and state-murder. But this proves only the imperfection of his spiritual knowledge, not his insincerity; nor does the fact that his interests were promoted by identifying himself with the Catholic party, convince us that his motives were purely selfish, or that his professions of waging war in the sacred cause were entirely hollow. Indeed, some of Dr. Perry's strictures on this point seem to us undeserved; and the want of discriminating the genuine element from its adventitious adjuncts, too frequently apparent. We cannot think that it is altogether fair to quote from Pope Gregory's epistle to Mellitus, passages which seem to savour of a carnal compromise between heathenism and Christianity, when many parts of his letters and of those of others, breathe the most pure and charitable Christian spirit. But, to return, although the Christian Frankish kings gave every assistance and countenance to the missionaries of the Gospel, there is no evidence that they compelled any to submit to baptism. In this respect, also, Dr. Perry somewhat overstates the case. It is, indeed, true that the Frankish rulers forcibly abolished heathen practices; but we repeat on so great an authority as that of Neander, that there is not a particle of evidence in favour of forced baptisms. Among those to whom both the Frankish church, and especially the heathen races of Germany, were most indebted, deservedly the most celebrated were Irish, Scotch, and English monks. The British priests, of whom even at that early period the biographer of St. Gall characteristically remarked that "the habit of travelling had almost become a second nature to them," were filled with missionary zeal, and specially longed to bring their benighted

German kinsmen to the knowledge of the Gospel. They generally combined manual with spiritual labour—cleared the forests, reclaimed wastes, built monasteries, instituted schools—and both by word, example, and teaching, witnessed for Christianity. Many of the towns and institutions on the Continent, such as St. Gall, St. Goar, Fulda, &c., owe their origin to these monks. It would necessarily lead us beyond the limits of this paper, were we to attempt tracing, however cursorily, the history of early monastic missions and colonization. It must suffice for our present purpose to call special attention to the British monk Winfred, or St. Boniface, as he is familiarly known, on whom the task of re-organizing the Frankish church, connecting it with the Papacy, and Christianizing the heathens—in which work he ultimately found martyrdom—chiefly devolved. That the labours of St. Boniface were signally blessed, that he was a singularly devoted and simple-minded man, cannot be doubted. It is true that his attachment and fealty to the Church of Rome led to the subjection of the German Church, but then it also united what else might have remained heterogeneous, if not discordant elements, and rendered something like ecclesiastical discipline and government possible. It must also be borne in mind, that despite its corruptions, its superstition, and will-worship, and its continually growing ambition, the Church of Rome was at that time a very different institution from what it appeared at the time of Luther. The German Church might, indeed, have resisted the encroachments of the Papacy; but unformed, untrained, and laden with superstitions, it might have succumbed from sheer inanition, consequent on the isolation of members, on internal disputes, or on moral decrepitude. Boniface was a thoroughly honest and devout man, although somewhat narrow-minded, and like too many ascetically disposed persons, pretty confident that all he said and did was for the glory of God, and the good of His cause. If the saint converted nations, and, by making them Catholics, at the same time made them good subjects to the Frankish rulers,—if he assisted in making Pepin king,—the princes pursued a decided policy in giving countenance and assistance to the efforts of the Church. Under circumstances like those in which we write, it may not be unprofitable to draw from history the lesson, that an adherence to decided religious principle on the part of conquerors, so far from disturbing, ultimately consolidates an empire; though certainly, we have not the slightest wish that any government—far less that our Indian administration—should follow the example of religious restraint set by Charles Martel and Pepin.

But it is time that we had said something of the "History of the Franks." That portion of it, described in Dr. Perry's volume, might be divided into three periods. The first comprises the early history of the Franks, and closes with the conquest of Gaul, or rather with the baptism of Clovis, A.D. 496. The next period, which may be designated as that of the Merovingian Christian kings, presents an almost unbroken succession of internecine or foreign wars, with the usual additions of rapine, cruelty, treachery, and murder. Individual persons or events form interesting episodes. Generally, the manners of the court and princes rapidly degenerate. Polygamy and concubinage are the rule. The large seigniors increase in influence, and become the dominant party. Ultimately, the kings, sunk in vice, are mere puppets in the hands of the *majores domus*. Among the interesting characters of that period, Dr. Perry has very happily sketched those two remarkable women, Brunehilda and Fredigunda, both notorious for cleverness and intrigue; but, we fear, little different in a moral respect. The third period begins with the glorious rule of the Carlovingian *majores domus*, and includes the administration of Pepin, of Charles Martel, and the reign of King Pepin. The latter, it is well known, dethroned the last of the Merovingians, and by the pope's authority, was crowned king. Celebrated for his own reign, he is still better known as the father of Charlemagne.

Such, then, is a brief outline of the topics treated in Dr. Perry's volume. Our remarks will have sufficiently prepared the reader for our final verdict. Dr. Perry has broken ground in a most interesting field; he has accumulated valuable materials, and in clear and sensible language, he presents us with the results of laborious study. But on the other hand, his materials are not always sufficiently digested, nor does he take a sufficiently broad view of his subject. We are not sure but we are somewhat exacting in our demands on historical style; but we have been struck, especially in the first chapters of the book, with expressions and illustrations which occasionally seemed to us *infra dig.* Perhaps we may also be allowed to add, that references to present circumstances and events, or historical illustrations, should be very rarely and cautiously introduced. But we may be hypercritical. At any rate, we are certain that the historical style improves as the volume proceeds. We are sure Dr. Perry and the public will not misunderstand us. We are deeply sensible of the interest attaching to this book: the public are under real obligations to the industry and learning of the author; and we hope he

will meet with that encouragement, which will secure *to him* a lasting place among our historians, and *to the public* a series of books on a branch of history too little known, but highly interesting.

ART. VI.—STOUGHTON'S AGES OF CHRISTENDOM.

Ages of Christendom. By John Stoughton. London: Jackson & Walford. 1857.

WE are a vaunting and self-glorifying generation. We are never weary of celebrating our own greatness, and find perpetual satisfaction in complacently contrasting the wonderful enlightenment of these modern times with what we imagine to have been the unbroken darkness of days gone by. And it must be acknowledged that we have very much to boast of. Our recent triumphs over the material world have been most splendid; the history of scientific discovery during the last half century is as interesting as the story of a great campaign. Never have Bacon's words, "that man is Nature's minister only to become her master," been more remarkably illustrated. He humbly waits, and listens, and wonders, as though he came to do homage to her greatness; but he is only learning the spell, and watching the incantations and mysterious rites by which her miracles are wrought, that he may enrich himself with her treasures, grasp her sceptre, and rule over all her vast domains.

We confess to a very hearty admiration of the ingenuity, patience, and self-sacrifice by which the scientific marvels of our age have been achieved; and we are as thankful as the rest of mankind for the extraordinary modern improvements in the arts of life. But we cannot believe that the nobleness, dignity, and highest life of a nation "consisteth in the abundance of the things which it possesseth." The power of an age and its wealth are good or evil, according to the uses to which they are applied. Scientific discoveries cannot work our moral regeneration. The railway and the electric telegraph, of which we talk so loudly, leave our tremendous social problems unsolved. Around these very railways have clustered the most gigantic and ruinous frauds of modern times. Directors and inferior officials have been guilty of equal villany: and the moral symptoms exhibited in the railway mania, whose ruinous results may still be seen in thousands of English homes, were

among the most portentous signs of the times. No doubt our electric telegraphs are very wonderful; but along those trembling wires, which now stretch from one end of Europe to the other, are constantly travelling tales of blood, and cruelty, and commercial fraud; and nearly the first use to which one of the most important lines of electric communication was applied, was to arrest the most cold-blooded murderer either of ancient or modern times.

The greatness of an age is no more proved by its screw steamers, cotton mills, Minié rifles, and railways, than the skill of a surgeon by the polish of his lancet, or the keenness of his knife. It is well for a mechanic to have a good box of tools, but the great thing is for him to handle them well. And to us it does not seem very obvious, that with the great improvement in the tools there is an equal improvement in the workman. However, this is not the popular doctrine. A few days ago, we heard a good and sensible man affirm, in the height of his enthusiasm, that civilization and Christian earnestness had their commencement about the beginning of the present century; and his audience betrayed no astonishment or incredulity.

We are very thankful, therefore, when a writer like Mr. Stoughton, whose books are sure to be read and talked about, protests against our modern complacency, by reminding us that heroic virtue, seraphic holiness, and profound wisdom, existed in those bygone centuries on whose dishonoured graves we are trampling with ignorant and insulting contempt.

In this series of the Congregational Lectures, Mr. Stoughton's aim has been to exhibit the grand outlines of the first fifteen centuries of the history of Christendom. He divides the whole period into five ages. The first he calls *formative:* during its progress Christian truth and Christian law were being gradually revealed from heaven: before its close (A.D. 100), the Church had received from God all the facts on which its faith was to repose to the end of time; all the doctrines which would ever have a right to claim Divine authority for admission into theological systems; all the principles by which the Head of the Church would have the ecclesiastical organizations of succeeding ages constructed; all the inspired laws and motives which were ever to be given for the support of Christian life, and the government of Christian conduct. The second age (A.D. 100—325) was an age of *innovation:* the Divine ideal of the Church was misunderstood, forgotten, or violated; the constitution, the doctrines, the ethics of the Church, were modified by Jewish and Pagan traditions, by philosophical tendencies, by the uncontrolled imaginations, and undisciplined

consciences of uninspired men. The third (A.D. 325—787), extending from the first to the second Council of Nicæa, was an age of *development:* the tares which had been sown in the preceding period now sprang up and overran all the soil; priestly pretensions developed into an organized and resistless hierarchy,—superstitious fancies about the waters of baptism and the bread and wine of the Holy Supper, into a frightful system of sacramental grace,—ascetic tendencies into monastic orders. The fourth (A.D. 787—1215), from the second Council of Nicæa to the fourth Council of Lateran, was the age of *traditionalism:* the theologians and rulers of the Church formally recognised the Fathers as authoritative expounders of Christian truth and law; scholasticism began to build up its elaborate and complicated structures, not to supplement or correct the faith of Christendom, but to protect it with logical defences. The fifth (A.D. 1215—1520), from the fourth Council of Lateran to the burning of the pope's bull at Wittenberg by Luther, was the age of *agitation* and *reaction.*

No historical divisions can be wholly free from objection, and different minds will necessarily view the historical development, both of nations and of the Church from such different positions, that what appear to some most natural boundaries, will appear to others most arbitrary. It might fairly be urged, for example, that innovations on the Divine ideal, precisely similar in kind to those which were made after the death of the apostles, were made during their life; that the germs of the corruptions of the second and third centuries existed in the first; that Origen and Clement at Alexandria, and Tertullian at Carthage, "developed" errors and superstitions already introduced into the Church, and were not guilty, therefore, of absolute "innovation." But we think that Mr. Stoughton's divisions are as free from objections of this kind as any other that we know of, and are very serviceable.

The entire history is divided into five ages; the facts of every age are grouped into four classes: first, those which relate to theological opinion; secondly, those which relate to ecclesiastical institutes; thirdly, those which illustrate the condition of religious life; fourthly, those which result from the complicated relations between the Church and the State.

We could have wished that Mr. Stoughton had been able to develope more fully the admirable thoughts of his first two lectures. His candour and reverence eminently qualify him for the discussion of one of the most interesting and important questions with which the Church historian and the Christian philosopher have to deal, namely, In what sense can the New Testament be spoken of as exhibiting the Divine ideal

of Christian doctrine, ecclesiastical organization, and spiritual life?

There can surely be no doubt that the Christian religion is exhibited in the New Testament in the vesture of a particular age. It could not be otherwise. Not only is the language human, but the speakers, though inspired, are human, and the churches to whom the Epistles were written, were composed of men whose characters and habits were largely formed by the peculiar civilization of the age. Let us consider the influence of those three facts, on the representation of the "Divine ideal" in primitive times.

1. The language in which the inspired books were written was not a miraculous and perfect thing; it was the natural outgrowth of the remarkable mingling of Grecian and Jewish thought during the two or three centuries immediately preceding the birth of Christ. If human speech was to be employed to represent the ideas of God, imperfection was a necessity. Even if God had spoken direct from heaven, and not through human messengers, the Divine thought would have been clothed in raiment woven in the looms of human history. The language of ignorance and sin could not accurately and fully express the thoughts of Infinite wisdom and purity. "Nor is it to be wondered at that the will of God, when clothed in words, should be liable to that doubt and uncertainty which unavoidably attends that sort of conveyance, when even his Son, whilst clothed in flesh, was subject to all the frailties and inconveniences of human nature, sin excepted."*

2. But the influence of language on the representation of the doctrines and laws of the Christian religion, though great, was slight compared with that of the mental habits and history of inspired men. We believe that the apostles were not mere penmen writing from Divine dictation. The *form*, though not the substance, of their teaching was determined by the structure of their own mental constitution. Water takes the outline of the vessel into which it is poured; and Divine thoughts take the shape of the intellect to which they are communicated. Illustrations lie thick on every page of the Old Testament and the New. The same Spirit is present throughout, but the idiosyncrasies of individual writers never for a moment disappear. They must think according to the laws of their intellectual nature; and as they think they write. Let the same melody be played on three or four different instruments, the tone and the expression will vary with every one;

* Locke.

in other words, it is impossible for them all to represent the idea of the composer exactly in the same form. Paul does not cease to be the pupil of Gamaliel when the Spirit of the Lord speaks through him; nor does John cease to be the fisherman of Galilee when the splendours of the Apocalypse are unveiled to his purged and strengthened vision. It is a question not to be easily settled or lightly set aside, What measure and kind of influence did the peculiarities of inspired writers exercise over Divine communications?

3. The churches founded by the apostles were composed of individuals distinguished by all the characteristics of their age; and it is conceivable that the institutes which even Divine wisdom constructed as the highest and best for them, may not be the highest and best for the Church of every succeeding generation. It by no means follows that, because a particular form of Church government was the nearest representation possible among Corinthian Christians, and at the origin of the of the Christian Church, of the Divine ideal of Church order, that the same form is the most perfect kind of organization for a Christian community in England now. It may be so; but proof is wanting. Its mere existence in Corinth eighteen hundred years ago, even under Apostolic sanction, is no proof that it ought to exist here and now. With regard to the "ideal" of Church government, Mr. Stoughton says:—

"All the information afforded amounts to no more than the general outline that a church, in the technical sense of the term, signifies a select community, whose bond of union is faith in Christ and mutual love; whose limits are confined within narrow local boundaries; whose offices are of two kinds, pastoral and diaconal; whose discipline is in harmony with its spiritual character; and whose constitution is complete in itself. A great deal that some would desire is wholly withheld. No rubric, no liturgy, no canon law, is supplied. Much is left to sanctified experience, observation, and reason, to determine, in accordance with the grand guiding points set down, so as to adapt ecclesiastical arrangements to existing states of human society and civilization. He has not seen in the Bible all the wisdom which it shows, who has not pondered well what God leaves out as well as what God puts in."

With this we heartily agree. But we are not sure that it is quite so easy as he implies, scientifically and exactly to distinguish between the Divine ideal of Christianity taken as a whole, and the human realization of it. If we could accept Mr. Stoughton's definitions of these two things just as they stand, it would indeed be easy enough. He says:—

"By the Divine ideal is meant Christianity as revealed to inspired men, and through them, under the guidance of inspiration, presented

to others; and by the human realization, we understand Christianity as it was apprehended in the convictions, and represented in the life of believers in general."

But, as we have already shown, the archetype could not be presented in its bright and absolute perfection even by inspired apostles. The language in which they uttered Divine truths was imperfect; the understanding with which they conceived it was imperfect; the churches for which they ordained the original institutes of Christianity were imperfect too. Mr. Stoughton draws a just distinction (Lect. I.) between thoughts and acts immediately produced by Divine inspirations, and thoughts and acts arising only from the reflexion of supernatural light. But, before the light from heaven is reflected from mere earthly objects, it is partially obscured by the very atmosphere through which it must be transmitted. The imperfections of apostolic minds and apostolic speech constitute the imperfect medium of transmission.

While we are referring to the "realization" of Christianity in the early Church, we cannot but say something about what many have felt to be a very serious difficulty, the co-existence in apostolic times of great immorality with the profession of faith in Christ. Mr. Stoughton most justly observes that there were, doubtless, very many who accepted the new religion because it was a protest against many social enormities by which the world was then oppressed. It was antagonistic to the actual condition of things, and was, therefore, welcomed by many of the restless and discontented. These men, finding their way into the Church, would speedily corrupt it. But it is not difficult to account for the low morality even of the sincerely devout. Conscience is not regenerated in an hour. Religious affections, and the simple elements of Christain truth which constituted the entire theology of the early converts, do not at once correct the moral judgment which has been perverted by the sins of thirty or forty years,—by the traditions, the poetry, the prevailing customs of a man's country and generation. Secondly, even when just thoughts have been arrived at about duty and sin, we all know that the transformation of a ruined and degraded nature into the image of Christ is a very gradual and weary work. And finally, it is obvious that the flagrant sins with which the apostles charge some who professed to be Christians, belonged to the very earliest days of their church-life. The sins rebuked in the Epistles to the Corinthians were the sins of men who, a year or two before, had been committing sensual iniquities as part of their religion. Contrast with these two Epistles those to the Ephesians, Colossians, and Philippians,

which were written to mature and settled churches, and it will be seen that in a little time, the false professors disappeared, and the true received light and strength by which they were delivered from their "old sins."

The age immediately succeeding that of the apostles was like our own, mainly apologetic The strength of the Church was chiefly occupied, not in mastering more perfectly the contents of Christianity, but in repelling the attacks of adversaries, and in doing battle with strange and distracting heresies. Hence, there was little of profound theological thought. The doctrines of the New Testament, even when taken separately, were imperfectly understood; and there was an entire absence of anything approaching to a just estimate of their mutual dependence and relative importance. It is impossible while we are defending the walls of the city against the foe, to carry on laborious public works for completing its interior nobleness and beauty. But, let it be remembered, that the two things are very different. We may be very skilful champions of our religion against its enemies, and yet may know very little of its own spiritual glories.

We think the following estimate of the Ante-Nicene theologians exceedingly just:—

"In regard to them all, it is to be observed that their works were mainly apologetic. They dealt in questions of immediate interest, and defended the citadel of Christianity against Jews, infidels, and heretics. They wrote on the controversies of their age, and hence they did not attain to the calm contemplation of Divine truth in its breadth and variety. Even the most philosophical were driven into what was partial and one-sided. Doctrines which have occupied much thought in subsequent ages were not distinctly present to their minds. They saw generally the essential facts of the Gospel, but they did not make them all objects of scientific study. Their theology, regarded in the light of later research and thoughtfulness, appears defective and inaccurate.

"Their idea of Christ's satisfaction did not amount to the idea of modern evangelical divines. They were generally content with a simply religious view of the death of Christ as the price of our redemption, without aiming at any philosophy of the atonement. The tendency was to look at it, not so much in relation to Divine law, as in relation to Satanic power. Redemption was a deliverance from the Devil; yet not by simple force, but in a manner which would prove to him the righteousness of God; so says Irenæus—a view which, though foreign to our habits of thought, perhaps involves some principle of satisfaction to Divine law. Neither was the forensic view (as it has been called) of the believer's acceptance, clearly brought out by the Ante-Nicene theologians. They distinguished, of course, between the enjoyment of forgiveness and

the possession of Christian sanctity; they also spoke of justification by faith, but not so as to indicate a distinct apprehension of the doctrine of Paul on that momentous subject. They were too apt to confound justification with holiness, and to insist upon the efficacy of baptism and martyrdom, so as to undermine the Pauline principle of Christian righteousness. Nor were the doctrines of human corruption and Divine grace precisely defined. They remained simply as facts for the excitement of religious feeling; they were not yet transferred to the region of the understanding, to undergo there a logical process, and assume a strictly dogmatic shape. The Ante-Nicene Fathers did theologize upon the Trinity,—it was the grand problem with which they grappled; but after all that has been written by Bishop Bull and others on the subject, it is impossible to reduce their opinions into any harmonious and consistent form. The pre-existence and Divine glory of Christ, in some sense, however, were almost universally believed by those calling themselves Christians. It cannot be proved that, among the heretics of the first two centuries, there were many who believed in the simple humanity of Jesus Christ.

"Of the Ante-Nicene theology as a whole, we may remark, that Christ, in his Divine nature, was the central point. On himself as the Eternal *Logos*, as the co-equal Son of God, the minds of the chief theologians reflected, while on him their hearts reposed. His mysterious incarnation was a subject to which their thoughts were ever recurring, and which they regarded, not simply as a preparation for the atonement, but as a most significant fact in itself; a revealing of God to man, of Divine sympathy to human suffering; a phase of truth perhaps not always sufficiently prominent in modern times. Much has been gained for us which the Fathers had not; we should take care not to lose any precious thing which the Fathers had."

Mr. Stoughton unites the firmest adherence to his own views of truth with the largest and freest sympathy with true holiness under every disguise, and even when found in connexion with the most pernicious theological errors. In tracing the dreary downward progress of Christendom, he is not perpetually denouncing and cursing. He recognises God's handiwork in the devoutness, and zeal, and self-sacrifice of the great churchmen, even when the Church was surrounded by the deepest and most dismal gloom. He is too wise to sneer at the logic of the schoolmen, or simply to despise even the austerities of monks.

We cannot travel over all the vast field covered by these Lectures; we must be satisfied with bearing our cordial testimony to the ability, the candour, and the fairness exhibited throughout. What we have already extracted will be sufficient evidence of the literary skill with which the book is written, but we cannot resist the temptation to give the following felicitous account of the preaching of Chrysostom:—

"The state of the times is still more vividly reflected from the pages of Chrysostom. At Antioch he rejoiced to see, on fast days, the circus closed, the shops shut, the forum deserted, and the churches filled. But anon, he mourned that the house of God was empty, and the hippodrome crammed from the floor to the topmost benches. The people could not bear the heat of the church. In the circus they would sit bareheaded to be broiled. They made all manner of excuses for not attending worship, but old and young flocked to the amphitheatre. Numerous are the allusions in Chrysostom's homilies to the corrupt state of society. Though it is not always clear how far he intended his description to apply to those who heard him, and though allowances must be made for the exaggeration of rhetoric, and the flights of zeal in an imaginative, eloquent, and earnest preacher like Chrysostom, one receives from his sermons a very unfavourable impression of the state of Antioch and Constantinople. It is remarkable that fourteen out of the twenty-one homilies on the statues, preached at Antioch, conclude with exhortations against the use of oaths and common swearing. Chrysostom was more popular than Gregory. His energy, as well as his office, made him at Constantinople a sort of spiritual tribune of the people. They came, especially on festal days, to hear this preacher of the 'golden mouth'—this Joshua of the Greek orators, who stayed the sun of eloquence from going down a whole day. Pickpockets availed themselves of the press to ply their trade; and according to the fashion of the age, the auditors generally, as though in a theatre, clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs in applause of the orator's appeal. By this means, also, after the manner of a modern encore, the admirers of the bishop sought to prolong the entertainment. Not that he approved of this sort of commendation, but severely condemned it; yet it would appear that his rebukes only provoked a repetition of the light-hearted offence. Ladies came to hear him in gilded chariots, drawn by mules richly caparisoned, and attended by eunuchs and slaves. They were dressed in tunics of silver and gold, and were adorned with costly jewels, their robes displaying Christian scenes wrought in embroidery.

"The confusion in the place of worship, at times, equalled the hubbub of the bath. Chat, joke, witty repartee, mingled with laughter, went on, even during prayer-time; and the orator sarcastically told his congregation, that if they wished to talk of trade or the army, their families or the nation, there was greater freedom for them in the church than in the market, the court, or the doctor's shop. Woe to any unpopular preacher who 'supplied' for Chrysostom, for he was pretty sure to be hooted out of the pulpit. And such was the character of the people who came to the communion, especially on Easter-day, that among them were those who practised augury, who used incantations and charms, who were addicted to fornication, adultery, and drunkenness, to say nothing of envy and wrangling, malignity and avarice. The chief offices of the church had become saleable, and other evils were rampant for want of a power of discipline to repress them. In the streets, the Christian of

rank might be seen with servants carrying fasces before him, while a horse was led at his heels in state. On horseback, or lolling in his carriage, he had also his waiting-men to clear the way, as though he would put the whole population to flight—'no wolf or lion so unsociable' as he. Especially does the preacher descant on the luxury of his hearers in the matter of shoes, that part of dress being costly in the extreme; and as some seemed afraid to touch the pavement lest they should soil things so precious, the preacher bluntly advised their wearers to hang them round their necks, or put them on their heads. With the foppery abroad there was gluttony at home, and it is terrible to read Chrysostom's invectives against the common indulgence of this vice. Weddings were seasons of dissipation and revelry; theatrical singers and dancers being hired for the occasion. There the ladies particularly endeavoured to set off their charms with cosmetics; in general, too, paint was in abundant requisition by the fair sex, till their eyebrows were 'black as kettles,' their mouths 'like bears' stained with blood,' and their cheeks dusted like 'whitened tombs.'

"Into the innermost secrets of home-life does the great preacher lead us, showing us mistresses beating their maids, stripping and binding them to the bed-post. And further, we hear how religious wives, in the fourth century, could upbraid their unfortunate husbands as cowards and dolts, because they did not get money, while some neighbour was rolling in riches, thus enabling his spouse to wear jewels, to have her pair of white mules, and ride through the city with troops of eunuchs and slaves."

We earnestly hope that many of our younger men, who are too wearied with business when the day is over to feel at all disposed to read a dry history like Mosheim's, or a voluminous one like Neander's, will avail themselves of Mr. Stoughton's interesting pages. We are greatly mistaken if they do not find that he has invested the subject with a fascination such as they had never dreamed could belong to it.

While the mere attractiveness of Church history has always appeared to us far greater than can ever belong to the history of dynasties, battles, and political parties, we are sure that to the health of our religious life and the breadth and nobleness of our theology, the earnest study of the wonderful story told in these pages must be eminently favourable.

Quarterly Review of American Literature.

THE variety of books constantly issuing from the American press evinces the wide range of topics which the literature of that country now embraces. Among the more recent works, we notice the following:—

Storrs's "Constitution of the Human Soul"[1] is a thoughtful and ingenious work on an abstruse and difficult subject called forth by the following circumstance. The late Augustus Graham gave nearly fifty thousand dollars to the Brooklyn Institute — founded to promote the intellectual and moral improvement of mechanics— and of this donation, the interest of twelve thousand dollars is to be appropriated to Sunday evening lectures on the "Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God," as manifested in his works.

The volume before us contains the first course of lectures delivered under the provision of the donor's will. "It was necessary to the purpose of the lecturer, and of the directors, that the circle of themes embraced in psychology, should, in some measure, be treated in six discourses. At the same time, these discourses were designed to leave special religious impressions on the minds of those who heard them." The theme which the author has selected is the "Human Soul"—the noblest work of God; and it is elucidated in a popular as well as religious manner. The first lecture is on the soul, as endowed with personal life. The second is on the soul, as endowed with faculties of knowledge, perception, reflection, judgment, reason, imagination, and memory. The third is on the soul, as endowed with faculties for virtue—the "intelligent and voluntary obedience to the perfect moral law, ordained by the Divine Author for his spiritual creation." One of these faculties, Dr. Storr describes as the moral sense, "which intuitively perceives the reality of virtue, its dignity and beauty, and its proper authority over human action—a faculty which makes the proper subject of virtuous appeals, and upon which, as a basis, all moral instruction and cultivation may go forward." Another of these powers is "the faculty of analysis, or moral judgment; the power of discerning to what the law of righteousness applies, and of learning from instruction, if not discovering by our own induction, its total and exact extent." The fourth lecture considers the human soul as furnished with "the central faculties of the will, and the judgment" for beneficent operation. The soul has control over the body; "the fork, the knife, the graver, the spade, are merely steel fingers, iron hands accumulating and prolonging the energy of these members; the rudder which the hand holds, is in effect that hand itself, enlarged

[1] The Constitution of the Human Soul: Six Lectures, delivered at the Brooklyn Institute, N.Y. By Richard S. Storrs, D.D. Pp. 338, 8vo. New York. 1857.

and shielded from the wash of the waves." The fifth is on the soul, as prepared for happiness. "Each motion of its faculties, while acting according to the law impressed on them, becomes the source of a distinct pleasure." The last lecture is on the soul, as endowed with faculties for immortal progress. It has "the intuition of certain ideas, which it cannot comprehend and measure in the present world, to which it instinctively looks to investigate in the future, and in the mastery of which must be the highest enjoyment." The volume contains a large amount of matter, generally well-arranged, and animated with an elevated moral and religious feeling. The style is elaborate, and the illustrations varied and ample. The lectures will interest a much wider circle than that for whose particular instruction they were prepared.

Wainwright's "Sermons"[1] is a posthumous work, the contents being selected from a large number of manuscripts, left by the author just as they were written for the service of his own pulpit. These sermons may be regarded as a fair specimen of the doctrines and pulpit eloquence of one of the best preachers of the American Episcopal Church. They are chaste in style, elevated in thought, practical, and persuasive. The volume comprises, among others, discourses on the following important subjects: A Plea for Missions; Inequalities of Wealth the Ordinance of God; the Confessing or Denying of Christ; the Labourers in the Vineyard; the Fruits of the Lord's Chastening; the Power of Christ's Resurrection; our Responsibility for our Faith; the Death of the Righteous; the Influence of Divine Grace. Such was the high reputation acquired by Bishop Wainwright, both as a scholar and a divine, that the University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law, in 1852. We desire to give our readers a comprehensive and impartial account of the theological literature of different denominations in the United States; yet it must not be supposed that we endorse everything in the works we review.

A theological work, novel and bold in its criticisms, appears to have excited considerable attention among biblical scholars in the United States. It is entitled "Yahveh Christ; or, the Memorial Name,"[2] and the design of this volume is to show that the world has hitherto laboured under a mistake, respecting the Hebrew word given as "Jehovah" in the Old Testament. The author attempts to prove that "Jehovah" having been deprived of its true vowels, through a superstition of the Jews, is not *Jehovah*, but *Yahveh;* that it is not properly rendered "*I am*" (self-existence), but means *He who will be*, or *come;* that it is the great Messiah's name of the

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[1] A Memorial Volume: Thirty-four Sermons. By the Right Rev. Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, D.D., D.C.L., Provisional Bishop of the Diocese of New York. Edited by his Widow. Pp. 565, 8vo. New York. 1856.

[2] Yahveh Christ; or, the Memorial Name. By Alexander MacWhorter. With an Introductory Letter by N. W. Taylor, D.D., Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology, in Yale Theological Seminary. Pp. 179, 16mo. Boston. London: S. Low, Son, & Co. 1857.

Old Testament, and there represents the same Divine person, who afterwards appeared under the name of "Christ." He undertakes to prove, in short, that the "Jehovah" of the Old Testament, and the "Christ" of the New, are one and the same being. We give the contents of the work, for the benefit of our clerical readers and others, who may be interested in the subject of this little treatise, but our limits will not permit us to investigate the correctness of the writer's conclusions. The author affirms that the name *Yahveh*, or "Jehovah," represented the expectation of the world; that this expectation began in the promise made to Eve, and received a name, *Yahveh*, "He who will be;" that this name was applied by Eve to her firstborn, was transferred to God, invoked by the Patriarchs, affirmed to Moses, proclaimed by the Prophets, completed in *Christ*. In his introductory letter to the work, Dr. Taylor says: "The argument is altogether new and original; and if valid, proves what many of the ablest theologians have believed, without resting their belief upon grounds so thoroughly exegetical. It raises a question to be met wherever the Bible is read—a question in respect to a fact, which it would seem, if not admitted, must at least be controverted. If the view here taken is erroneous, it is too plausible to be passed over with indifference by the friends of truth; if true, it is of unmeasured importance to the church and the world.

Professor Schaff's "Germany: its Universities, Theology, and Religion,"[4] is a work which will be found instructive, both to the scholar and general reader. The author possessed unusual advantages for giving us these interesting views of German life and character in relation to education and theology, having a thorough acquaintance with the persons and things described. In the first part of the work, Dr. Schaff presents us with graphic sketches of the history and organization of some of the principal German universities, and of the peculiarities of German life. In the second part, he discusses the condition of Church and State, the different theological and religious views prevalent in Germany, and their history and tendency; and in the third, he introduces us to many of the most eminent German divines of the age. The book is replete with evidences of acute observation and indefatigable industry.

The intellectual activity of American authors on subjects connected with religion is manifest; but we must now pass from these to works of general literature. Elliott's "New England History"[5] is rich in facts which are novel, interesting, and important. New England is a name that was given by Charles I. to that part of

[4] Germany: its Universities, Theology, and Religion; with Sketches of Neander, Olshausen, Ebrard, Müller, Tholuck, Hengstenberg, Nitzch, Ullman, and other distinguished German Divines of the age. By Philip Schaff, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania. Pp. 418, 12mo. Philadelphia. 1857.

[5] The New England History, from the Discovery of the Continent by the Northmen, A.D. 986, to the period when the Colonies Declared their Independence, A.D. 1776. By Charles W. Elliott. In Two Vols., pp. 479, 492, 8vo. New York. 1857.

North America, lying between forty and forty-eight degrees from north to south, and extending across the main land from sea to sea. This name has ever since continued to be appropriated to the country lying east of New York, and now includes the States of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. The governments of the New England colonies were charter-governments; the government and ownership of the country were vested in the colonists, while in the other American colonies, they were in the crown or proprietors, and the government was vested in the former, while the property of the colony was in the latter. The New England colonists were Puritans, whose characters have been often censured and applauded with little discrimination. Vague and false impressions are now happily giving way to more accurate and impartial accounts. The inhabitants of New England are, by the other states, familiarly called Yankees, which name, in Europe, is given to the citizens of the United States. This is probably derived from a corrupt Indian pronunciation of the word *English*, whom the natives called *Yengees*. In the volumes before us, Mr. Elliott has given the history of New England, from its settlement in 1620, to the Declaration of Independence,—and the picture which he presents of this eventful period is full of life and interest. The author selects the most important incidents, seizing the characteristic traits of men and manners, and reproducing them in a style *piquant* and animating. The curious reader will be pleased with the chapter on the early voyages of the Northmen to the Western Hemisphere,—a fact first made known by the publication of the "Vinlandia Antiqua," of the celebrated Torfæus, in 1705. Torfæus proved, from existing Icelandic MSS., that America was discovered, and even attempted to be colonized, by his enterprising countrymen, at the end of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh centuries, and the descriptions transmitted to us afford proof that they landed on what are now Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. Mr. Elliott has given an impartial and discriminating view of the theological controversies which have arisen in New England, but he sometimes deviates from the province of the historian, to express his own opinions, which appear to us not always sound. There is sometimes, also, a want of that dignified tone which should pervade such a work. With these exceptions, we consider it a most valuable tribute to New England history.

Mrs. Kirkland, in her "Memoirs of Washington,"[6] has presented us with an attractive picture of the personal and private character of the Father of his Country. The elaborate "Life of Washington," by Judge Marshall, in 5 vols., 8vo., will always be consulted, as the highest authority, for its impartiality, fidelity, and truth. But it is more remarkable for its history of that eventful period, and its rich materials, than for its literary merits. It wants the vividness, the picturesque sketches, and lively details, which are necessary to make

[6] Memoirs of Washington. By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. Pp. 516, 12mo. New York. 1857.

a work like Mrs. Kirkland's interesting to the general reader. Notwithstanding two other able lives of this great man, which have been written by Sparks and Irving, there is still room for the present volume, in which the reader will see the military hero at home, rather than in the camp and cabinet. Mrs. Kirkland, the authoress, is widely and favourably known as an accomplished writer, by her "Forest Life," "A New Home," and "Western Gleanings,"—works which present us with original and amusing tales, illustrative of Western life. She excels in graphic description and accurate perception of character. Although the present volume claims no rivalship with the established classics in this department of American biography, yet the delineation of the personal habits and familiar traits of Washington's character, and the variety of incidents and anecdotes recorded, will render it a source of gratification alike to young and old. Our limits will permit only a single extract,—the portrait the authoress has drawn of Washington's lady will especially interest our fair readers: "Mrs. Washington's arrival in camp was the signal for that of other officers' wives, and caused a great change in the face of things. Even the General had become rather unpopular with some members of the Massachusetts General Court, because he seemed unsocial, and more absorbed in the great concerns of his office than was consistent with the attentions due to those important functionaries. But the arrival of Mrs. Washington, in the 'chariot-and-four,' and its gay 'scarlet and white liveries,' was like a gleam of sunshine, physical and moral, and soon set all right again. She took her place as head of something like a little vice-regal court, whose invitations were accepted as honours, and whose personal civilities of speech and manner smoothed the most frowning brows, and silenced the most inimical tongues of those who received these favours. As to those who did not, we have no record of their opinions; but it would be safe to conclude that they did not entertain an equally high opinion of General Washington's character and talents, or of Mrs. Washington's affability and simple grace of manner, with that of the favoured few. The lady-in-chief had been accustomed to entertain company, and knew how to do it well. She fulfilled the Bible idea of a good wife, looking well to the ways of her household. Her dinners were not, perhaps, in the French taste, but she always offered the best that could be had, and never considered it beneath her dignity to attend to all the duties belonging to a plain, but liberal hospitality. The company at head-quarters spoke well of her conversation, which, although not abundant, was yet pertinent and sensible. She could dexterously avoid a political point, when any guest was indiscreet enough to set a trap for her opinion; and she was equally capable of giving advice to the younger ladies, whom she always exhorted to industry and frugality."

Dr. Blake's "Biographical Dictionary"[7] possesses great merit,

[7] A Biographical Dictionary: comprising a Summary Account of the Lives of the Most Distinguished Persons of all Ages, Nations, and Professions; including

and will be valuable to the general reader as a book of reference. The first edition appeared in 1835, and it has now reached the thirteenth. Dr. Blake is not one of those persons who are disposed to shrink from labour, and the results of his industry, care, and fidelity, in the work before us, are manifest. In American and German names, the biography is rich and full, and for ordinary purposes of consultation, sufficient. At the close of the volume there is added a catalogue of nearly two hundred works, in the Latin, English, French, Italian, and German languages, relating to biography and literary history, which will prove of great value to the scholar.

An essential service has been rendered to American literature by the publication of the late Professor Channing's "Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory."[8] Professor Channing's reputation as an eminent scholar extended far beyond the academical lecture-room. He was one of the early conductors of the *North American Review*, and a frequent contributor to its pages. Harvard College conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D., in 1847. His labours, as Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, were ably and faithfully performed for thirty-two years, until his resignation in 1851. In the volume before us he shows an intimate knowledge of the topics discussed; and the lectures are rich in thought, severe and classical in style, and marked by an acute and discriminating judgment. The following are the subjects: The Orator and his Times; General View of Rhetoric; Demonstrative Oratory; Deliberative Oratory; Judicial Oratory; the Advocate and the Debater; Eloquence of the Pulpit; Literary Tribunals; Forms of Criticism; a Writer's Preparation; Habits of Reading; a Writer's Habits; the Study of our own Language; Clearness of Expression and Thought; Using Words for Ornament; and Permanent Literary Fame. We have here a large amount of information, in a clear and condensed form, upon two important branches of education, which should have the first place among the studies preparatory to active life.

Central America has lately attracted a large share of public notice, and particularly that portion called Nicaragua, which has been the theatre of Walker's late "Filibustering" expedition. Our readers who desire to make themselves more acquainted with that country, will find Squier's "Nicaragua"[9] an instructive work. The author visited Nicaragua, as an accredited Envoy of the United States, which enabled him to examine the country under the most favourable auspices. The work contains more valuable information respecting that interesting region than any we have seen. The author is a man

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more than Two Thousand Articles of American Biography. By the Rev. John L. Blake, D.D. Thirteenth Edition. Pp. 1,366, 8vo. Philadelphia. 1856.

[8] Lectures Read to the Seniors in Harvard College. By Edward T. Channing, late Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory. With a Biographical Notice, by R. H. Dana, Jun. Boston. 1856.

[9] Nicaragua: its People, Scenery, Monuments, and the Proposed Inter-Oceanic Canal. With numerous original Maps and Illustrations. By E. G. Squier, late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States to the Republics of Central America. In Two Vols. New York.

of learning and strong sense, and he presents us with a striking picture of its people, scenery, and monuments,—painting manners and nature with the hand of a master. Central America is remarkable in respect to its geographical position, connecting the two grand divisions of the continent—the northern and the southern hemispheres,—its ports open to Europe and Africa on the east, and to Polynesia, Asia, and Australia, on the west. In its physical aspect and configuration of surface, it is an epitome of all other countries, and possesses every variety of climate. From the period of the discovery of America, in the fifteenth century, new states have gradually sprung into vigorous existence. The ancient kingdom of Guatemala embraced the principal provinces of Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. These threw off their allegiance to Spain in 1821, assumed the rank of sovereign states, and subsequently united in a confederacy, called the "Republic of Central America." In consequence of internal divisions, this compact was practically dissolved in 1839, since which time the several states have exercised their original sovereign powers as distinct republics. Nicaragua comprises the territory which pertained to it as a province, and has an area of about 59,000 square miles. It was discovered by the Spaniards in 1522, and the next year its principality, Leon, was founded by Hernandez de Cordova, the conqueror of the country and the founder of Granada. The population of Nicaragua is 268,000, thus divided: Whites, 30,000; Negroes, 19,000; Indians, 84,000; Mixed, 135,000. If our space admitted, we might give interesting extracts from the author's account of its aboriginal monuments, which have been hitherto but imperfectly examined and described.

Every work directed against slavery which reaches us from the other side of the Atlantic, must be hailed with delight by all Christian philanthropists in both countries. We rejoice that the opponents of slavery are not discouraged, but that a host of freemen are standing up to arrest its progress, to rescue the Territories from its grasp, and to blot the plague-spot from the land. Its evils, in a moral and religious point of view, have been often and eloquently exposed. But there are many men, whose consciences are seared, and cannot be reached by such arguments. We are, therefore, gratified to meet with a work producing additional reasons for the removal of this giant evil, which may operate upon the minds of those who cannot be influenced by higher motives. A small volume, entitled "The North and the South,"[10] contains a large mass of facts, showing the advantages of freedom, and the disadvantages of slavery, as it regards the material interests and general progress of a nation. It appears to be carefully compiled from official documents of the general government, and the calculations are, for the most part, based on De

[10] The North and the South: a Statistical View of the Condition of the Free and Slave States. By Henry Chace, A.M., and Charles W. Sanborn, M.D. Compiled from Official Documents. 12mo. Boston. 1856. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

Bow's "Compendium of the Census of 1850." The object of the work is to compare the condition of free and slave states, as to territory, population, popular representation, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, real and personal estate, the press, education, and religion. We select a few facts of great importance, which should awaken the attention of all thoughtful minds. In extent of territory, the fifteen slave states have a decided superiority over the sixteen free states, for they embrace an area of more than 851,000 square miles, while the free states, including California, possess little more than 612,000, or less than the former by nearly 240,000 square miles. The territory of the former is also naturally more fertile and productive, and eminently favourable to agriculture. In 1790, the population of the slave states was nearly equal to that of the free; and they were admitted to possess more wealth, and, from their natural advantages, the fairest prospects of future advancement. Their present condition gives a statistical result very different from that which was originally anticipated. The entire population of the slave states at the present time is less than 11,000,000, while the entire population of the free states is nearly 16,000,000. The increase of population, from 1840 to 1850, is four-and-a-half per cent. greater in the free than in the slave states. Another fact of great interest, is the increasing ratio of the slave to the free population. In 1790, the number of slaves in the present slaveholding states, was 657,527, and in 1850, there were over 3,000,000; being almost one-third of the entire population of the slave states. In the department of agriculture—the peculiar province of the South—the following result appears from the "Census Compendium," of De Bow, for the year ending June, 1850. The North, with half as much land under cultivation, and two-thirds as many persons engaged in farming, produces *two hundred and twenty-seven millions of dollars' worth* of agricultural products in a year more than the South; twice as much on an acre; and more than double the amount per head for every person engaged in farming. The lands of the South are declining in value, and large tracts, once fertile, are now deserted from their barrenness. This is the curse which slavery brings upon the soil by engendering a contempt for labour. The value of the manufactures of the North is more than twenty times that of the South; and its tonnage, built in 1855, was three hundrod and fifty times as much as the South. We meet with the same disparity in the two sections of the Union, if we pass from commerce and industry to education. The public schools of the North number 62,433, and contain 2,770,000 pupils. Those of the South are 18,507 in number, and their pupils are 581,861, being nearly five pupils of the former to one of the latter. The native white population in the South who cannot read and write, amounts to 493,026, while the native white population, in the same condition in the North, including those born of foreign parents, is only 32,068. The number of ministers educated in the Northern colleges, is 10,703, and in the Southern, 747,—a ratio of fourteen to one, although the colleges of the South are nearly as numerous as those of the North. The press in every

country is considered a great national power. In 1850, the number of papers published in the North was 1,799; in the South, 704; while the circulation in the North was 4,296,768; in the South it was only 782,453, or over five in the free, to one in the slave states. The facts which we have cited might be multiplied to any extent, without altering the general result; but we briefly advert to the relative statistics of religion in the two sections. The amount contributed in the State of Massachusetts alone, for the support of missions, is greater than in all the slave states; while the sum contributed in the State of New York, both for the missionary and Bible cause, is nearly twice as great as in all the territory of slavery. The value of church property of all denominations in the free states, compared with the slave states, is in a ratio of more than three to one,—the churches in New York being equal in value to those of the fifteen slave states. Here, then, are demonstrative facts; and until the natural laws of God's providential government of the world are reversed, so that a good tree shall bring forth evil fruit, the system of slavery must be pronounced a blight and a curse to every civilized nation.

Brief Notices.

GLIMPSES OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME; or, the Destiny of the Glorified. By the Rev. Edwin Davies. London: Ward & Co. 1856.

THIS neat little volume is designed to bring before Christians both *what* they may expect after death, and *how* they should expect it. Inquiries of this kind should always be instituted in the most tender manner. The Bible reveals, with great distinctness, certain facts, bearing on our future state. But whenever we attempt to go beyond them, and to render more definite what God, for purposes known to Himself, has left very general, we only weaken the scriptural declarations, and detract from their force and beauty. There are, indeed, certain postulates, we would almost call them, which give firmness and comfort to our conceptions of the future world. Among these we may reckon the idea of a local habitation after death, of mutual recognition, of employment, &c. What else would be purely shadowy and dim, assumes definite outlines and more of certainty, because more of distinctness, when viewed in this manner. Mr. Davies's book refers to most points connected with this subject, and if we cannot always agree in his conclusions we perceive, at least, that he has thought and read a good deal in connexion with it. The quotations from other writers are generally apt, although there is too much of poetry introduced, at least for our taste. There is, however, too much attempt at "fine writing," too many figures, images, &c. On such a subject we desiderate above all "plainness of speech,"

calm, humble, and reverential dealing. It seems to us incongruous when treating of the glory "which eye has not seen, nor ear heard, and which has not entered into the heart of man," to deck the theme with a garland of rhetorical flowers. We hope the author will take these remarks in good part, and avoid a tendency which, however common, is erroneous, and cannot possibly add to the usefulness of his book, while it must detract from it in the eyes of all who seriously consider its nature.

A PLAIN MAN'S EXAMINATION OF POPERY: Showing the Duty of a Protestant People in Reference to Religious Liberty and Protestant Security. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

EVERY one who has entertained a wish of putting into the hands of others a plain book on a controverted point, must have felt that somehow there is a great deficiency of readable manuals on almost every theological subject. A concise, popular statement, equally free from scientific or purely theological terminology, but especially devoid of bitterness, is indeed a rarity. We do not exactly say, that "a plain man" has furnished this desideratum with reference to the Roman Catholic controversy, but his production is likely to prove useful from its manly common-sense, and its plain, popular form. We can recommend it for use and distribution.

ANTI-THEISM: its Moral and Philosophical Blindness in a World of Realities. By P. C. H. London: Judd & Glass. 1856.

WE have rarely perused a more interesting, or a better executed treatise, considering its size and pretensions. The author, a man in business, who has often met with young men, more or less perplexed by the cavils of atheists, has penned this little treatise on the basis of Dr. Chalmers's "Lectures on Natural Theology," in order to furnish them with a ready answer. He has executed his task in no ordinary manner; we both like his style, and have been the better of his facts and his reasoning. Manifestly, he has read to purpose; his facts and quotations are all well selected and well put; the reasoning is clear and conclusive, and the style pure and elegant. The author has produced a "readable" and useful book, which should be largely circulated among young men. We hope to meet him again in the fields of literature; there is ample room and work for thoughtful and devout men, especially among that class to which he has addressed himself.

BIGOTRY: A Satire, in Hudibrastic Verse. By the Author of "Rudiments of Curvilinear Design," &c. London: Charles Haselden. 1856.

WE confess we like the title of this little publication less than the book itself. We dislike bigotry, satires, and Hudibrastic verse severally, but most of all jointly. It would scarcely have been possible for the author to have succeeded in his task. Bigotry is an evil which cannot be dealt with by a satire, or in Hudibrastic verse;

besides satires and Hudibrastic verse require very peculiar talents. However, we are bound to add that the versification is generally pleasing, that the subject is treated in a proper spirit, and that the follies, especially of Romanism and Puseyism, are exposed boldly, but not unpleasantly, far less with the coarseness which sometimes disfigures attempts at Hudibrastic verse. More than this we cannot say, except that we hope that bigotry and humbug may some day be set before the church and the world, with the vigour and earnestness which, unfortunately, the subject demands.

SERMONS ON THE FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER: Chapters II. and III. By H. F. Kohlbrügge, D.D. Second Edition. Translated from the German. London: Partridge & Co. 1856.

SERMONS ON THE FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER: Chapter IV. By H. F. Kohlbrügge, D.D. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Translated from the German. London: Partridge & Co. 1856.

WE have rarely perused more thorough or satisfactory expositions of Scripture than those contained in Dr. Kohlbrügge's Sermons. From the "Biographical Sketch" prefixed to one of the volumes (by Mr. von der Heydt), we learn that Dr. Kohlbrügge has been called to suffer for the truth. Originally destined for the Dutch Church, it seems that his faithful teaching had exposed him to a series of petty annoyances, which prevented his labouring in connexion with the established church in that country. The provision made for him, under circumstances of difficulty, reminds us of passages in the life of Mr. Müller, of Bristol. He is at present the settled pastor of a Dutch Reformed Church at Elberfeld, in Prussia. The volumes of Sermons before us, are specimens of his ordinary teaching, and are favourably distinguished by thorough soundness, luminous thought, scriptural exposition, and more of intellectual substance than generally falls to the share of German sermons. There is, however, little that is distinctive or peculiarly attractive about them. A congregation which enjoys such ministrations, shows considerable religious advancement, and it must be taken as a token for good that preachers of Dr. Kohlbrügge's cast are relished in Germany.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE: its Commencement, Progress, and Consummation. Described in Eighteen Discourses by John Petty. London: Alexander Heylin. 1856.

WE have rarely read sermons which breathe more simplicity and sincerity than those before us. Of course, we shall not be expected to express our agreement with all their doctrinal peculiarities. But we are bound to add that these are not obtruded, and that the volume may safely be perused for edification by all sections of the Church. It really does one's heart good in these days of religious twistedness, of affectation, and unreality, to listen to a man who has the cause of his Master at heart; who labours earnestly for the conversion of souls, and who in plain, but all the more forcible, terms expounds the great truths of the Gospel. There are two ways in which a minister

may be useful. He may either bring the vast resources of his learning, or the powerful deductions of a fine intellect, to bear on the furtherance of the Gospel; or else, in native simplicity, he may lucidly, pointedly, and affectionately urge upon his hearers the great facts connected with the vicarious work of Christ, and the sanctification of the church by the indwelling of the Spirit. In the former case we have intellectual, in the latter, heart theology. Highly do we prize the one, and all important do we hold it, that there should be a basis of intellectuality in all Christian teaching; but along with this, we are sufficiently pupils of Neander to love the *pectoral* theology, as he styled it. Mr. Petty's labours deserve every encouragement, and we shall be truly gladdened in hearing that this excellent and useful volume has found the extensive circulation which it deserves both within and beyond his own denomination. Only one fault have we to find with our author—in which he will have few imitators—he is by far too modest: he pleads in excuse of supposed failings, pressing official engagements and an affection of the chest. He needs no apology. Critical and hypercritical, as we fear our duties have made us, we can only wish that many of the portentous-looking volumes with which the public and we are are burdened, contained, we shall not say one tithe of the truth and sense, but even of the unstudied and natural elegance which only conviction and earnestness can impart.

ITALY, AS I SAW IT: Facts and Impressions. By W. S. Edwards. London: Judd & Glass. 1856.

THIS little volume seems to be the production of an earnest man. But this we fear is all we can say in favour of it. His facts may be facts, but his impressions do not impress us. It is difficult to suppose how a man can visit Italy, and not bring more of enthusiasm thence. The mere idea of it would inspire even a critic; but here we have nothing but trite observation and commonplaces.

THE BURNISH FAMILY. A Prize Tale. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League. 1857.

SOMETIME last summer, the directors of the Scottish Temperance League offered two prizes, one of £50, and the other of £25, for the best Temperance tales. The volume before us is that which carried the palm. In general, we have a strong conviction that prize essays and prize tales do not belong to the most favoured intellectual productions. At any rate it accords with our knowledge, that neither the best productions are thus elicited, nor is generous and honest inquiry promoted by calling forth interested advocates. In the present case there was this additional difficulty, that the whole tale was to turn on the Temperance question, and hence could only present one phase of life. That, under such disadvantageous circumstances, the authoress—for we believe it is a lady—should have succeeded in writing, not only a relatively, but an absolutely interesting book, redounds not a little to her honour Throughout it

is most graphic and fascinating; indeed, so much so, that in our own case, the feelings outran the judgment, and it was some time before we could place the question impartially before our mind so as to arrive at a dispassionate verdict. Without anticipating our readers, and so destroying the charm of the story, we may mention that both the hero and the heroine are connected with the *trade* as it is called, but see the evil of it, and renounce all its unhallowed gains. Besides sketching the Temperance part of her tale, we have admirable portraitures of a certain kind of religiosity which makes the intellect orthodox, but leaves the heart dead. With reference to the characters in the tale, it is impossible to find any exception. The features are distinctly and admirably chiselled,—each person acts throughout consistently with his or her character. The merits of the tale are considerable, and we can confidently recommend it, with the understanding that we are not committed to all its views. Probably the best description is that of Annie's death, which reminded us of a well-known article in the *Household Words*.

DURABLE RICHES: being Memorials of the late Sarah Susannah Perry, of Melbourne, Australia. Edited by Rev. A. J. Perry, B.A. London: Partridge & Co. 1857.

THIS little book consists mainly of the poems, diary, and correspondence of an intelligent Christian lady, who left England for Australia in 1853, and has already been lying for more than a year in the cemetery at Melbourne. A short memoir is prefixed, written by a lady who knew and loved her well. Mrs. Perry's friends will read these Memorials of her with deep interest, and even strangers will find in them indications of more than usual mental activity and moral liveliness.

GOTTHOLD'S EMBLEMS. By Christian Scriver. Translated by Rev. Robert Menzies. Edinburgh. 1857.

CHRISTIAN SCRIVER, the author of this book of Emblems, was born in 1629, and died in 1693. He was a very eminent preacher during his life, and since his death has exerted, by means of this admirable book, an influence over the devout people of Germany analogous to that of Baxter and Hervey in England by means of the "Saints' Everlasting Rest" and the "Meditations." Let our readers look at the third Emblem, and consider whether they would not like to read the rest: "One mild winter day, some boys had made a snow-ball, and rolled it along until it had grown too large and heavy for them to move. Here, said Gotthold, we have an agreeable emblem of human cares. These are often little and insignificant, but we magnify them by impatience and unbelief till they become greater than we can bear. Many a one keeps night and day revolving his trouble in his mind to no better purpose than these boys. All they accomplish by their pains is to set up for those who pass a sign that children have been at play, and he gains nothing by his but a head more confused and a heart more sorrowful than before. We are often reluctant to give

God the honour of caring for us, and, as if He were drowsy or negligent, offer to assist His wisdom by our folly. But we thereby lose rather than gain. Besides, what a high offence it is, if, when He opens the bosom of His compassion, and bids us boldly cast all our cares into it, we treat Him with distrust! My God! Thou hast formed the eye, and shalt Thou not see? Thou hast planted the ear, and shalt Thou not hear? Thou hast made the heart, and shalt Thou not take thought? I will roll my trouble no farther than to Thee, or, if that be beyond my might, I will admit Thee into my heart, and show Thee there what is too heavy for me; Thou wilt then know, though I may not, by what means it may be removed."

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF LONDON. By J. E. Ritchie, Author of the "London Pulpit," &c. London: Tweedie. 1857.

WE have kept Mr. Ritchie's book lying on our table, hoping that we might find an opportunity for making it the basis of an article on the fearful evils which it discloses. We must be satisfied, however, for the present with recommending all our readers who are anxious to promote the social and moral regeneration of our great cities to read it carefully; and to remember while they read that London does not stand alone, but that all our larger towns are cursed with abominations such as these which Mr. Ritchie has so vigorously and effectually described.

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND THE ATONEMENT: Sermons preached before the University of Oxford in reference to the Views published by Mr. Jowett and others. By Dr. Pusey, the Bishop of Oxford, &c. Oxford: J. H. & J. Parker. 1856.

WE have been waiting patiently for the appearance of Mr. Jowett's second edition of his "Commentary on the Epistles of Paul," intending to include in one article a notice of the protests uttered by various theological parties against his very remarkable book. These Sermons, however, have been so long on our table, and are so well worth reading, that we cannot delay any longer recommending them very earnestly to all our theological readers. We postpone a more detailed criticism until we have an opportunity of knowing what modifications of thought or expression Mr. Jowett has been induced to make by the fiery criticism to which his Commentary has been subjected.

FIFTEEN SERMONS, by Bishop Butler. With Notes, &c., by the Rev. Robert Carmichael, A.M., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Longmans & Co. 1856.

THIS is a handsome and very useful edition of Butler's "Sermons." Mr. Carmichael has done his work carefully and well. The notes are just what an intelligent student would care to have; and they cannot fail to be interesting and useful even to those who know the "Sermons" well already. We confidently expect that this edition will become the standard one in our colleges. One recommendation of it is, that the margin is broad enough to receive as many references and observations as the most diligent reader is likely to make.

LAWS FROM HEAVEN FOR LIFE ON EARTH: Illustrations of the Book of Proverbs. By the Rev. William Arnot. London: Nelson & Sons.

THIS is a vigorous, practical, useful book. Mr. Arnot has studied the book of Proverbs in the streets and the market-place, as well as in his library, and has looked into the *Times* as often as into the lexicon, in order to get at its meaning. A little more repose in the style, an occasional interruption of the perpetual flash and fire, would have been welcome to ourselves; but, perhaps most of Mr. Arnot's readers will like his book the better on account of what we feel to be almost its only blemish.

QUIET HOURS. By the Rev. John Pulsford, of Hull. Edinburgh: T. C. Jack.

THIS will be a very welcome book to many quiet, thoughtful, spiritual people; and in these noisy days we cannot do our readers a better service than to recommend to them devotional books of a really healthy character. There is a peculiarity and quaintness in Mr. Pulsford's manner of thought which will only make his book the more acceptable to very many minds.

THE STUDENT'S GIBBON. By William Smith, LL.D. London: Murray. 1857.

THIS is the first of a series of abridgments of our standard historians, to be published by Mr. Murray. Hume, Robertson, and Russell are to follow. The principle which Dr. Smith has followed must secure the approbation of all who have any practical acquaintance with the necessities he has endeavoured to meet. He says: "I have treated briefly, and occasionally omitted entirely, many circumstances of inferior importance; and I have thus gained space for narrating at length, and sometimes as fully as in the original work, those grand events which have influenced the history of the world." We have compared several passages of the abridgment with the original, and bear our cordial testimony to the success with which this principle has been carried out. The work is handsomely printed and handsomely illustrated, and cannot fail, we should imagine, to achieve a great success.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES: a Tale of Auvergne. By the Author of "Mary Powell." London: Hall & Virtue.

THIS is a story of the Huguenots, written with the simplicity and vividness which characterize the works of this authoress. It is refreshing thus to be carried in imagination out of our own every-day life into that of the French peasantry in the sixteenth century,—it does us good to sympathize with their privations and dangers. But the chief value of the tale is in the interest called forth by the struggles and sufferings of the Reforming party, whose toils and trials are realized by the reader, awakening in his mind fresh consciousness of the value of those truths and liberties, which were not to all, as they now appear to be to ourselves, inherited treasures, but domains which

had to be resolutely fought for, inch by inch, and held in momentary fear of loss. In this story the characters and motives of the opposing Romanists are treated with the utmost fairness and candour. We cordially recommend the book.

FAMILY PRAYERS FOR A FORTNIGHT. By H. N. Champney. London: Wertheim & Macintosh. 1857.

THERE is a simplicity about these Prayers which we exceedingly like; and they are short, comprehensive, and varied. The writer has not forgotten to include prayer for the success of Christian missions, Sabbath-schools, and other enterprises of Christian charity and zeal; he has remembered that sickness sometimes enters a house; that friends come and go; that birth-days occur now and then; that new servants join the family circle, and old ones leave it. We are quite inclined to think that this is among the best of the very numerous manuals of the kind now before the public.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ETHICS ACCORDING TO THE NEW TESTAMENT. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

IN this *brochure* we have healthfulness and vigour, devout thoughtfulness, closeness of reasoning, and clearness of statement and of style. But the author has, we think, carried the principle of condensation to excess, and has thus been prevented from everything but the briefest possible reference to the elaborate systems whose conclusions are set aside, as well as from that measure of illustration, and of discursive, though perfectly relevant, discussion, which in such a treatise are almost essential. In two or three instances, it appears to us that condensation has been purchased not only at the expense of thorough and satisfactory conclusiveness, but even of correctness. For example, in page 4, we are told: "Moralists have considered that God's will is not revealed in such a manner as to teach the elements of right and wrong. They have held that the Bible does not furnish axioms, but rather examples of duty. Though its rules be of wide application, it requires a previous knowledge of natural justice to apply them." Now, though this may be true enough of *some* moralists, it is by no means true of all—not even of Paley himself, in the extent to which the author leaves us to suppose he intends it. Of Butler, especially of Wardlaw, and of some others, it is pre-eminently untrue. The book consists of four short chapters—entitled severally: Ethics and Religion, The Law of Nature, Social Ethics, Conscience; and contends with much force and ingenuity, that the fundamental principles of several received systems of morality are essentially erroneous, and that consistency in theory can be allied with the highest success in practice only by obedience to that law which is the consummation of all law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself." In this we heartily concur, though we still attach value to inferior motives and to some systems from whose principles we dissent, because we believe that

the motive and principle urged by our author, while omnipotent and supreme with a regenerate man, would be of comparatively little weight, if not, indeed, totally inapplicable to a man who is not regenerate, but to whom other principles may nevertheless address themselves with power. The following sentence, from page 62, induces the supposition that the author receives the dogma of baptismal regeneration: "Good faith, as a social virtue, is fidelity to the pledge of our baptism, in which we were made members of Christ and children of God;" and the want of any qualifying or complementary sentence looks as if he did not know that there were many who kept "good faith" besides those who come under the privileged category in the text. On the whole, it appears to us that the main object of the author is accomplished more ably and more satisfactorily by the "Congregational Lecture" of Dr. Wardlaw, though we also think that the author has done service by placing Dr. Wardlaw's conclusion—arrived at independently, and probably without any acquaintance with the valuable work referred to—in a more striking light, and with more palpable bearings on every-day life and thought.

THE VOCABULARY OF PHILOSOPHY, MENTAL, MORAL, AND METAPHYSICAL. By William Fleming, D.D. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin & Co.

A DICTIONARY of the language of Philosophy, in which the meaning of the words is defined, showing the derivations of the words, and the manner in which they have been employed. The idea is a good one, and is extremely well carried out. Although intended primarily for the help of the student, the book will be found to be a very useful one upon the shelves of the ordinary reader.

SPEECHES OF EMINENT BRITISH STATESMEN. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin & Co.

A COLLECTION of Speeches, having reference to some of the subjects which have chiefly claimed the attention of Parliament since the passing of the Reform Bill. Macaulay, and O'Connell, and Sheil, on Ireland; the present Earl of Derby and Lord Brougham on Negro Slavery; the late Earl Spencer on the Renewal of the Bank Charter; Mr. Villiers and Sir Robert Peel on the Corn Laws; Lord Melbourne and the Earl of Ripon on the Penny Postage; Lord Palmerston on the Affairs of Greece; and Lord Lyndhurst on the War with Russia;—forming a mass of practical eloquence of which as Englishmen we have reason to be proud, and which we dare say many an Englishman will be glad to see in this accessible shape.

GABRIEL. By Bessie Rayner Parkes. London: Chapman.

THIS volume is a very elegant tribute to the memory of the poet Shelley. In its composition, the authoress adopts a somewhat singular plan: she personifies the poet's wife, and in that character describes the principal scenes and events of his short life in a series of exquisite poems. The vigour and ease of the versification are not

more striking than the tenderness and delicacy of the sentiments. To all those who wish that the "good" which men do might "live after them," and the "evil" be "interred," this book will be welcome.

THE FIVE GATEWAYS OF KNOWLEDGE. By George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

THIS little work treats of the Senses in a manner at once elegant and popular. Some parts of it, Dr. Wilson informs his readers, were delivered as a Lecture at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, and must, we think, have been heard with much gratification. The book is well fitted to excite in the reader's mind a desire for further insight into the mechanism of the human frame.

SELF AND SELF-SACRIFICE; or, Nelly's Story. By Anna Lisle. London: Groombridge & Sons.

THIS is a very beautiful story, with characters well-drawn, scenery vividly described, and interest admirably sustained throughout. The tendency of the volume is not only unexceptionable, but excellent in a Christian point of view. We have seldom seen a book in which the best and highest aim was so manifest, without the attractiveness of the tale being at all lessened by the embodiment of religious principles.

PATRICK O'BRIEN; or, the Power of Truth. With a Preface by the Rev. W. Weldon Champneys, M.A. London: Wertheim & Macintosh.

AN interesting little autobiography of an Irish Scripture-reader, giving some insight into the mental condition of the Roman Catholic peasantry, and information as to the obstacles in the way of their conversion, and as to the means by which those obstacles may be overcome.

POETRY FROM LIFE. By C. M. K. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THIS little book is got up in a very attractive manner, and the contents bring no disappointment. The poems are detached ones, and are chaste and elegant. Many of them are very short, and might be set to music with good effect. The volume is evidently the production of a refined mind, conversant with and delighting in our elder poets: it will find its appropriate class of readers.

TEXTS AND HYMNS SELECTED FOR CHILDREN. By H. J. Sturge. London: Hamilton. 1857.

THIS aristocratic-looking volume is edited, we infer from the preface, by a member of the Society of Friends. The first part consists of texts of Scripture for every week in the year, one page being allowed to each week, but the number of passages varying from one to five; for what reason is not apparent. The hymns, upwards of sixty, onsist for the most part, of compositions with which we have long

been familiar, by the Taylors, Watts, and Montgomery. For general use a cheaper form would be desirable; but for those persons who can indulge in typographical luxuries, we can cordially recommend this elegant volume, which is very creditable to the provincial press (that of Messrs. Hudson & Son, of Birmingham) from which it is issued.

DEW-DROPS FOR SPRING FLOWERS. By Emily Prentice. London: Ward & Co.

THIS pleasant little volume of poems for children will be welcomed in many homes; they are simply and gracefully written, and are of unexceptionable tendency, all of them imbued more or less with religious feeling. Mothers who have seen their children taken from them by death, will find here many little pieces well fitted to soothe, and to reconcile them to the loss of their treasures.

TROUBLED DREAMS: being Original Poems. By John Hautleigh. London: Saunders & Otley.

WE might say much of the beauty of imagery which characterizes these poems, as well as of the mingled sweetness and force of sentiment and diction. The strongest feeling excited by their perusal is, however, sympathy with the evidently sorrowful experiences of the writer. Personal trials, and the contemplation of the mournful lot of the multitudes, have given a tone of sadness to the volume, by which it gains in power and interest. Mr. Hautleigh's earnest searchings for truth do not appear to have been as yet crowned with entire success: we cannot but express our hope, that should his life be prolonged, the "True Light" will fully rise upon him, and his gift of song flow forth in gladder and richer strain.

KANSAS. By Thomas H. Gladstone. London: G. Routledge & Co. 1857.

OUR readers will not have forgotten the admirable letters on the condition of Kansas which appeared in the *Times* last winter. They revealed a phase of American life by which quiet English people were greatly startled and confounded. These letters are reprinted in the volume before us, with additions and corrections by the writer; illustrations are added, and a useful map of the territory. Mr. Gladstone's narrative of the terrible struggle which took place in the spring and summer of 1856 is founded on his own personal observation. He happened to be in the West when the conflict was impending, and resolved to watch its progress, and learn its merits for himself. He has not satified himself, however, with detailing the horrors of the war; but has given a mass of information, which will be equally new and interesting to most English readers, in reference to "squatter life" in the new territories of the United States. The book is written with great spirit, and cannot be read without exciting profound interest in the perils which, at this moment, beset the American Republic.

THE UNPROTECTED; or, Facts in Dressmaking Life. By a Dressmaker. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1857.

THE writer of this little book declares, that nearly every incident related in it happened within five years, and in two of the most respectable houses in London. We have seldom read a darker or more tragic narrative: let the ladies of England read it, and consider how the cruel sufferings and dreadful temptations of their poorer sisters may be terminated.

MY PARISH; or, The Country Parson's Visits to his Poor. By the Rev. Barton Bouchier, A.M. London: J. F. Shaw. 1856.

THE volume before us contains four short tales, founded upon ministerial experience, not uninteresting, although the style is somewhat florid and the digressions too frequent. The practice of recording personal experiences is eminently useful, and we are sure that tales of reality might not only prove infinitely more useful, but even more interesting than those of fiction. The writer of religious tales has always considerable difficulties to contend with, being tempted into lengthened reflections and what approaches sermonizing, forgetful that all such reflections should be natural, and the author very rarely appears otherwise than as narrator. We are sure that the want of interest attaching to many religious tales, arises either from the ultraism of the characters drawn, or else from the hybrid species of composition; being half sermon, half story. Separately each element is good, but it is almost impossible to unite them. Mr. Bouchier's volume is not free from these defects, but will afford pleasant and profitable reading both to the clergy and the laity.

GOODWON; AND OTHER POEMS. By Alexander Dewar. Second Edition. London: Partridge & Co. 1857.

THESE poems have chiefly the advocacy of the Temperance cause for their object, and are well meant and earnest. We shall scarcely be expected to say more; but we enjoyed the address to Porridge, believing the praise given to that most popular Scottish dish deserved, although we state this rather from observation than experience.

COUNTRY HOSPITALITIES; or, Lord and Lady Harcourt. By Catharine Sinclair. (Run and Read Library.) London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

ALTHOUGH this is not equal to some of Miss Catharine Sinclair's tales, "Country Hospitalities" is a very pleasant and entertaining book, sparkling with genuine humour and good-nature. Unfortunately it is fiction, although her characters are evidently drawn from real life; only, if we may be allowed to find exception, the good people are a little too perfect, at least, in our opinion. Anything from Miss Sinclair's pen deserves commendation, and we congratulate the proprietors of the "Run and Read Library" on having secured her co-operation.

THE FOUR CENTURIONS; or, Christianity in the Military Profession. By Rev. James McGill. Glasgow: David Bryce. 1857.

THE little volume before us is an attempt to show the compatibility of Christianity with the profession of arms, and contains apparently the substance of four sermons on the "Four Centurions." The discourses breathe an admirable spirit, prove soundness of faith, and show especially also, an affectionate regard for God's ancient people.

HEADS OF SERMONS MADE TO REACH THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE By a Methodist Preacher. London: Judd & Glass. 1857.

SOME zealous advocate of lay-preaching happened to meet with a manuscript written by one of the early Methodist preachers, who was utterly destitute of education, and containing the outlines of his sermons: in this volume they are presented for the admiration and instruction of the public in the original spelling, which is original enough, but strangely out of keeping with the elegance of the typography. We have been unable to discover any proofs of remarkable power in the "Outlines" themselves, and fear that the good cause of lay-preaching will not be much helped by their publication.

Books Received.

Anti-Slavery Advocate, for July. Wm. Tweedie.
Artist's Family: a Novel. By the Author of "Saville House" 3 vols. T. C. Newby.
Bagster's Commentary Wholly Biblical. Part IX. Bagster & Sons.
Bagster's Paragraph (Large-Print) Bible in Separate Books. Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther; Revelation; the Acts. Maps. Bagster & Sons.
Boner's (Chas.) New Dance of Death; and other Poems. 50 pp. Chapman & Hall.
Bradbury's (S. H., "Quallon") Yewdale, and Lyrical Notes. 164 pp. Houlston & Wright.
Burning the Dead, or Urn Sepulture. 54 pp. London & Liverpool: Geo. Phillip & Son.
Church of England Quarterly Review. No. LXXXIII. Partridge & Co.
Conder's (Eustace R., M.A.) Memoir of Josiah Conder. 357 pp. Jno. Snow.
Educator, or Home, the School, and the Teacher. No. XIV. Ward & Co.
Evangelical Christendom, for July. Office: 7, Adam Street, Strand.
Guericke's (Dr. Henry E. F.) Manual of Church History. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.
Hanver's (Chas. H.) Proverbial and Moral Thoughts. 204 pp. Jas. Cornish.
Hill's (Rev. M.) Sabbath Made for Man. Prize-Essay of Evang. Alliance. 503 pp. J. F. Shaw.
Hinds's (Bishop) Three Temples of the One God. 127 pp., 3rd edit. Jno. W. Parker & Son.
Hodgskin's (Thos.) Our Chief Crime: Cause and Cure. 26 pp. Groombridge & Sons.
Hodgskin's (Thos.) What shall we do with our Criminals. 32 pp. Groombridge & Sons.
Howitt's (Wm.) Tallangetta, the Squatter's Home: a Story of Australian Life. 2 vols. Longmans.
James's (G. P. R.) Leonora d'Orco: an Historical Romance. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.
Jewish Chronicle, for July. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.
Jews and Gentiles, or Mystery of Redemption. By M. A. E. C. 240 pp. Wertheim & Macintosh.
Johnson's (Geo. H. S., Dean of Wells) Sermons Preached in Wells Cathedral. 304 pp. Parker & Son.
Journal of Sacred Literature and Biblical Record. No. X. Alex. Heylin.
Literary Churchman. J. H. & J. Parker.
Lorimer Littlegood. Part I. Jas. Blackwood.
Mac Donald (Geo.) Poems. 395 pp. Longmans.
Mac Donald (Geo.) Within and Without: a Dramatic Poem. 193 pp. Longmans.
Macintosh's (Rev. D.) Altars and Hearths of Britannia: a Poem. 64 pp. Edinburgh: T. Grant.
New's (Rev. A. H.) Coronet and Cross: Memorials of Countess of Huntingdon. 429 pp. Partridge.
News of the Churches, for July. Edinburgh: Thos. Constable & Co.
Occasional Paper of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox.
Peace's (Wm.) Examination of Judgments in Knightsbridge Church Cases. 156 pp. Partridge & Co.
Revue Chrétienne: Recueil Mensuel. No. VII. Paris: Ch. Meyreuis & Cie.
Rigg's (Rev. Jas. H.) Modern Anglican Theology. 392 pp. Alex. Heylin.
Ruskin's (John, M.A.) Elements of Drawing. 350 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Shepherd's (Maria) Leaves from a Journal of Prison Visits. 111 pp. Ward & Co.
Stewart's (David W.) Family Prayers. 208 pp. Glasgow: David Bryce.
Tappan's (Dr. Henry P.) Treatise on the Will. 611 pp. Glasgow: Lang, Adamson, & Co.
Whitworth's (Mrs. Chas.) Two Lilies, or Pride and Humility. Manchester: Anderson & Son.
Winslow's (Dr. Forbes) Journal of Psychological Medicine. No. VII. Jno. Churchill.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1857.

ART. I.—ARAGO'S BIOGRAPHIES.

Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. By François Arago. Translated by Admiral W. H. Smyth, D.C.L., F.R.S., the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., and Robert Grant, M.A., F.R.S. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

SCIENTIFIC men are so prominently associated with the discovery of natural agencies and phenomena, and the promulgation of physical truths, that when reviewing their lives we are apt to forget their individual characters, and are comparatively indifferent to the manner in which they performed those duties common to every member of society. It is true that a class of special duties rise out of the pursuits in which a man is engaged, and we are so critical in our judgment of the manner in which they are performed as to be comparatively indifferent to his behaviour in the incidental positions of life, if the code of morals be not broken, and his character be unstained by selfishness and an indifference to the welfare of those who have a claim on his affections. If a man be a lover of natural science, we follow his wanderings, participate in his research, and revel in the scenery to which he introduces us, without inquiring whether he is employing his talents in the best way, or whether he may not be neglecting some imperative duty. If he be a physicist, we do not tire of watching his experiments, and when his calculations intimate the correctness of his conjectures relative to some physical law, or to its exhibition in a previously unobserved phenomenon, we participate in his joy without asking whether such a mind might not have been more usefully employed in the resolution of some great social question, or whether the

rectification of a public wrong-doing, or the establishment of a better principle of government in a prison, a poor-house, or a state, would not have been more honourable to him, and more beneficial to his neighbour.

The biographies of scientific men, however, are too often avoided by the reading public as though they were literary deserts where human affections can find no object for their sympathy. Research, discovery, and the applause of academics, we are told, engross the thoughts of the man of science, and separate him from the habits and feelings of his neighbours and kindred. His name is honourably associated with scientific journals and unintelligible pages of learned phraseology, mystic emblems, and cabalistic formulæ, but has no place in the discussion of social affairs and questions of political moment. If the popular notion of the history and character of eminent scientific men could be trusted, we might write a brief description applicable to them as a class. Poverty of birth, the opposition of parents, struggles for existence, seclusion from the world, accumulation of knowledge, great discoveries, renown, poverty, and a neglected grave,—such would be the table of contents descriptive of the lives of all. A scientific man in the opinion of the world is one who refuses to conform to the conventionalities of society, rejects its enticements, and is indifferent to its scorn,—one who lives out of the area of the amenities of life, too wise to be loved, too poor to be respected. Can he be thought capable of the ordinary pursuits of life who voluntarily abandons that hope of wealth which maddens the life of other men, and follows that which other men despise? We know a man of science who spends every night in looking through a strange combination of mirrors and lenses, constructed by his own hands, and is as anxious at his work as if all mankind had an irrepressible longing to explore the stellar spaces, and, like the unfortunate, were oppressed by the idea that some distant place might be found where they could shake off care and be happy. Till light stealthily creeps from the east, and covers the sky with an impenetrable luminosity, the enthusiastic observer keeps his vigil in the silence of the awful heavens, as once the watchful eye rested on the serene summit of Sinai before the cloud covered it, and the voice of God was heard. Another is seen playing with sunbeams, turning them through prisms, reflecting them from mirrors, watching their courses, measuring the angles of their incidence and refraction, breaking white light into coloured rays, and ensnaring them in the network of geometry. A third is more hazardously occupied in drawing towards him the active agency of a thunderstorm from a black, surcharged cloud, or extracting the same

potent force from drops of water, that he may discover the motive energies of nature, or apply them to some doubtful purpose which he considers an object of utility. What have such men to do with the engrossing interests of commerce, the jealousies of competition, the contentions of social politics, or the movements of the national will?

It is not our intention, at present, to discuss the compatibility of scientific pursuits and an active interest in, and performance of, social duties and commercial engagements, nor shall we long dwell upon the question, whether the possession of scientific knowledge is an impediment to the performance of those duties and services which the state has a right to demand of every citizen. The volume before us proves by examples, that it is possible to be eminently successful in the prosecution of science without neglecting the ordinary duties of life or the claims of country. Six of the nine celebrated men of science whose biographies are contained in this volume, were Frenchmen, living in the times of the Republic and Empire,—servants of the state, filling efficiently stations of public trust, and acting with more than average ability and self-denial. They were men who, while they pursued the most occult subjects of scientific research, were, for good or evil, foremost in the political movements of their age, lovers of freedom who suffered with their country, while they strove to protect her from anarchy by a prudent and courageous opposition to the lawless impatience and wrong-doing of a debased populace. A brief relation of some of the events in their lives will prove the accuracy of this assertion, and appropriately introduce a few remarks upon the progress, in their times, of at least one of the sciences they cultivated.

Silvain Bailly, the pupil and friend of the Abbé Lacaille, and a member of the French Academy of Sciences, is best known to the English public as the author of a voluminous history of astronomy, which, in spite of many fanciful and absurd hypotheses, and an omnivorous credulity, frequently allied with religious scepticism, has a merit sufficient to redeem in part its follies. His ability as a man of science was not more highly esteemed by his contemporaries, than his character as a politician; but as in one capacity he was loaded with honours, so in the other he suffered the unmitigated penalty of being the favourite of a fickle populace. It is a painful spectacle to see such a man drawn into the vortex of a sanguinary revolution, for his sympathies were with honourable and benevolent acts, and his ambition was confined to the distinctions he won by his intelligence and learning. When offered a decoration and title of nobility by the government of Louis XVI., he

made this proud reply: "I thank you, but he who has the honour of belonging to the three principal academies of France is sufficiently decorated,—sufficiently noble in the eyes of rational men; a cordon or a title could add nothing to him." This man, who was the son of the keeper of the king's pictures, valued his science and its honours more than the titles kings give; but he could refuse no invitation, whatever its danger, when society demanded his time. When Laplace, Lavoisier, Coulomb, and other members of the Academy of Sciences, were appointed to investigate the charges made against the administration of the Hôtel Dieu, the great hospital of Paris, Bailly was elected secretary to the commission; and a fitting choice it was, for he had a cool head, a warm heart, and a ready pen. With a stern and indignant energy he described the horrors of that lazaretto and slaughter-house, and by his successful struggle with the abuses he witnessed, proved how little the benevolent feelings had suffered from the severe exercise of the intellect in the application of mathematical science to astronomical phenomena. In the great hospital of Paris, which would have been pointed to as the evidence of the civilization of France, the diseased, the dying, and the dead were lying side by side, and in the small-pox ward, six men or eight children were packed in the same bed. Operations were performed in the presence of men who, in a similar condition, were only waiting the flight of a few hours or a few minutes to submit themselves to the same torture. The appeals of Bailly, aided by the tacit authority of the men of science with whom he was associated, at last lifted the arm of power, overcame the resistance of custom, held up to scorn the habitual insensibility to suffering, and established a decent and beneficent order in an institution which had before rather aggravated than relieved the sufferings of the diseased poor.

In the convocation of the States-General, Bailly took his seat as first deputy of Paris, and was afterwards elected president of the six hundred deputies of the communes. Not many days after the destruction of the Bastile, he was chosen mayor of Paris, and for two years filled that office under circumstances of pressing danger and difficulty. Thus was he brought to witness the dark deeds of *Sans-culottism*—that mad fury of an ignorant, suffering mob, which dragged Foulon, and Berthier from the hall of the Hôtel-de-Ville to the lamp-post, and with a lawless mockery of retribution compressed into the few last hours of their lives the agonies they had often inflicted on others in the lapse of years, and then with demoniacal yells and laughter rushed through the streets of fashionable and fastidious Paris, *to* expose the heads of their victims. Was it a strange thing

that, when the virtuous magistrate had become the jest of Marat, the hated of the populace, he should be robbed of his patrimony, and then driven to the bar of the infamous revolutionary tribunal, there to be condemned to death by the will of a people whom he had preserved from famine, and in all things served faithfully. It is not our present business to examine the charges brought against the Mayor of Paris, or to defend his character as a public administrator, but we may affirm, without controversy, that his love of science and successful pursuit of it, did not incapacitate him for the performance of public duties, destroy the love of rational liberty, nor diminish his influence and usefulness during a period of great national excitement and misfortune.

Joseph Fourier, another of the *savans* of France eulogized by Arago, was one of those gifted men who, in spite of adverse circumstances, have achieved for themselves that noble fortune —an illustrious name in science. Though born in a low rank of society, an orphan when eight years old, and indebted for his education to the charity of a convent of Benedictine monks, he raised himself to eminence by his mathematical knowledge, and to renown among men of science by his researches on the theory of heat. Had he spent his life in the study and the laboratory, his scientific labour and literary taste would have satisfied posterity that his genius had not lacked the encouragement of industry. His career as one of the professors of the newly established Polytechnic School had scarcely opened with a flattering hope of that scientific glory which among the most intelligent classes of France is coveted as the greatest good, when he was selected by Monge as one of the philosophers who were to accompany General Bonaparte to Egypt, and form an institute by which he had resolved to civilize the country he had in anticipation conquered. Though Egypt was not conquered the institute was formed, and Fourier was elected its perpetual secretary; but other labours were also assigned him, and he proved himself to be as efficient in the office of commissioner at the Divan of Cairo, as useful in the arrangement of treaties, and as skilful in diplomatic services, as he was eminent for his application of pure science and the investigation of physical problems. On his return to France, he was appointed Prefect of the department of l'Isere, and while his mind was occupied in the preparation of his "Théorie Mathématique de la Chaleur," a work of great originality and genius, he was also constructing roads, draining marshes, and effectively performing all the duties of a public administration. Fourier is thus exhibited as a man possessing in an eminent degree the capacity and tact which are the qualifications of a public officer, and in none of his labours does he more com-

pletely justify his claim to be regarded as a man of science, than in the direction of those works which converted a pestilent tract of country into a rich pasture, and made it a healthy residence for an industrious people.

Carnot, one of the judges of Louis XVI., and then successively a member of the Committee of Public Safety, Director of the armies of the Republic, a member of the National Convention, Minister of War, and Governor of Antwerp, is so unmistakably identified with the French Revolution, and is so often apparently associated with its most revolting atrocities, that one might hesitate to believe it possible he could at such a period, and with such work in hand, have occupied himself in the preparation of profound physico-mathematical papers. But his "Essay on Machines," his "Reflections on the Metaphysics of the Infinitesimal Calculus," and his publication on the "Geometry of Positions," give indisputable evidence of a scientific mind of high order. That he also possessed habits of business and eminent administrative powers, might be now regarded as a misfortune by those who are interested in his posthumous fame. His defence by Arago is an interesting contribution to the history of the revolutionary era. But while it is sufficient for our purpose to show that he did not find scientific research incompatible with the duties enforced by the acknowledged claim of his country on his time and talents, we do not doubt that his administration will be defended from many of the accusations made against it, if it can be proved that he acted up to the noble and magnanimous creed he professed when in exile: "Universal toleration" he said, "is the dogma which I decidedly profess. I abhor fanaticism, and I believe that the fanaticism of irreligion, brought into fashion by such men as Marat and Pere Duchêsne, is the most fatal of all. We must not kill men to force them to believe; we must not kill them to prevent their believing; let us compassionate the weaknesses of others, since every one has his own, and let us allow prejudices to wear away by time when we cannot obviate them by reason."

Malus did not occupy any prominent place as a politician, nor hold an office demanding the exercise of those qualities of mind most appreciated by men of business. In the School of Engineers at Mezières, he received his education; but the disorderly acts of the scholars caused the suppression of the establishment, and Malus, disappointed of his commission, joined the army as a volunteer. While working at the fortifications of Dunkirk, he attracted the attention of M. Lepère, the engineer, and through the interest of that gentleman, was received into the Polytechnic, where he passed his examinations with honour, and obtained his commission as a sub-lieutenant of

engineers. Soon after he had been promoted to the rank of captain, he embarked in the expedition to Egypt, and while there, had his full share of labour and suffering. When encamped at Cathièh, he composed a "Memoir on Light," the science he at a later period so greatly enriched, and we are curious to know how such an occupation of mind could be made consistent with his duties as a commanding officer in an enemy's country.

"There has recently been found among the family papers" says Arago, "a small bound book, in which Malus, when captain of engineers, and employed in the army of the East, traced day by day an abridged narrative of all the events of which he had been an eye-witness, or in which he had taken a direct part. These memoranda, which I have read with the greatest interest, and in which our fellow-labourer figures chiefly as a military man, seem to me to deserve a detailed analysis. I have resolved to lay it before you, were it only to prove once more, that profound knowledge and a scientific genius did not weaken either the zeal, the constancy, the courage, or the spirit of enterprise, which ought to distinguish an officer of the highest military qualities."

On his return to France, he presented to the Academy of Sciences, first, a "Treatise on Analytical Optics," and then a "Memoir on the Refractive Power of Opaque Bodies;" but these were unimportant contributions compared with the discovery of Polarization by Reflection, an observation and research which will rank with the most valued philosophical investigations of the nineteenth century.

Augustine Fresnel is another illustrious example of the combination of scientific genius with the ability and willingness to perform the ordinary duties of life, for he was a man who contributed largely to the true glory of his country by extending the boundaries of human knowledge, while he conscientiously performed with scrupulous exactness, the most trivial engagements of an inferior public appointment. When eight years of age he could not read, and his "memory refused almost absolutely to retain words from the moment they were detatched from a clear argument and displaced in arrangement." After completing his education in the Polytechnic School, he received the appointment of *ingénieur ordinaire* in the *Ponts et Chaussées*, and was stationed at Vendée, "To level small portions of road; to seek, in the countries placed under his superintendence, for beds of flint; to preside over the extraction of the materials; to see to their deposition on the road, or on the wheel-ruts; to execute here and there a bridge over the irrigation drains; to re-establish some metres of bank which the

torrent had carried away in its progress; to exercise principally an active surveillance over the contractors; to verify their accounts, to estimate scrupulously their works;—such were the duties, very useful, though not very lofty, not very scientific, which Fresnel had to fulfil during from eight to nine years in Vendée, in Drome, and in Ille et Vilaine." When Napoleon landed at Cannes in 1815, Fresnel, actuated by a sense of duty, joined the Royalist forces; but his feeble health was broken down by the hardships of the camp, and he returned to his residence at Nyons, amid the sneers and derisive shouts of the people. A few days later he was deprived of his office by the imperial government, and placed under the surveillance of the police. Having taken up his residence at Paris, he commenced that brilliant career of research which yielded one discovery after another in rapid succession, enlarging and systematizing the science of optics by the addition of new facts and correct data, and thus making his name famous in every country where knowledge is sought, and intellectual pursuits are honoured.

Laplace is another of the six eminent French *savans* whose Eloges are contained in this volume, and if we are unable to bring him prominently forward as an instance of the union of business habits with eminent scientific talents, or even if we should find that he was an exception to the dogma we have proved by other illustrious examples, and as Napoleon said, "carried into the art of government the principles of the infinitesimal calculus," we need not regret the fact. Mankind could well afford to give an almost unbroken leisure, and a freedom from the toils of material existence, to the author of the "Mécanique Céleste," the "Exposition du Système du Monde," and the "Théorie Analytique des Probabilités,"—works which a nation desired to reprint as the noblest monument it could produce in memory of its most profound philosopher and of its own glory. He surely might be excused from interference in the strife of parties, and the turmoil of revolutions, who was engaged in the production of works which will be an everlasting honour to France, and give her a place, higher than she deserved, among civilized nations, when the name of her idolized emperor fades from the page of history like the muster-rolls of the hundred thousand heroes who fell in the vain hope of accomplishing his ambitious projects. But even Laplace could not be excused from the cares of state when it was thought that the prestige of his name or his administrative ability could serve his country; to his honour it is recorded that his first act, on the evening the appointment to office as Minister of the Interior, was to of Dunkirk, the two thousand francs for the widow of the engineer, and through which was nobly granted by General received into the Polyt with honour, and obtain

Bonaparte, then First Consul, with an order that it should be paid half-yearly, in advance. But while we thus do honour to the motive and the act of the greatest geometer, and the greatest military commander, France has produced, let us not forget the still more noble generosity of M. Cousin, also a member of the Academy of Sciences, and a municipal councillor, who had previously obtained for the impoverished widow the allowance granted to the poor, and every week personally received the provisions allotted for her support, and carried them to her lodgings. Well might Arago say, "such noble actions are certainly worth good papers." The highest scientific attainments, whatever the world may say, are not drags upon the benevolent feelings, and in no degree hinder the exercise of the warmest affections of the heart, but inasmuch as the purity and activity of the moral powers are more excellent than the capacity and refinement of the intellect, so much more is the benevolent action of M. Cousin better than the best scientific paper. We can say but little of the manner in which Laplace performed his duties as Minister of the Interior, but we cannot forget the words he uttered in his last moments, for they contain a truth which, from his lips, if properly understood, would be of more worth to mankind than all he could have done as an active partisan of the Revolution, or as the minister of a nation: "What we know is little; what we are ignorant of is immense."

The lives of the three English philosophers, whose Memoirs are contained in this volume, are still more pleasing examples—from the absence of the military spirit — of the pursuit of science without impediment to the exercise of the domestic affections and social virtues, or to the performance of public duties.

William Herschel was one of the ten children of a musician living in Hanover, and was educated by his father for the same profession. By his eldest brother, Jacob, band-master in a Hanoverian regiment, he was brought to England. After suffering many disappointments and privations, he was appointed, by Lord Durham, band-master of an English regiment, quartered, it is said, on the borders of Scotland. His talent as a musician advanced his circumstances in life, and like many another poor youth, he probably seemed to himself richer in the advent of his fortune than when he had realized it. No longer harassed by unprovided daily wants, he devoted a portion of his increasing income and leisure to the study of languages, and the elements of science. A telescope at last came into his hands, and although he held the situation of organist at the Octagon Chapel in Bath, and his time was much occupied in private

teaching, and in public performances in concert and ball-rooms, he found time to use it, and the heavens were unsealed to him. In restless anxiety he sought for a larger instrument, and when his purse failed to meet the exorbitant demands of the optician, his poverty became his blessing, and his mechanical skill and optical knowledge supplied that which he could not purchase. A few years after this, William Herschel was exploring the heavens with a five-feet Newtonian telescope of his own construction. The time at last came, when by the patronage and pecuniary assistance of the king, he was able to abandon music as a profession, and to devote his study to astronomy, and then he rivalled the fame of Tycho himself as an observer; but his history, whether under the shade of misfortune, or in the full sunshine of prosperity, gives no instance of the incompatibility of an ardent pursuit of science and the ordinary engagements of life. Both, when he obtained the means of existence by his skill as a musician, and when by royal bounty he was freed from distracting labour and anxious thought, science occupied the principal place in his mind without causing a weak or inefficient performance of the common duties of life.

Of James Watt we need not speak, for his fame is founded on the eminently practical and useful application of his scientific studies.

Thomas Young, the only other English philosopher whose biography has a place in this volume, was in his youth master of seven languages, and in after life he acquainted himself with the literatures of the nations who used them. He was a musician, and played many instruments; he possessed a critical knowledge of art; he was a mathematician, a man of science, and an interpreter of Egyptian hieroglyphics; he was the secretary of the Board of Longitude, a successful investigator of optical phenomena, and a voluminous writer. Yet this man, whose name is imperishably associated with optical science, by the discovery of Interference, was a physician, taking a place in the most courtly society, and fully enjoying the pleasures, and performing the duties of life.

Such were the men whose biographies have been written by Arago, as Eloges for the French Academy of Sciences, of which they were members. They were so eminent in their several departments, and were the authors of so many discoveries, that if we were to detail and explain the results of their researches, we could not fail to give an abstract of the progress, during their lives, of the sciences of astronomy and optics, in one of which all of them, except Carnot, Fourier, and Watt, were principally engaged. We are conscious how inefficiently this would be done in the narrow limits assigned to our review

of Arago's "Biographies," but to form any opinion, approaching to correctness, of their services to science, such an historical outline is necessary. We select the science of astronomy as an example.

For half a century after the publication of the "Principia," nothing was done either in England or on the Continent, to extend the application of the theory of gravitation to uninvestigated astronomical phenomena. The style of the book was too unique, and its demand for educated and thoughtful readers too imperative, to admit of its circulation among the most intelligent unscholastic readers; and those English mathematicians who were able to understand it, perceived that the author had nearly exhausted his method of research. The "Principia" was published in 1687, and the philosophy it announced was at once accepted by all the most eminent men of science in England and Scotland. The Newtonian theory of gravitation was taught by James Gregory at St. Andrew's, by Samuel Clarke at Cambridge, and by Dr. Keil at Oxford, and yet while Britain enjoyed a light which other European nations refused to receive, little or nothing was done to use it for the explanation of the celestial phenomena not investigated by Newton himself. "If Cote had lived," said Sir Isaac, "we should have known something," but we doubt whether there would have been much less reason to deplore the stagnation of mathematical science in England in the age when the French and German philosophers were distinguishing themselves in pure analytics, if the author of "Harmonia Mensurarum" had lived to the full term of human existence. There was no want of power among the mathematicians, as the works of Gregory, Saunderson, Brook Taylor, Emerson, M'Laurin, Simpson, and others prove, but they were ignorant of the progress of pure analytics, and in their admiration of the mighty scheme of celestial mechanics taught in the "Principia," weakness seemed to them preferable to temerity,—they feared the fate of the adventurous god who dared to mount the chariot of Apollo. The unseemly dispute between the English and Continental mathematicians upon the rival claims of Newton and Leibnitz to the right of priority in the discovery of the principle of fluxions and the differential calculus, had so completely isolated our philosophers from their brethren, that while in France and Germany the power and applications of the calculus were daily increased, the English adhered strictly—perhaps with the national pertinacity—to Newton's method and notation, and practically assumed the impossibility of doing better or more than their great master. Thus, while our countrymen were boasting of the laurels won by a native conqueror, the bold

intellect of other nations was extending the means of scientific research, and preparing for new explorations in the dominion of Almighty creative power.

On the Continent, science was in a totally different state. The minds of men were there pre-occupied with the speculations of Descartes,—they were like children ashamed of their infant toys, and afraid of more manly games. Another generation was necessary for the unprejudiced investigation of a theory antagonistic to their preconceived opinions and adopted hypotheses. The Newtonian philosophy was unanimously condemned and banished by Huygens, Leibnitz, and John Bernoulli; by Cassini, Maraldi, and the other eminent mathematicians, who, by the cultivation of the infinitesimal analysis, prepared the very instrument of research, and method of investigation, which at a later period gave it an uncontestable authority, and demonstrated, not only its sufficiency for the explanation of every celestial phenomenon, but its power to discover the existence of motions which observation had not revealed. Maupertius was the first French philosopher, who, after an examination of the claims of the contending theories of Descartes and Newton, declared himself a disciple of the latter. This he did in a communication to the Academy in 1732. But the popular acceptance of the theory of gravitation in France is to be traced to the authority of Voltaire, who explained its principles in a lively essay which found many readers among the educated unscientific classes.

In 1745, eighteen years after the death of Newton, and fifty-eight years after the publication of the "Principia," Euler recommenced the study of physical astronomy by an analytical investigation of the perturbations of the moon, and in the following year he published his first lunar tables. This date is especially worthy of notice, because it gives the honour of solving the problem of three bodies to the man who, above all others, was most worthy, whether we judge him by the originality of his genius, or by his peaceful devotion of spirit, to receive the mantle and be the immediate successor of Newton. The question which Leonard Euler, the pupil be it remembered of James Bernoulli, proposed to himself, was one which the discoverer of the laws of gravitation had not discussed—which his geometry could not solve. Newton had demonstrated the mutual attraction of two bodies. He had proved, by a sublime geometry of his own, that a body projected in space within the attraction of a central force, revolves in a closed curve, and that the form of orbit is determined by the position of the body in relation to the force and the velocity of projection, and that the magnitude and form of the orbit is calculable. He who

announced that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle, with a force varying inversely as the square of the distance, and directly as the mass, was not ignorant of, or indifferent to, the mutual attraction between the planetary bodies; nor did he fail to calculate the influence of subordinate attractive forces in disturbing the action of the solar force on planetary motions, or the perturbing power of the sun upon the orbits of the satellites. He clearly perceived that planetary attractions would account for the otherwise inexplicable irregularities in the motion of the moon, and some of the perturbations of that body he calculated. But he stood in need of a more searching instrument of analysis than his own geometry supplied, to calculate the amount of disturbance produced by the planets upon each other. It was Euler who commenced that profound investigation which involved the existence of three or more forces, and which will not be complete till every phenomenon is explained, and a perpetuity of mutations is revealed in every celestial phenomenon as the consequence of an invariable law.

While the intelligent classes in France adopted the Newtonian theory upon the dictum of the philosopher of Ferney, the Academy of Sciences was probably more influenced by the researches of Euler than by the opinion of Voltaire, in proposing, as the subject of a prize essay for 1748, the discussion of the irregularities of Jupiter and Saturn, with a view to the discovery whether the theory of gravitation could account for the irregularities in their motions. The perturbations in these two important members of the solar system were justly considered necessarily greater than the irregularities of other planetary bodies, excepting the moon. In the motions of the smaller planets there are perturbations which observation failed to detect till their existence had been discovered by calculation; but the irregularities of Jupiter and Saturn had been long known. In 1625, Kepler pointed out a want of coincidence between the observed and calculated places of these planets, the mean motion of Jupiter being by the tables too slow, and of Saturn too quick. Halley estimated the acceleration of Jupiter at 3° 49′ in a period of 2,000 years, and the retardation of Saturn at 9° 16′ in the same period, and attributed these effects to the mutual attraction of the planets. The selection of these two bodies for examination by analytical processes was therefore judicious, as the truth of the theory of gravitation could not by any other problem be more fairly tested than by its ability to explain the irregularities of their motions.

Clairaut and D'Alembert, the two most profound geometers of France, became competitors for the prize of the Academy,

and delivered their memoirs to the secretary before the appointed time, fearing their researches might be anticipated by Euler. It happened according to their fears, in spite of their precautions, and Euler's essay was crowned. By each of the three geometers, the problem of the three bodies was solved by the infinitesimal analysis; but they all failed to explain the irregularities in the two superior planets, and Euler did not hesitate to assert that they were not caused by the mutual attraction of the planets. But, at the same time, this profound mathematician exhibited with clearness the analytical theory of planetary perturbations, and discovered periodical inequalities in the motions of both bodies.

After Clairaut had explained the motion of the moon's apogee by a correct computation of the lunar perturbations, there was a greater confidence in the applicability of the theory of gravitation to the resolution of celestial phenomena; and the Academy, undismayed by previous failure, proposed the theory of Jupiter and Saturn as the subject of a prize for the year 1752. Euler was again the successful competitor; but he could not discover the origin of the observed inequalities of motion. He found secular equations in the mean motions of both planets, but they were equal and additive. Four years later, he presented to the Academy another memoir on the same subject, distinguished by depth of thought, vivid perception, ingenuity of reasoning, and of indisputable value to science; but the author failed to connect the observed irregularities in the motions of Jupiter and Saturn with their mutual attraction. In 1763, the subject attracted the attention of Lagrange, and he presented a memoir to the Academy of Sciences at Turin. Applying a new solution of the problem of three bodies to the theory of Jupiter and Saturn, he obtained a secular equation of $14'' 221$ subtractive from the mean motion of Saturn, and one of $2'' 740$ additive for Jupiter. This was a nearer approximation to the result of observation than had been before obtained; and though it did not prove that the observed irregularities were caused by the mutual attraction of the bodies, it made men hesitate to adopt the conclusion of Euler, that gravitation could not, in this instance, explain the difference between calculation and measurement. Euler had obtained one result, Lagrange another, and Laplace was now induced to enter upon the investigation, but probably with no higher view than that of a man who solves a question his own way, to test the accuracy of two calculators who have given different answers to the same problem. But, unambitious as the object may have been which led him to commence this investigation, it resulted in the discovery of one of those important generic truths with which

the illustrious geometer on several occasions enriched science. The fact announced was that, from the earliest historic age, there had been no sensible alteration in the mean motions of any of the planets.

When a period of five-and-twenty years from the date of the first selection of the subject by the Academy of Sciences had passed away, the great problem of the origin of the inequalities in the motion of Jupiter and Saturn was unsolved. The perturbations of the planets had been rigorously calculated, the theory of gravitation had been triumphantly established, and the stability of the solar system had been demonstrated; but it was still unknown why the calculated places of the two superior planets differed from the observed. It had hitherto been supposed that the mean motion of Jupiter had been always accelerated, and that of Saturn as constantly retarded; but, about this time, Lambert discovered astronomical records which proved that opposite effects had been observed,—that the motion of Jupiter was once retarded, and of Saturn accelerated. This historic evidence of the periodicity of the irregularities in the motion of these bodies re-assured the investigators, for while it banished the idea of the possible indefinite increase of the disturbance—a certain cause of ultimate disunion—it convinced them of the existence of a compensating force and restitution of conditions. Examination followed the announcement of this important fact, and Lagrange discovered "that the mutual attraction of the principal planets cannot produce any sensible alteration in their mean motions,"—any inequality of a secular character. This limited the inquiry to the existence of a periodic inequality of long duration. Such was the state of the problem when Laplace again attacked it, and closed an important investigation which had indirectly added much to the progress of physical astronomy, by a solution of every difficulty. The irregularities of the two planets, which formerly appeared inexplicable by the law of universal gravitation, then became, as the astronomer himself said, one of its most striking proofs. The process by which he arrived at the conclusion we can scarcely hope to explain, and the relations which establish the periodicity cannot be better stated than in the words of Arago:—

"Mathematical analysis has not served to represent in finite terms the values of the derangements which each planet experiences in its movement from the action of all the other planets. In the present state of science, this value is exhibited in the form of an indefinite series of terms, diminishing rapidly in magnitude. In calculation, it is usual to neglect such of those terms as correspond, in the order of magnitude, to quantities beneath the errors of observation. But

there are cases in which the order of the term in the series does not decide whether it be small or great. Certain numerical relations between the primitive elements of the disturbing and disturbed planets may impart sensible values to terms which usually admit of being neglected. This case occurs in the perturbations of Saturn produced by Jupiter, and in those of Jupiter produced by Saturn: There exists, between the mean motions of these two great planets, a simple relation of commensurability—five times the mean motion of Saturn being, in fact, very nearly equal to twice the mean motion of Jupiter. It happens, in consequence, that certain terms, which would otherwise be very small, acquire from this circumstance considerable values. Hence arise, in the movements of these two planets, inequalities of long duration, which require more than 900 years for their complete development, and which represent, with marvellous accuracy, all the irregularities disclosed by observation.

"Is it not astonishing to find in the commensurability of the mean motions of two planets, a cause of perturbation of so influential a nature? to discover that the definitive solution of an immense difficulty—which baffled the genius of Euler, and which even led persons to doubt whether the theory of gravitation was capable of accounting for all the phenomena of the heavens—should depend upon the fortuitous circumstance of five times the mean motion of Saturn being equal to twice the mean motion of Jupiter? The beauty of the conception and the ultimate result are here equally worthy of admiration."

While a few men among the most intelligent of their species were expending their intellectual strength in the examination of an irregularity of motion in the celestial mechanics, the worlds rolled on in their courses, constant even in their irregularities, neither weakened by age nor retarded by wear. But of the ambitious mortals who had been prying into the origin and probable duration of the motions of the mighty orbs, and constructing formulæ and tables for the determination of their places in times past and present, nearly all had finished their course and slept with their fathers. Clairaut had been dead nearly twenty years when Laplace published his last paper on the inequalities of Jupiter and Saturn, and Euler and D'Alembert died the year before. Another race of thinkers had risen to occupy the place of the illustrious dead; youth in its vigour had supplanted imbecile age, and Herschel, telescope in hand, beckoned forward by science, had commenced that grand celestial survey which has made his name so famous among living men, and will transmit it with his researches to future times.

The discovery of so many perturbations from mutual attractions, necessarily suggested a suspicion whether the stability of the solar system might not be ultimately endangered by them.

Newton, perceiving the numerous irregularities of motion consequent to universal gravitation — the increase of one velocity and the diminution of another, the change of distances, orbits, and inclinations — might well doubt the stability of a system under the influence of such an apparent complication of forces, and feel the necessity of an Almighty hand to re-arrange or restore order. What was there to assure the mind that the moon would not at some future time fall to the earth, and that one planet would not rush in giddy whirl into some new and unconceived orbit, while its neighbour, leaving its accustomed path, dropped to the sun. These were the doubts suggested by the possibility of disorder from the existence of apparently antagonistic forces. Periodic variations complete in given cycles were known; but there were also secular inequalities or, in other words, disturbances which continued to increase for ages, having no apparent relation to the times of revolution. Lagrange did much to remove the anticipation of the future total dismemberment and overthrow of the system, when he proved the mean distances of the planets to be constant, and the compensation of inequalities in limited periods, so that while a multitude of changes are effected, the preservation of the mean distance is sure. Though we are creatures of time, and every year more sensible of the fleeting character of our terrestrial existence, — though we are surrounded by objects mutable in condition and form, and are conscious that in a few years we shall cease to have an interest in anything that is done under the sun,—our minds cling gratefully to the assurance that, in the physical condition of the solar system at least, there is strength and perpetuity. We are not the inhabitants of an abandoned world! The continuance of its conditions are guaranteed by mutual attractions which, under other arrangements, might have broken up the combination. The planetary year is fixed, and the permanence of physical conditions is sure. Nature reiterates the Divine promise, "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

When Laplace read, from the symbols he used, the history of the solar system, and prophesied its future, a serious uninstructed mind might have doubted whether he was not presumptuously approaching too near the verge which separates human knowledge from the secret things of God. But of the knowledge of "things seen and temporal" it has never been said "thus far shalt thou go but no farther." The glory of the Creator in the universe was partially unveiled when the human intellect discovered that the stability of the system does not depend upon those simple mechanical arrangements which a

mathematician would have suggested as the most probable means of balancing forces, governing velocities, and providing an equipoise for weights. The unbroken constancy and permanence of the motions do not result from the simplest possible arrangement of the bodies, such as that suggested by Aristotle, who imagined them moving in concentric circular orbits on the same plane. The existing arrangement is one human research could not have discovered. The combinations which give stability to the solar system, establish the physical conditions of the several bodies, and, in our world, regulate the diffusion of light, the range of temperature, climate, seasons, and the distribution of land and water.

It was a bold, but not unauthorized assertion of the great geometer that whatever might be the relative masses of the planets, their eccentricities and inclinations, if small, would always remain small, supposing them to revolve round the sun in the same direction. The immense mass of the central body controls every motion, and preserves order amongst the attendant worlds, in spite of all elements of disturbance. The force of gravitation acting between the lesser bodies produces irregularities, but the sun limits and controls them. One law governs the whole system, and the apparent struggles to escape from it are the effects of its operation in other directions. We perceive no evidence of decay,—no element of permanent distubance. The elliptical orbits of the planetary bodies change in form, and their planes oscillate, but the major axes are subject to only small periodic variations. It is a philosophy as consistent with the Divine attributes as it is honourable to the intelligence of man, which teaches that the motion of the sun and planets in the same direction, the slight eccentricities and inclinations of the planetary orbits, and the breaking up, if we may so speak, of the vast combination of worlds into secondary systems, consisting of planets and satellites, exclude the possibility of new physical conditions arising from a derangement of the system. Whatever may be the future changes of the whole or of a part, they will result from external agencies, or the direct exercise of the Almighty power.

We may close these remarks in the words Fourier used in his Memoir of Laplace:—

"Nature keeps in reserve conservative forces which are always present, and act the instant the distubance commences, and with a force increasing with the necessity of calling in their assistance. This preservative power is found in every part of the universe. The form of the great planetary orbits and their inclinations vary in the course of ages, but these changes have their limits. The principal dimensions continue to exist, and the immense assemblage of

celestial bodies oscillates round a mean condition of the system towards which it is always drawn back. Everything is arranged for order, perpetuity, and harmony."

We have already incidentally mentioned the lunar theory as a subject of early research. Numerous perturbations of the moon long continued to be unexplained phenomena. After many tedious investigations and efforts to reconcile theory and observation, so as to make the one the expositor of the other, the task seemed so impossible of completion that it was by many thought more reasonable to doubt the existence of gravitation as the cause of those phenomena, than that the calculus was wanting in power, or the analyst in skill. In the investigation of this important branch of physical astronomy, Laplace was eminently successful.

By a comparison of ancient and modern observation, Halley discovered an irregularity in the mean motion of the moon, giving an increase from the first recorded observation to the last. Since the time of the Babylonian astronomers, this small increase has become a very appreciable quantity, and if an eclipse of the moon, which happened 3,000 years ago, were calculated by modern tables, the event would appear to have happened considerably earlier than the recorded time. After the examination of several antecedent observations, Dunthorne calculated the acceleration from the year 1700, to be 16″ of longitude in a century, but Lalande reduced the quantity to 10″. For the discovery of such a minute difference, a comparison of recent with the most ancient observations is necessary, but the acceleration, small as it is, is sufficient, if unlimited, to ultimately destroy the balance between the earth and the moon, and introduce an element of disorder into the system. Euler investigated the origin of this disturbance, and upon a review of his labours said, "There is not one of the equations about which any uncertainty prevails; and now it appears to be established by indisputable evidence, that the secular inequality in the moon's mean motion cannot be produced by the force of gravitation." Lagrange was not more successful in his attempt to solve the enigma; and how hopeless he thought any future research, we may gather from his advice, "the data are doubtful: reject the inequality altogether." Laplace made many trials and often took the wrong path before he was able to say, "I have found it;" but now it is found, how simple and satisfactory is the explanation! The sun by its attraction has a tendency to diminish the force of gravity between the earth and its satellite; and, therefore, if the solar attraction be variable, it will quicken or retard the angular velocity of the moon. Now, the eccentricity of the earth's

orbit has, from the time of the earliest astronomical observation, been decreasing, and as the perturbing force of the sun is inversely as the cube of the distance, the moon's motion has been accelerated, This acceleration, however, has a limit, and the catastrophe once thought to be so certainly in the womb of time—the fall of the moon to the earth—will not happen; for when the eccentricity of the earth's orbit has attained its minimum, a retardation of the moon's mean motion will commence. This secular inequality is, therefore, one in which alternate effects are produced, each occupying periods of vast duration, and is as certain a measurer of time as the vibrations of a pendulum; but how august is the fact of the existence of such a chronometer!

We might proceed to explain how Laplace successfully investigated other lunar inequalities, tracing two of them to the spheroidal figure of the earth; how he detected an exact commensurability in the periods of some of Jupiter's satellites, and entered into a profound investigation of the theory of tides. These labours he completed, and after adding so much to science by original investigations, he entertained the idea of collecting together the researches of his predecessors and contemporaries, and of writing a system of philosophy founded on the theory of gravitation, employing a uniform method of analysis. He lived to realize the noble conception. The "Traité de Mécanique Céleste" is one of the most valued efforts of genius, a prodigy of human industry, admitting comparison with the noblest intellectual efforts of the race. In this work, the author brings before us the relations and mutual dependences of material creation, draws the picture of a system of worlds, mighty in its dimensions, but more grand in its simplicity, and adduces evidences of its unity more difficult to conceive than its extension.

But we cannot speak of the progress of physical astronomy in that remarkable age in which the intellectual vigour of France was pre-eminently developed, without associating the name of Lagrange with that of Laplace. These two eminent mathematicians were often occupied with the same subject, and announced the same truth obtained by different processes. We follow them, step by step, in their researches, uncertain to whom pre-eminence should be given. Both labour in the same field, and when they do not make the same discovery by following different paths, each so much enlarges our conception of the vast region to be explored, and supplies so many facilities for following his investigation, or for commencing an independent inquiry, that we lose sight of the possibility of a rivalry in honour. Lagrange possessed a complete command of the

calculus, and was distinguished by the grandeur of his design, the abstract form in which he presented it, and the unity of means by which he attained his object. In the "Mécanique Analytic" he follows his subject through all its phases from a single principle, and completes his work, if we may so speak, with the same tool. The term, elegance, may be thought an unsuitable description of a mathematical calculation, but if symmetry of design, and simplicity of action, be deserving that name, it may be applied to the investigations of Lagrange. Laplace excelled Lagrange as much in the adaptation of the calculus to the discovery of causes, and, if we may so speak, in the limitation of his potent instrument to the subject of investigation, as Lagrange excelled him in the generalization and elegance of his analysis; but any comparison of one with the other would be impossible if each were not eminent in the quality for which the other is pre-eminent. They were both inferior to Newton in originality of thought, and that power of conception which seems like intuition. Lagrange was accustomed to say, "Newton was the greatest genius that ever lived, and the most fortunate: we do not find more than once a system of the world to establish." And Laplace probably felt how much less would have been left for him to discover if the great master of science had possessed his means of investigation, when he wrote the high encomium which nothing but a consciousness of its strict truthfulness could have drawn from his pen: "The imperfection of the infinitesimal calculus, when first discovered, did not allow Newton to resolve completely the difficult problems which the system of the world offers, and he was often compelled to give mere hints, which are always uncertain until they are confirmed by a rigorous analysis. Notwithstanding these unavoidable defects, the number and generality of his discoveries relative to this system, and many of the most interesting points of the physico-mathematical sciences, the multitude of original and profound views, which have been the germ of the most brilliant theories of the geometers of the last century, all of which were presented with much elegance, will assure to the 'Principia' a pre-eminence above all the other productions of the human intellect."

While the Continental astronomers were laboriously prosecuting the science of celestial mechanics, the English astronomers were improving the instruments of observation, measuring the planets, speculating upon their physical structure, tracing the orbits of comets, sweeping the heaven of fixed stars, resolving nebulæ, and gauging the depths of the firmament. The men who were thus occupied, had acquired pre-eminent skill as observers, but they also possessed extraordinary powers

as interpreters of nature, and while following the leadings of science under the guidance of the inductive philosophy, obtained such a glimpse of the boundless magnitude of the universe, of the innumerable multitude of suns, literally as numberless as the sands on a sea-shore, and of the incomprehensible glory of God in his creation, as reduced man and all his works to their native littleness, but confirmed the human spirit, so bright in its intelligence, so clear in its anticipations of immortality, in its commanding elevation above all physical and material existence. As the labours of Lagrange and Laplace in France have guided us in following the progress of physical astronomy, so the observations and researches of Bradley and William Herschel in England, the former as an instrumental, the latter as a telescopic observer, represent the advance of that practical acquaintance with the heavens upon which all astronomical knowledge depends. Although the fame of Bradley was established by the discovery of Aberration and Nutation, we are scarcely less indebted to him for invaluable improvements in astronomical instruments, and that vast series of observation which the illustrious Bessel so admirably used in his research upon the motion of the solar system in space. It is not, however, of him or of his labours that we have now to speak, but of Herschel, that admirable practical astronomer, who having communicated his first scientific memoir to the Royal Society, in the fortieth year of his age, continued for thirty-nine consecutive years to enrich the pages of the "Philosophical Transactions" with his labours, and while he rivalled in honour his great contemporaries Euler, Lagrange, and Laplace, lived like them to an advanced age, in possession of all his faculties, and with undiminished interest in scientific pursuits.

When Herschel commenced his career as an observer, astronomers had nearly completed their survey of that vast region of the solar system lying within the orbit of Jupiter. If we except the asteroids, every planetary body within that space had been then discovered, and little, comparatively, remained to be done beyond the confirmation or correction of previous observations and hypotheses. There can be no better proof of the minuteness and care with which previous astronomers had investigated the forms, orbits, revolutions, and intimations of the physical conditions of these bodies, than his inability to make any large addition to the knowledge they had acquired. If we except his examination of the ellipticity and physical state of the planet Mars, of the satellites of Jupiter, and of the solar spots, there is little in his survey of this portion of the heavens to demand especial notice. But when we pass beyond it into that more distant region little known to the ancient

astronomers, we begin to appreciate the value of such a guide; and the farther we advance in space the more clear are the evidences of his power to use with skill the telescopes he constructed, to apply them to right purposes, and to explore intellectually, as well as visually, the crowded firmament. Cassini had discovered two bands upon the disk of the planet Saturn parallel to the plane of its ring, but in his mind the fact was barren. Herschel directed his telescope to the same object, and discovered the rotatory motion of the planet on an axis perpendicular to the plane of the ring.

Saturn and its appendage sadly perplexed Galileo, and their true connexion was unknown till Huygens announced, "The planet is surrounded by a slender flat ring, everywhere distinct from its surface, and inclined to the ecliptic." Herschel turned his magnificent instrument to this curiously constituted body, and he found two rings, having a rotatory motion round the planets, of immense diameter, and of such an inconsiderable thickness, that we can only represent the relative dimensions by a ring nine inches in diameter cut out of writing paper. Five satellites had been discovered—one by Huygens, four by Cassini. Herschel, with his forty-feet telescope, found two others. This, as was reasonably supposed, completed the system; but in our own day, an eighth was simultaneously discovered in that disproportionately wide space between the fourth and fifth satellites, by Mr. Lassell in England, and Mr. Bond in America. The planet Uranus and its six satellites were added to our representations of the solar system by this extraordinary man; and it is a curious fact that for more than half a century the existence of the moons was only known upon his testimony, for they had not been seen by any other astronomer. The perturbations of this planet, whose presence Herschel detected among a host of other bodies, from which it could not be distinguished by a less practised eye, or a mind of less sagacity, have in our own day led to the discovery of a planet still more distant.

We must now watch the astronomer of Slough while he is sweeping the heavens with his gigantic telescopes, gauging the depths of space, assigning a form to the combination of innumerable stars, and describing the motion of systems. Although the stars visible to the naked eye are not many thousands, the number is greatly increased by a small telescope, and with every addition to the illuminating and magnifying powers the number revealed increases at so large a ratio as to leave the imagination far below the reality. When Galileo's little tube came into the hands of his contemporaries they found that the star sphere was no longer a canopy of gems not too numerous to deck the

throne of an eastern potentate, but an unlimited space, containing, so far as man's capacity of observation is concerned, an infinite number of worlds. One of the first discoveries made by the telescope was, that some objects which appear to be single stars, consist of two stars so near to each other as to appear but one. When Herschel commenced his examination of these bodies, hoping to measure a parallax, a considerable number had beeen discovered, but of the 269, described in his first catalogue, little more than forty had been previously observed. It was at this time that Mitchell pointed out the strong probability of a physical connexion between the two members of a double star, and of their forming a binary system, bound together by the force of gravity, one body revolving round the other in a period which might be measured. The correctness of this conjecture Herschel demonstrated twenty years after it had been announced, for in that period the positions of many of the stars had changed sufficiently to permit an approximate estimate of the period of revolution, and in one instance the revolution had been completed. Thus it was demonstrated that gravitation binds together in the same chain of cause and effect the most distant globes, and acts as a universal force upon matter, whether in the body of the sun or in a fixed star.

When the great astronomer passes beyond the limit where his telescope gives a correct definition, the imagination is excited, and though he never loses *his* hold of the hand of science, those who follow him are apt to take a more adventurous flight, and forget the necessity of a guide in those dim realms of space where they seem to be looking from a distance into the laboratory of world. The telescope is no sooner in the hands of an intelligent observer but he discovers, apparently floating in space, many nebulous forms—cloud-like extensions—which, but for their permanence of place, might be thought travellers through the upper strata of the earth's atmosphere; but if, when the eye has been for a time fixed on one of those cloudy spots, an instrument of higher power be used, the dim mass and indefinite outline is broken into thousands of brilliant spots, as perfect in their stellar forms as those which stud the heavens every cloudless night, and he feels as one would, who, in perfect consciousness, closed his eyes upon a mist, and raised them to look into a serene hemisphere of stars. Guided by the imperfect observations of his predecessors upon a few of these nebulous forms, not exceeding 150, Herschel, with his noble instruments, commenced his observations, and in a few years catalogued 2,500. But with him the investigation was not confined to the labour of collecting,—of cataloguing as many as

possible; but he did this to satisfy the more intellectual desire of classification preparatory to a theoretical explanation of their several conditions. The idea of comparison between the genesis and progressive development of organic structures, and the formation of worlds, oppressed his mind, and led him to the assumption of an hypothesis which for a time was accepted by men of science, but which, like every other effort of man to construct a cosmogony, was but an imagination. He thought that he looked into the vast capacity of space where there was nothing but luminous nebulous matter, —he looked again, and it was broken up, condensing round centres in all those stages of formation which must intervene between a purely nebulous extension and a perfect world rotating on its axis and revolving in a fixed orbit. But another astronomer has come with a still larger instrument, and the phantom vision has faded away. That which was in Herschel's telescope a luminous nebulous matter, has been resolved by Rosse into millions of stars, and all men now believe that if instruments still more powerful resolved the nebulæ which still remain in cloudiness, they would reveal others more distant. Vast, beyond all conception, is this visible universe. The light of the nearest fixed star is travelling three years in space before it reaches the earth. We see a star of the sixth magnitude as it was thirty-six years ago; the light of the most distant star visible in Herschel's forty-feet telescope was nearly 7,000 years on its journey, and Lord Rosse's six-feet telescope exhibits rays which for more than 10,000 years have been flying through space with a velocity of 192,000 miles in a second. We may well exclaim, after the contemplation of such facts "O Lord! what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of the man that thou visitest him." But it was man who discovered them.

We might follow farther the steps of the great astronomical observer of the eighteenth century; but we have said enough to indicate the state of the science as it was left by Laplace and Herschel. To the masterly biographies in the volume before us we refer our readers for further information, and whether they examine them simply as records of the power of mind in difficult investigations, or as disquisitions upon the progress of science, they cannot fail to be amply repaid for the time they expend upon them.

Art. II.—SARDINIA: ITS PHYSICAL AND POLITICAL HISTORY.

1. *Sketch of the Present State of the Island of Sardinia.* By W. H. Smyth. 8vo. London: Murray. 1828.
2. *Voyage en Sardaigne.* Par A. de la Marmora. 8vo. Paris. 1839—40.
3. *Cenni sulle Condizioni Attuali della Sardegna.* — Carbonazzi e Bernardi. 8vo. Torino. 1849.
4. *Compendio della Storia di Sardegna.* — Pietro Martini. 12mo. Cagliari. 1853.
5. *Cenni sulla Constituzione Metallifera della Sardegna.* — Baldracco. 8vo. Torino. 1854.
6. *Six Semaines dans l'Isle de Sardaigne.* Par Edouard Delessert. 12mo. Paris. 1855.
7. *Delle Supreme Necessità della Sardegna.* — Jacopo Virgilio. 12mo. Torino. 1857.

By what singular peculiarity of the human mind are we to account for the propensity of nearly all commercial nations to turn aside from the fields of enterprise which lie immediately at their own doors? This question has been strongly impressed upon ourselves in consequence of some visits lately made to one of the less frequently visited parts of Spain, and to the Island of Sardinia; and as our present government has incurred a considerable outlay for the purpose of opening up traffic with the interior of Africa, or with Japan, we have almost involuntarily been driven to ask, why the places we ourselves have so examined, situated as they are close to our own shores, or in the direct high-road of our commerce, have been treated with total neglect? Really, we can discover no other reason than the mere fact of the patent advantages of the places referred to. That which we can have easily, we too often undervalue; and we English especially, are too much inclined to take "omne ignotum pro magnifico." So at least do we explain the general ignorance with respect to the marvellous regions it has been our own good fortune recently to inspect. Our principal object now is, to direct public attention to an extremely interesting country, which offers a field for commercial enterprise of the most remarkable fertility; and thus at the same time to endeavour to advance the interests of our own countrymen, and those of the citizens of the noblest and most enlightened government of modern Italy.

As any one may perceive who looks at a good set of maps, the island of Sardinia is one of the largest islands of the Medi-

terranean. Its extreme northern point is the Promontorio del Falcone, in latitude 41° 15′ 42″; its southern point is the Capo Teulada, in 38° 51′ 53″. Cape Comino is the eastern extremity, and is situated in longitude (west of Paris) 7° 30′ 06″; and Capo Argenteria, in longitude (west of Paris) 5° 48′ 16″, constitutes the western extremity. The length from the Promontorio del Falcone, to the Capo Teulada, is about 144½ geographical miles; the distance between Capes Comino and Argenteria is 77½ miles; the development of the shores of the island is about 793 geographical miles (of 60 to the degree); and its area is about 6,975 square miles.

In the southern part of the island the principal direction of the mountain chains is from north to south; but about the middle, the mountains Del Marghine branch off from the ridge of the Goceano almost at right angles, and in the northern division the axis of the mountains has a general direction nearly east and west. The geological character of Sardinia is very curious; and although it has been studied carefully by several eminent observers, we suspect that much has still to be learned with respect to the modifications produced upon the earlier strata by the more recent plutonic action. Towards the south-east, the formations are mostly of the early secondary series, but they are covered in some places by immense tertiary deposits, and have been strangely modified by an upheaval of trachytic rocks. Towards the north, the prevailing character of the geology is volcanic, and there are numerous traces of very recent eruptions; extinct craters—immense sheets of lava and basalt—are to be found over the face of the country, and the earlier formations have been charged with minerals under circumstances which would merit particular inquiry. Of course, the physical aspect of the country bears evident traces of these geological conditions; and in the plutonic, the silurian limestone, and the volcanic districts, it is rugged and picturesque; whilst in the tertiary districts, the undulations of the hills are rounder, and the level plains are more extensive. There are not, however, any hills of remarkable height, for the loftiest peak of the Gennargentu range, in the very centre of the island, situated, moreover, at the point of intersection of two lines of direction of mountain chains, does not exceed (according to M. de la Marmora) 6,194 feet in height, although the last maps published at Turin represent that height as being 7,106 feet. It follows from this comparatively small elevation of the mountain chains of Sardinia, that the small quantity of snow which falls in winter disappears at an early period of the hot summer of these latitudes; and as, moreover, the soil of the chains is not of a retentive character, the rivers of the island

are almost lost in summer, or at least are reduced to very insignificant threads of water. There are in some parts marshes of considerable extent, arising either from the action of the marine alluvions upon the discharge of the rivers, or from local interferences with their courses. During eight or nine months of the year sufficient water flows in the river beds to maintain the brilliance and the verdure of the vegetation; but during the other three or four months everything appears to suffer from the want of water; for, although the climate is insular, and the atmosphere is very different from the dry, parched atmosphere of the main lands of Spain or of Italy, yet during the months of May, June, July, and August, little rain falls, and the supplies from the hills are exhausted.

M. de la Marmora states, that the mean temperature of the southern part of Sardinia is rather below that of Naples, which is, however, situated at a higher northern latitude; and he attributes this milder temperature to the insular position of the former. The same fact may also explain the more even character of the Sardinian climate; but there does not seem to have been made a sufficient number of meteorological observations to warrant any very definite opinions upon the subject. The rain-fall indicated by M. de la Marmora, and the peculiar nature of the winds which frequently blow, present, however, phenomena well worthy of observation, and we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that the Sardinian government will establish a series of local and national establishments for the purpose of recording the very important class of observations connected with meteorology. A consecutive record of the rain-fall of the island would be, for instance, an object of paramount importance before any really valuable measures could be adopted for the purpose of remedying the inequalities of the flow of water in the rivers, or of establishing a system of irrigation, by which alone the natural summer droughts could be effectually counteracted.

The fauna of Sardinia is such as might have been expected from the short sketch above given of its geology, and of its climate. There are few noxious animals or reptiles; and, indeed, with the exception of the buffalo, mufflon, stag, fallow-deer, wild boar, goat, fox, weasel, martin, the green snake, the tarantella, scorpion, and centipede, no wild or dangerous creatures exist on the island. Domesticated animals thrive there in a remarkable manner, so far at least as their numerous propagation is concerned; although horses, asses, and cattle degenerate in size in course of time, and the sheep assume the peculiar characteristics of mountain sheep in hot climates, that is to say, they become small, thin, and clothed with lank and rather fine wool.

birds of Sardinia are more varied than the quadrupeds or
eptiles; no doubt because the island furnishes a convenient
ıg-place for the birds who alternately frequent Europe and
:a during their migrations. There are occasionally to be
l eagles, falcons, vultures; numerous wading birds and
s haunt the marshes; whilst partridges, quails, and we
ve pheasants, are to be found in the interior, together with
ısual varieties of small birds ordinarily met with in France,
, or the north of Africa. Sardinia has its insect plagues
ɔundance, nor do the habits of the islanders in any way
to counteract their annoyances; but we neither saw, nor
we heard, or read of, any creatures, denizens of the
d, of this branch of animated life, which call for particular
e at present, and we, therefore, content ourselves by refer-
such of our readers as may desire to study more profoundly
'auna of Sardinia, to the works of M. Cetti, "Sur l'Histoire
relle de l'Isle de Sardaigne," of M. Razza upon its flora,
M. Gemelli upon its agriculture, in addition to those
ıd at the head of this article.

ıt who can adequately describe the beauty of the flora of
favoured region? It was our fortune to traverse on horse-
some of the more hilly districts upon the seaboard of the
ı-west corner of the island in the month of June, before
ummer heats had entirely parched up the vegetation; and
ır northern eyes the beauty and fertility of the district
ed to be unbounded. If it be cockneyism to express
ration for such luxuriant nature, we willingly plead guilty
e accusation; and indeed we confess that we should think
the man who could traverse unmoved the solitudes of the
ɜt primeval forests, or the inexpressibly rich gardens of
part of the island. Englishmen, who are accustomed at
: to roll along turnpike roads, to travel in express trains,
ı steam along monotonous rivers, require occasionally to
themselves face to face with nature in all her savage
leur, in order to counteract the demoralizing effects of a
id civilization; and after a tolerably extensive range of
l, we are inclined to assert, that nowhere in Europe can
ı easily meet with virgin forests, or unsophisticated nature,
Sardinia. Not that the interest attached to the island is,
ver, purely of this present, or of this physical description;
n the very heart of dense forests of oak, cork, juniper,
nut, or fir trees, are to be found remains of civilizations
ı have long ceased to rule the world; and relicts of the
ıician, Carthaginian, Pelasgic, and Roman conquerors of
nia, may be discovered under the luxuriant growth of an
ıt tropical brushwood. The very trees, which constitute

the beauty and the wealth of the market garden, indicate, too, passages of the history of the country; and its various invaders have benefited it by the introduction of many plants, trees, and shrubs, which now appear to be indigenous, so well have they adapted themselves to the climate and soil of Sardinia. It is not our intention, however, to enter into any disquisition upon the origin of the different plants we saw growing wild, or almost untended, in the open air; but it may suffice to mention that near Cagliari, the palm, aloe, agave, cactus, orange, lemon, pomegranate, fig, almond, olive, apricot, peach, vine, cherry, apple, pear, melon, oleander, myrtle, laurel, and arbutus grow without requiring pains or culture; that on the uplands and in the forests, the evergreen oak, the cork-tree, filirea, corbezzolo, juniper, chestnut, walnut, beech, birch, fir, larch, poplar, willow, the wild pistachio or the lentisco, the olivastro or the wild olive, with numerous species of briars, genets, brooms, furze, &c., are to be found; and that in the cultivated plains nearly every valuable garden plant, every grass or grain, which is esteemed in Europe, grows with the fertility we might naturally expect from the peculiar climate of the district, acting upon a soil composed of decomposed volcanic rocks. Indian corn, beet-root, and tobacco, are cultivated with remarkable success; cotton might be grown, and we suspect also that the sugar-cane might be added to the list of productions of the island, whilst unquestionably rice might be cultivated in the marsh lands, which now only furnish luxuriant crops of reeds and canes, or perhaps we might add, innumerable gnats and other insects, with the pernicious agues or fevers that have always been so fatal to foreigners especially, that even Tacitus thought it worth while to allude to them in a manner we commend to the especial attention of the Earl of Derby. Speaking of the exile of the Jews to Sardinia, the old Roman coolly observes: "Et si ob gravitatem cœli interiissent, *vile damnum*." (Annal ii. 85). The reader who would pursue the study of this branch of the natural history of the island, is, however, referred to Gemelli's "Rifiorimento della Sardegna;" to J. Hyacintho Morris's "Flora Sardoa;" to Captain W. H. Smyth's "Sketch of the Present State of the Island of Sardinia;" and incidentally to Sachero's work, "Dell' Intemperie di Sardegna e delle Febbri Periodiche Perniciosi." M. de la Marmora's great work contains some curious information about the icthyology of these regions; but both it and Captain Smyth's "Sketch" are, in this respect, somewhat incomplete; nor are we aware that their deficiencies are supplied by any other author, although the gastronomic recommendations of the thon, sardine, anchovy, lupo, mugine, triglia, vesuvio, eels, trout, &c.,

are such as to render it a matter of surprise that the natural kingdom to which they belong should have escaped notice.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact connected with the natural, and at the same time with the politico-economical history of Sardinia, is the extraordinary amount and variety of its minerals, and the neglect with which they are treated. M. Baldracco has indeed written a very able description of the mineralogy of the island, and his book, the "Cenni sulla Constituzione Metallifera della Sardegna," is frequently referred to and quoted; but no adequate practical use has been made of the information it contains, and this branch of national wealth is still but slightly attended to. Yet Sardinia could produce, in very large quantities, lead, zinc, antimony, manganese, iron, it is even said silver and mercury, marbles, trachytic granites, slates, basalts, puzzolanos, freestone, a tertiary millstone of an irregular cellular nature, closely resembling the French burrs of La Ferté sous Jonarre, and a lignite, which occurs at times under such conditions as to be, to all intents and purposes, equal to a coal, and thus opens again the question of, "What is coal?" The Carthaginian, Roman, and Andalusian masters of the island seem to have worked some of its mines in a rude and imperfect manner, for numerous shafts, galleries, and cinder heaps, are found in the midst of the existing forests, and the high road from Cagliari to Iglesias is even almost literally metalled with the scoria from some old Andalusian workings. Some little attention has been paid also to the mineral springs of the island, but they have not been studied as carefully as they deserve to be; for the very recent volcanic character of the northern parts of the island would lead to the belief that many curious discoveries might be made with respect to them. It may, by the way, be worth while here to observe, that although the period of the activity of the extinct Sardinian volcanoes was evidently only separated from the existing epoch by a short geological interval, and the great centre of the volcanic action of the Mediterranean is so near to the island, there is every reason to believe that the latter is remarkably free from the effects of geological disturbances of that nature. There are, indeed, ruins of the remotest antiquity, and constructed in a style which would have allowed of their being easily destroyed by an earthquake, still in existence, and without any trace of such disturbing accidents; whilst the little that is really known of the thermal springs of Sardinia is not of a nature to induce us to believe that volcanic action takes place near the surface of that island. We cannot quit this part of our subject, however, without saying that we believe firmly, that the mineral wealth of Sardinia will, at a period we hope sufficiently near

to our own days, render it a busy seat of industry and commerce: and we can but repeat our surprise that such immense riches should have been allowed to remain unproductive so long. The only explanation we can give for the neglect is, that there is no difficulty to be encountered here in securing the desired objects of the adventurers who scour the four quarters of the globe in search of fortune. Captain Smyth's amusing and very faithful "Sketch of the Present State of the Island of Sardinia," ought alone to have sufficed, long years ago, to direct attention to the importance of its mineral wealth, even if M. Baldracco's work had not been accessible to the majority of our reading public.

The human race in Sardinia did not strike us as being remarkable for its beauty; but rather contrariwise,—it seemed stunted in stature, and by no means gifted with personal beauty. There were, however, in the parts of the island we visited, very few dwarfish or deformed beings, and in the mountainous districts especially, the Sards appear to be well-formed and vigorous, of clearer complexions, lighter eyes, and more European type, than the dwellers of the plains, who have the dark eyes, hair, and skin, and strongly marked indications of the north African tribes. The general impression produced on us by these people was, that they are intelligent, sober, industrious, hospitable, and patriotic; slow to change habits, but open to conviction; religious, but like all southerners, sorely given to revenge, and, it is said, even to petty dishonesty. The little that we saw of them certainly inspired us with the highest possible opinion of their kindness to strangers, and of their desire to benefit by the progress of civilization; nor do we attach much importance to the tales of bandits, outlaws, or other bugbears, in which one of the authors cited at the head of this article, M. Virgilio, indulges. They wear a very peculiar and striking costume, and the men in particular are clad in a style so nearly resembling that of the Greek sailors, that we suspect that it must be peculiarly adapted to the climate of these latitudes. It consists of a dark, short-sleeved, close-fitting jacket, which allows the shirt to be visible about the neck and arms: round the waist is a leather belt, from which a short black petticoat, or kilt, is suspended, hanging over a large white pantaloon gathered at the knee into a close-fitting black gaiter; the long black Phrygian cap terminates this singular costume, excepting when the Sardinian is on his travels, for he then wears a broad-brimmed, high-peaked, glazed hat, of the most unsightly character. The women wear skirts—of moderate length and reasonable girth—of the most brilliant colours, terminating generally in a velvet corsage opened at

the bosom, and showing the chemisette, which is made of the most expensive materials that can be obtained. Shoes are generally worn by the men, but in the country districts the women habitually go barefoot; and from this fact, and the common neglect of washing, in consequence, perhaps, of the scarcity of water in summer, the lower orders are too often repulsively dirty. Perhaps, the style of domestic architecture may also have had some influence in producing the habitual dirtiness of the Sardinian peasants; for in the more fertile parts of the island, the houses are simply built of sun-dried bricks, bedded in clay; they are covered with tiles laid upon canes, have only one story but slightly raised above the ground, and are made to hold the human beings, the poultry, and the corn-mill and its "su molenti" (a little donkey, of a race specially reserved for this service), without a division or separation. Outside the door is placed an oven, and the pulley and bucket for raising water from the tank; every family, in fact, bakes for its own consumption, and every house has a receptacle for the rain water of the winter season, which is stored in the rudest possible manner for the summer months. Captain Smyth might well exclaim, that "It is surprising that with such inconvenient residences and uncleanly habits, the natives should remain so generally healthy as they do in all those parts not subject to *intempérie*. Neither longevity nor large families are so common as in England, yet there are numerous instances of both." For our own part, we suspect that to strong constitutions these details of daily life are matters of little moment, and, therefore, we are prepared to believe the accounts of extraordinary longevity recorded of Sardinians. But the important question with respect to national habits, is their effect upon *all* who are born, and on this account we cannot but express our regret that the present enlightened government of Sardinia has not yet been able to direct its attention to the preparation of a complete set of statistical tables of the ordinary conditions of the population of the island.

It may be as well to add that the habits, customs, dress, and general bearing of the dwellers in the large towns of Sardinia—of the *cittadini*, in fact—are moulded as closely as possible upon those of Genoa and Turin; that the tendency to become Italian is gaining ground through town and country; and that although the old rivalries and jealousies between *cittadini* and *contadini*, between *Calaritani* and *Sassarese*, still exist, the inhabitants of the island are becoming more and more to consider themselves members of the same political body, and to merge their petty quarrels for the benefit of the common country. It is, of course, impossible to say what may be the ultimate consequences of the

recent constitutional changes in the Sardinian monarchy, but certainly the result of those changes, so far as the island of Sardinia itself is concerned, has hitherto been to infuse an element of progress into society which, in conjunction with increased activity in the execution of the public works, will, we are convinced, rapidly change the face of the island. The execution of the electric telegraph, which places Cagliari in direct communication with London and Paris, and the steam-boat traffic between Porto Torres and Marseilles, and between Cagliari and Genoa, must also materially aid the advance of civilization; and we may mention as one illustration of the existing ferment of men's minds, even in this remote corner of the world, that not less than three daily journals are published in the island. The schoolmaster is, indeed, abroad; but as the Sardinians still retain a firm conviction in the religious opinions of their ancestors, there is reason to hope that the desolating effects of modern socialist doctrines will not extend to these primitive shores.

We may conclude this hasty sketch of the physical history of Sardinia by remarking that Captain Smyth and M. de la Marmora have given some very elaborate disquisitions upon the singular monuments known by the name of *Nurgahs*, which occur in such extraordinary numbers over the surface of the island; and that from the illustrations of their works, as well as from M. Delessert's cocknified description of his adventures, the reader can form a very correct opinion of these structures. Neither Mr. Smith nor M. de la Marmora have ventured to decide the question of their origin; and indeed the frequent occurrence of Roman pottery and coins in their interior, to some extent, justifies the reserve of those officers in the matter; but there seems to be little reason to doubt that the Tyrhennian colonists of the island were their builders, for the resemblance between these monuments and the Etruscan tombs is too decided to allow of our supposing it to be accidental; and this, in spite of the subsequent uses to which the Nurgahs may have been converted. There are several interesting remains of the public works of Rome to be found in Sardinia, such as the roads, bridges, aqueducts, temples, caverns, &c., represented in the books of Smyth, De la Marmora, and Delessert, with considerable spirit and fidelity; but none of them are of a sufficiently bold character to justify our dwelling specially upon them, unless, indeed, the bridge over the Rio Turritano be excepted: a very tolerable illustration of this work is given opposite page 256 of Captain Smyth's "Sketch." The Carthaginians have left many traces of their worship, but few traces of their public works in the island; and the same remark may be made with respect to the Gothic

Saracenic invaders of the early Middle Ages, although, ıestionably, it is possible to trace the influence of the Saracenic in the more recently constructed buildings. But the Arra- se rulers of Sardinia seem to have left the most distinct traces ıeir dominion; for the buildings erected between 1309 and) are characterized by the same feeling and the same taste :h may be observed in Spain at the same period. There ıeveral very remarkable specimens of mediæval fortifications extant, and some very curious towers, gates, belfries, &c., he same period; and in Cagliari itself, there are some 'ches and cloisters of about the fifteenth or sixteenth centu- which are of singular beauty. In one of these mediæval 'ches, that of the P. P. Claustrali, near the gate of S. Carlo, of liari, there are still to be seen, mouldering in the damp ıels or cloisters, some early paintings of the real pre- haelite school, of singular interest, beauty, and *naïveté;* in the Cathedral is a picture well worthy of remark, stated ave been painted by Giotto. Alas! these art-treasures are little estimated here, and the good fathers appear surprised he admiration with which strangers regard them; in the nwhile, they leave them exposed to the ravages of dust, ate, or insects, without taking any precautions for their nce or repairs. Both at Cagliari and at Sassari there are e remarkable specimens of the Spanish renaissance style of ıitecture, and some of the later constructions of the Spanish rs of the island display a strange mixture of the spirit of Christian and the Mohammedan artistic inspiration; but it erhaps worthy of remark that no local, or nationally dis- tive character can be observed in any building of the island has it produced any artist of mark or eminence amongst e, at least, who have commenced "a school." We suspect the depressing influence of the political dependence in ch Sardinia has until very recently been kept, has had :h to do with this absence of originality in art; for the ves of the island have unquestionably an inherent taste for ıty of form and colour, and the few buildings which survive purely national character, bear indications of a strongly 'ked tone of thought and feeling in accordance with the es of the people for whom they were designed. The small hedral and the Bishop's Palace at Iglesias, may be referred s illustrations of this tendency of the Sardinians to impress r own character upon their public buildings; and from the y glances we were able to obtain of some other churches and les, we are convinced that the archæological history of the nd would amply repay a more consecutive examination than as yet received. We may add, that the Museum of Cagliari

contains many very interesting relics of the arts of the various tribes which have ruled Sardinia, from the Pelasgians, Carthaginians, and Romans, to the Spaniards and Austrians, although, by the way, the most valuable legacy the latter have left in the island is the introduction of the tobacco plant, which can hardly be considered to enter into the domain of art.

That an island possessing the natural advantages we have endeavoured thus briefly to sketch, situated, moreover, in the very centre of the intellectual movement of the ancient world, should have attracted attention at a very early period, was naturally to be expected. Antiquarians differ as to its aboriginal possessors; but there appear to be good reasons for believing that the Phœnicians, the Tyrrhenians, and the Pelasgian tribes of early Greece, established colonies in the island. It is said that some of the fugitives from Troy also settled here; but the earliest powerful nation which assumed a sway over the native tribes was unquestionably the Carthaginian, which about the middle of the sixth century before our era, sent its first expedition against Sardinia from its colony of Sicily, and about the end of the same century Carthage had so completely established its power as to include the island in a list of its possessions, to which it allowed the Romans to traffic under the provisions of the commercial treaty, concluded before the commencement of the first Punic war. In the course of the latter struggle the Romans seem, for the first time, to have attempted to deprive their rivals of this important colony, and they sent an expedition under the orders of L. C. Scipio, about the year B.C. 260, for the purpose of driving them out; but it was not until the year B.C. 236, that T. Manlius Torquatus was able sufficiently to overcome the resistance of the Carthaginians and of the native tribes, or to establish the Roman power, to justify the senate in declaring Sardinia a province of the great Roman Republic. The natives of the island, however, who had never quietly admitted the superiority of their old masters, were but little disposed to submit to the harder yoke of the Romans; and, for many years they maintained an ineffectual struggle against the mistress of the ancient world. During the struggle they displayed great heroism, but were of course ultimately compelled to yield to the superior skill and discipline of their opponents, who, after the conclusion of the third Punic war, and the destruction of their formidable rival, Carthage, were able to crush all such local and isolated attempts at resistance to the extension of their majestic and absorbing unity. It may, perhaps, be worth while here to mention that in one of the battles which took place between the Romans and the Sardo-Carthaginian allies, Tosto, son of Amsicora, the chief of the

native tribes, was slain by Ennius, the father of Latin poetry, if we may put any confidence in Silius Italicus. Poets seem formerly to have been more decidedly "men of action," as our neighbours would say, than they have been of late years, and Æschylus, Ennius, Cervantes, and Camoens, distinguished themselves as much by the sword as by the pen. Other distinguished characters of Roman history figured in the struggle for the possession of Sardinia, and amongst them were the great M. P. Cato, Tiberius, and Caius Gracchus, M. Aurelius Orestes, Perpenna, M. Attius Balbus, Pompey, Quintus Tullius Cicero, brother of the orator, Marcus Scaurus, in whose behalf M. T. Cicero uttered one of his most skilful pieces of special pleading, and thus secured his immunity from the punishment due to his oppression of the poor Sardinians, for whom the great advocate seems to have entertained almost a personal antipathy, on account of some private quarrel with a native, just as Horace abused the island on account of his antipathy to Tigellius, the favourite of Augustus, and one of the most renowned *improvisatori* of ancient Italy. Sextus Pompeius, son of the Triumvir, appears to have obtained and secured the possession of Sardinia for some time; but it was of far too much importance to imperial Rome, as a source of grain, for it to remain long in the hands of an opponent of the central government, and Augustus shortly afterwards attacked and destroyed the power of this last representative of the aristocratic party. From the battle of Actium to the destruction of the Roman Empire, little of general interest appears to have taken place in the island; that is to say, in a political sense. Christianity was introduced at a very early period of church history, and the martyrology of Sardinia is remarkably rich in its lists of victims for the sake of truth, although the names and actions look apocryphal enough to our modern eyes, notwithstanding the popular respect with which the reputation of Saints Gavino, Proto, Giannario, Saturnino, Lussorio, Cessello, Simplicio, Efisio, and his mother Restituta, Eusebius, and Ignatius, are still regarded by the inhabitants of the island. Cagliari, the present capital, was very soon after the preaching of Christianity, erected into the dignity of the metropolitan see of the island; and Quintasius, the bishop, who assisted at the Synod of Arles about 314, was the first prelate whose name has been clearly identified in connexion with that dignity. Septimus Severus was quæstor of Sardinia before succeeding to the empire; Theodosius seems to have paid some attention to the administration of the island, and to have punished Natalius, the governor, for his malversations, with rather more justice than Severus allowed Plautius

to punish Racius Constans, the prætor of his day, for merely removing his statues.

After the division of the Roman Empire amongst the feeble successors of Constantine—falsely called the Great—Sardinia passed generally under the dominion of the Emperors of the West; but about 455, the Vandals, under Genseric, obtained possession of the island for a short period, and therein established, as they did wherever they attained power, the Arian schism. The Christian church during the fifth century was sorely agitated by these troubles, and Sardinia bore her part of the trials of the age nobly and well. Simmaco, elected pope in 498, was himself a Sardinian, and he played a very conspicuous part in the early church history, on account of the schism produced by his election; whilst Saint Fulgentius and the Bishop of Hippona sought refuge in the island from the persecutions of Frasamondus, the reigning Vandal monarch (504): the latter brought with him the relics of St. Augustin, his predecessor, which remained in and were supposed to hallow the isle for some centuries. About 530, Justinian attacked the Vandal dominion in Western Europe and in Africa, by the army under the orders of Belisarius; and directly that general had destroyed the power of the Vandals, in the great battle fought against them in 534, when they were under the orders of Gelimero and Zazone, he sent an army, under Cirillius, to seize possession of Sardinia. In 551, Totila, King of the Goths, succeeded in wresting the possession of the island from Justinian; but the power of the Emperor of the East was restored in 553 by Narses, who finally destroyed the Gothic dominion in Italy and in the Italian islands. The Sardinians, without assistance from the East, appear to have resisted the attacks of the Lombards; and, finally, about the year 695, to have rendered themselves independent of the daily waning empire of the successors of Justinian, under the guidance of four of the principal citizens of Cagliari, by name Gialeto, Nicolo, Torquato, and Inerio, who divided the island amongst themselves into the four provinces of Cagliari, Torres, Arborea, and Gallura, under the title of Giudicati.

The Sardinians, however, were not destined long to enjoy tranquillity under their native judges, for in 709, Mussa, a leader of the strange Saracenic current of invasion, made a first descent in the Gulf of Palmas. This was defeated; but he returned in 711, with a more powerful force, and drove the natives from the southern parts of the island, of which the Saracens retained possession for the remainder of the eighth century, until they were again defeated by a combined effort of the four judges,

Ausonius of Cagliari, Pietro of Torres, Dertone of Gallura, and Ugone of Arborea. But the Saracens, although unable to effect a permanent settlement in Sardinia, were by no means disposed to leave the inhabitants its tranquil possession; and by their incessant attacks, they so entirely prostrated the forces of the native rulers of the island, that in the commencement of the eleventh century, these last were obliged to apply to the Republics of Pisa and Genoa for assistance against the Infidels. The usual story followed: the allies drove out the enemy, subjugated the people they came to assist, and then quarrelled over the distribution of the plunder. Finally, the Pisans succeeded in securing a very uneasy possession of the most fertile parts of the island, although the natives, who had retired to the mountains, for years kept up a struggle for independence against the intruders; and the bitter wars which ensued between the Pisans and Genoese, added many a sad chapter to the history of the Italian Republics, amongst others, that one so often quoted of the fate of Ugolino della Gherardesca, immortalized by the verse of the fierce old Ghibelline. It suited, however, the plans of the Papacy, about the commencement of the fourteenth century, to offer the investiture of Sardinia to the King of Arragon; and as the contending republics had nearly exhausted themselves in their long wars, Alfonso, Infanta of Arragon, was able to lay the foundations of the Spanish rule, which, nevertheless, could hardly be considered firmly established until about 1428. There were civil wars and lingering hostilities between the surviving states of Italy and Spain for some years after the latter date; but no serious resistance could have been offered to the House of Austria after it had united, in the person of Charles V., the enormous possessions, which almost justified his ambition of renewing the Empire of Rome. Peter the Ceremonious, of Arragon, had also, in 1354, adopted a measure, which tended greatly to reconcile the native Sardinians to their new rulers, by the establishment of a species of representative system, under the name of "Stamenti;" and it is worthy of observation, that the first attempt at introducing a national code of laws dates from the same half century. The code called "Sa Carta de Logu," was promulgated by Eleanor, Giudicessa of Arborea, in 1395, and is, indeed, a remarkable proof of the administrative capacity of that extraordinary woman, who could thus not only maintain her independence against the incessant attacks of the Arragonese, but likewise provide for the internal regulations of her own dominions. The "Carta de Logu" was retained, with very trifling modifications, by the Spaniards when they became masters of the island; and even

at the present day, it is referred to occasionally by the local courts of law. Captain (we beg pardon if subsequent promotion should have rendered this title incorrect) Smyth, in his third chapter, quotes largely from this singular specimen of female legislation, and the passages he gives may also be referred to as illustrations of some of the peculiarities of the Sardinian language. Having thus called special attention to this part of Captain Smyth's "Sketch," it may, however, be necessary to state that the whole of the legislation, and of the administration of the island has been changed since 1848, when the last relics of the feudal system were abolished by the proclamation of the "Statuto Reale" of Piedmont, and the viceregal court and administration suppressed.

Few events worthy of record appear to have taken place in Sardinian history during the later years of the Spanish dominion. Ferdinand the Catholic established the Inquisition in 1492; the Moors made frequent predatory descents upon the coasts; the plague often desolated the badly built and filthy towns; the French and other enemies of Spain from time to time ravaged this exposed portion of her dominions; but the intellectual development of the nation seems to have been totally arrested by the numbing influence of the court of Madrid, under the later princes of the Spanish branch of the House of Austria. On the extinction of that contemptible race, Sardinia passed for a time under the direct dominion of Austria, having been conquered for Charles III. by the English admiral, Sir J. Leake, and confirmed to him by the Peace of Utrecht in 1710. In 1717, the Spaniards made a desperate attempt to recover Sardinia, Sicily, and some of their former possessions in the Mediterranean; and for a time they succeeded in driving the Austrians out of the former by an expedition under the orders of the Marquis de Lede. But Europe combined to check the ambitious designs of Cardinal Alberoni, and the Quadruple Alliance soon compelled Philip V. of Spain to restore his conquests. Shortly afterwards, in 1720, Sardinia was ceded to Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, in exchange for the island of Sicily; and on September 11th of that year, the Baron di S. Remigio took possession of it in the name of the newly created King of Sardinia, and thus again united the island to the fate and destiny of Italy, after four hundred years of foreign dominion.

The House of Savoy ruled Sardinia during the seventy years which elapsed between their obtaining possession of it and the first French Revolution, with sufficient ability to secure to themselves the affection of the inhabitants; although even the enlightened ministries of such men as Bogino, Lascaris, and

Buonvicino were insufficient to dispel the evil effects of the feudal and ecclesiastical abuses which had been fostered by the Spaniards for so many years. During the awful tempest at the end of the eighteenth century we, therefore, find that the attempts of the anti-feudal reformers of Sardinia, even with the support of a French expedition, were insufficient to produce any change in the government; and the Sardinians continued faithful to their monarch and their old constitution when the states of the mainland had been absorbed in the gigantic, but ephemeral, empire of Napoleon the Great. In 1806, the King of Sardinia, Vittorio Emanuele I., was obliged to take refuge in Cagliari, and he remained there until the overthrow of Napoleon in 1814, under the protection of the English navy and of the loyalty of the Sardinians. The island certainly gained by this immediate contact with royalty; for its wants were more keenly felt, and there was a more direct feeling of interest inspired amongst those who were in a position to remedy them; but a series of bad harvests, of epidemics, of attacks by the Barbary pirates, of palace intrigues, for some years rendered vain all attempts at improvement or progress. Unfortunately, also, the kings of Sardinia on their restoration to their old dominions, confounded, under the same feeling of jealous antipathy, reform and revolution; so that during the reigns of Vittorio Emanuele and of Carlo Felice, very little change was made from the mediæval system of government which prevailed in Sardinia before the great French Revolution. It is true that Carlo Felice altered the details of the administration of civil affairs, justice, and finance, in some important details; that he revived the universities, and opened elementary schools; introduced vaccination, and executed the fine road which traverses the island from north to south between Porto Torres, Sassari, Oristano, and Cagliari. But the effect of these wise measures must necessarily have been slow in its growth; and even now it appears that the proportion of totally illiterate persons in the remoter and more uncivilized parts of the island is not less than 92 per cent., and only one diligence runs between the capitals of the northern and southern districts of Sardinia. The cholera has of late years also exercised terrible ravages amongst this unfortunate population; but there seems to be little reason to question the ultimate success of the reforms introduced by Carlo Alberto, of whom we confess that we entertain a very much warmer sentiment of admiration since we have been able personally to remark the effect of his government. All the old Spanish legislation has in fact been swept away from Sardinia; feudalism and exclusive privileges, castes and corporations abolished; property and personal rights have

been placed upon the same footing as in the states on the mainland; the decimal system of weights and measures has been introduced; great progress has been made in the execution of public works; regular communications have been established between the island and Genoa by steamboats, and latterly, by the electric telegraph; and in all political matters, the Sardinians have been placed upon the same footing as the Italian subjects of the kingdom.

The works of Messrs. Virgilio, Delessert, Carbonazzi and Bernardi, certainly show, however, that although much may have been done in Sardinia, more remains to do; and the impression we ourselves derived from the observations made during our rapid journey through the southern part of the island, and along the high road from the southern to the northern capital, was most unquestionably that its population was even at the present day, and notwithstanding recent reforms, nearly as much behind the rest of Europe as that of Spain itself—with equal elements of wealth and greatness, be it observed. M. Virgilio, moreover, gives a very sad account of the administration of justice, and of the insecurity of life and property in the island; but we have reason to believe that there is a considerable amount of exaggeration in his attacks upon a system which does not exactly suit his personal views; and that he has used an advocate's license in "making out a case" against an arrangement of judicial functions he wishes to have altered. Yet, even if all that he says on the score of the existing brigandage and banditti of Sardinia were true, we are convinced that the course of civilization so wisely inaugurated by the late and the present king, must in a very short time remove these blots. Equal laws, liberty, a free press, municipal institutions, and, last not least, free trade, must excite the moral and intellectual powers of any people; and they certainly will not fail in producing their full effect upon a race so intelligent, and so naturally good, as we know that the Sardinians are. Long centuries of misrule and oppression by nearly all the successive devastators of the fair lands of the Mediterranean, have been followed by their natural consequences in this instance as elsewhere, and have really reduced the Sardinian peasant to an intellectual condition perhaps inferior to that of the Irish cottiers; whilst the strong passions of warmer climates have impressed upon this rudeness a fiercer and more revengeful character than we are accustomed to meet with in our own colder latitudes. There are, however, we repeat, amongst the Sardinians all the elements of a great and a good people: strong faith, respect for ancient institutions, a desire for improvement, sobriety, industry, hospitality, and, when properly handled, great tractableness. With such quali-

ties, and with the existing free and enlightened government, they cannot fail to advance rapidly in the scale of nations,—especially if they learn to depend mainly upon their own exertions, and avoid the dangerous error of most Continental constitutional states, viz., that of trusting to the "central administration" for the removal of obstacles to their progress. We suspect from the tone of the Italian works we have been considering, and from the spirit of the local papers, that there is a tendency amongst the inhabitants of Sardinia to cast the responsibility of all their evils upon the government, instead of vigorously attempting to remove them by their own exertions. They must, and no doubt will, learn the lesson Carlo Alberto strove to impress on his fellow-countrymen; and when "Sardegna fara da se" she may depend upon it that the unbounded riches of her soil, her mines, forests, waters, and plains, will again make her what she once was, the garden and the granary of Europe. As it is, we are lost in wonder at the apathy with which our merchants have treated this marvellous land, and at the comparative ignorance of the British public of the resources it possesses.

We propose in a future article to dwell upon the literary history, and upon the peculiarities of the language of Sardinia; but we cannot conclude without expressing our hearty admiration of Captain Smyth's "Sketch," and of Martini's elegant "Compendio della Storia de Sardegna." Captain Smyth's work, indeed, contains nearly all that it was important to record before the late organic changes; and it has been largly copied by M. de la Marmora,—without due acknowledgment, we opine. It is remarkably well written; and though somewhat out of date, it still contrasts in its painstaking, philosophical spirit very oddly with the flippant *badauderie* of M. Delessert, a perfect type of the travelling "lion" of the Boulevards of Paris,—pleasant and amusing withal. Perhaps it is not fair to compare works so avowedly different in character as those last mentioned, but the scenes they describe being identical, it was hardly possible to resist the temptation. The merits of the other books we have noticed in the course of this article are more purely technical; yet even the ordinary reader will find much to interest him in De la Marmora's comprehensive work, which is, indeed, a noble record of, it is said, thirty-five years' study and research; and in Baldracco's Mineralogical Essay, there will be found many striking passages of a more general character than its title would imply. Would that we were able to induce our readers to examine the whole subject with the same interest we have felt! The best preparation for the study of the natural and political history of such places as Sardinia

is, perhaps, a personal visit; and as it is now so easy for travelling Englishmen to reach Cagliari or Sassari, *viâ* Genoa or Marseilles, we strongly urge those who can put up occasionally with hard fare and want of personal comforts, to see with their own eyes how easy it is to waste the good things of Providence, and how equally easy it would be to repair past errors. In the meantime, they who cannot travel so far, may depend upon finding much amusement and instruction in the works cited at the head of this article, to which we are anxious to call particular attention on the score of their own merits, and of the country with which they are connected.

Art. III.—JOSIAH CONDER.

Josiah Conder: A Memoir. By Eustace R. Conder, M.A. London: Snow. 1857.

Ἰδίᾳ γενεᾷ ὑπηρετήσας τῇ τοῦ θεοῦ βουλῇ ἐκοιμήθη ("After he had served his own generation, by the will of God, he fell asleep." Acts xiii. 36):—these are the touching and beautiful words which Mr. Conder has prefixed to this Memoir of his father; and none could have been more appropriate. Through a long life of incessant and exhausting labour, Josiah Conder was sustained and animated by the sublime conviction that he was "serving his generation by the will of God;" and he served it well. Had he been fired with literary ambition he never would have given his strength to the obscure drudgery of editing the *Patriot* newspaper or this Review. Had he been sordid or selfish, he would never have remained in the ranks of Reform and Dissent; for in his early life, wealth, respectability, and power were all on the other side. He was true to the cause of liberty in the darkest days of Tory rule and ecclesiastical supremacy; and for years he struggled with heroic earnestness, and spite of the cold indifference of those whose principles and interests he was striving to promote, to maintain the old reputation of Nonconformity for literature and learning. It were base in us who are fighting the same battle in more prosperous times, not to remember his services with profound and grateful veneration. He not only fought on the right side, but in the right spirit. If at any time we have reason to fear that in the excitement of the conflict, personal passion is inflaming public zeal, and the love of victory displacing the love of truth; that we are

becoming dogmatic and tyrannical in our advocacy of freedom, and worldly, selfish, and irreligious, even in our labours for Christ, Josiah Conder's history should at once rebuke and encourage us. He was devout even while engaged in political strife, and gentle even in ecclesiastical controversy.

The graceful pen of Mr. Eustace Conder has produced a life singularly free from the faults which usually disfigure biographies written by near relatives. We honoured his father greatly before reading this Memoir; we honour him more now.

Josiah Conder was born in Falcon Street, Aldersgate Street, September 17th, 1789. His grandfather, Dr. John Conder, was theological tutor of the Dissenting College which then existed at Mile End, and pastor of a church in Moorfields,—a man of considerable mark and influence in his day. His fourth son, Thomas, attended the college lectures with the students, and became a respectable scholar; and he was still more distinguished for his good sense and piety, gentleness and modesty. These qualities he transmitted to his son, the subject of this memoir. Josiah Conder, in an autobiographical fragment, commenced in his twentieth year, refers gratefully to the wise and religious training of his childhood. Those were days when Christian men spent their sabbath evenings in catechizing their children, and talking with them, together and apart, concerning Christ and heaven; and hence, if there were fewer won from the world without, by the public preaching of the gospel, there were fewer lost from the household of the church within through neglect of private instruction and prayer.

When five years of age, he lost an eye through an attack of small pox; and dreadful as this loss must have been, he used to say that, perhaps, it was the origin and occasion of some of the most important blessings of his subsequent life. It made him shrink from the rough and riotous sports of his school-mates; it won for him the sympathy of many friends; and it helped to confirm his natural tendencies to a quiet and reflective life. Its immediate result was, that he was sent as a visitor to Mr. Palmer's, at Hackney, a Nonconformist minister of some eminence in his time, and whose name is still familiar to us; the object of this visit being to try the effect of electricity in reducing the protruding organ. Mr. Palmer kept a school, and his little visitor, who preferred the Latin grammar to idleness, voluntarily became his pupil as well as his guest, and made rapid progress in his studies. Even at school, his literary propensities revealed themselves. At ten years of age, he wrote his first essay for a monthly magazine, to which some of Mr. Palmer's scholars contributed; prizes were given to the lads

for the best compositions, and Josiah Conder won two silver medals; he turned some of Æsop's Fables into rhyme; and with an instinctive perception of his future destiny, he became editor of a school newspaper.

Who can forget the rapture of appearing in print for the first time? The first fee of the physician, the first brief of the barrister, even the first ball of the young beauty, are all poor and commonplace delights, compared with the first printed poem of a young author;—we say *poem*, for everybody scribbles rhymes before writing prose, just as children run before they walk. Josiah Conder knew this bliss, never to be known but once, when he was about sixteen. Dr. Aiken edited the *Athenæum* in those days; and we do not wonder that he inserted the verses of his young contributor, or that he was so pleased with them, that he called at his father's house, and invited the poet to dine with him.

Encouragement and admiring sympathy also came to the ardent lad from the accomplished family of the Taylors, at Ongar. To Ann Taylor, who afterwards became Mrs. Gilbert, he wrote with all the freedom and enthusiasm of youth, concerning his manifold projects, hopes, and fears. The young ladies at Ongar submitted their compositions to the judgment of the young bookseller in Bucklersbury, and he in turn received their criticisms on his own. Being in London, and in the house of a publisher, he was in the way of hearing literary gossip, which he diligently communicated to his friends in the country. Those morning hours in the history of a literary man, while ambition is still undaunted by disappointment and defeat—while friends are hoping for wondrous things from the new-born and untried genius, and he himself has not yet found the limits of his strength,—those morning hours, before the heat and weariness of the day come on, are full of intoxicating happiness. Afterwards, literature becomes a labour; then, it is a passion and a victory. Afterwards, the brain works for bread or for practical usefulness; then the soul is thrilled with thoughts of possible glory and an imperishable name. Even if the highest success is won, there is less of exciting joy in being great, than in admiring greatness, and hoping to achieve it. Pleasant, very pleasant, must those years have been, during which Josiah Conder and his friends down in Essex were stimulating each other's enthusiasm, and dreaming of future fame.

This literary friendship led to the publication of a volume of poems, under the title of the "Associate Minstrels," to which Ann and Jane Taylor, their father the Rev. Isaac Taylor, J. G. Strutt, Eliza Thomas (Josiah Conder's future wife),

Josiah Conder, and his father, contributed. It was so successful, that in three years a second edition was called for. This second edition contained one of the most beautiful of Mr. Conder's poems, the "Reverie," with the second part of which, commencing "Oh! the hour when this material shall have vanished like a cloud," most of our readers are familiar; the first part, though not so well known, has merits of a high order, and is very properly inserted in the Memoir.

Mr. Thomas Conder was brought up to the business of a map engraver; but he also engaged in bookselling and publishing. In 1811, having sunk into infirm health, which made him unable to sustain the anxieties and exertions of trade, it was thought desirable that his son Josiah should take the business on his own account; for a few years, therefore, the future editor belonged to the honourable fraternity of London publishers. About the time of his marriage in 1815, he removed from Bucklersbury to St. Paul's Churchyard; but Mrs. Conder's health not being good, and influenced, doubtless, by his own tendencies, as well as by the counsel and wishes of friends, he determined, after living there for four or five years, to abandon trade for literature. In 1819, he sold his business to Messrs. Holdsworth and Ball, and removed to the little village of St. Michael's, near St. Alban's. From this time to his last illness, his pen could scarcely have been idle for a day.

The ECLECTIC had been commenced in 1805. It was intended at first to represent both churchmen and dissenters; silence, therefore, was imposed on all disputable ecclesiastical questions; and the strength of the Review was to be devoted to the maintenance of evangelical religion. A new series began in 1814, "published by Josiah Conder." The proprietor and publisher had often to discharge the duties of editor, and it was not long before he seated himself permanently in the editorial chair. For twenty years, this Review was under his wise and able conduct; and the services it rendered to dissent and to the highest interests of the English nation during the stormy years which preceded the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, the carrying of Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, were eminently great. The peculiar nature of the great religious revival of the last century had naturally led to the disparagement of scholarship and literature by the Evangelical party; the scarcely concealed scepticism of the early Edinburgh Reviewers, associated as it was with genius and a remarkable command of all the resources of literary warfare, instead of making Christian men more diligent in securing for religion the service of learning and culture, had half converted them to the old falsehood that

devotion is the offspring of ignorance, and that wit, scholarship, and literature are unfriendly to piety. That we have now nearly escaped from that pernicious belief is owing, in good part, to the exertions of the men who were associated with Josiah Conder in the writing of the ECLECTIC REVIEW. Among them were James Montgomery, Dr. Chalmers, John Foster, Dr. Pye Smith, Robert Hall, Dr. Olinthus Gregory, Dr. Adam Clarke, Dr. Francis Okely, a Moravian minister,* and John Robertson, whose name few of our readers probably are acquainted with, but who was distinguished for a depth and accuracy of Greek scholarship not then common among dissenting ministers. By-and-bye came other names, which are still worn with honour by the living, but these we forbear to mention. Southey speaks in a letter to Mr. Conder of having "thought ere this to have offered you an article for your Review," but we believe that this purpose was never carried out.

Mr. Eustace Conder writes:—

"Among the stated or occasional contributors were some whose names have since risen to the highest rank in literature; others, of accomplished scholarship, elegant taste, and scarcely inferior intellectual power, yet who never made themselves a name, but were content to fight the battle of knowledge and of progress in that great army of anonymous writers, to whom the world has been so much indebted from the days of Job of Uz to the days of steam-printing and penny literature. It is a curious topic of reflection how much of the current gold of human thought and speech has come down with no image and superscription upon it; how many strong and stirring, wise and pointed, or sweet and tender sayings, that have become immortal, were uttered by unknown or forgotten lips. It would be somewhat melancholy to think of so much hard, faithful, fruitful labour, wrought in obscurity, and flung into the world's treasury without the grace of a single acknowledgment, did we not remember that literary fame is, after all, the giants excepted, but a tardier oblivion; and, on the other hand, that no true work can perish, no fruitful labour can be vain, and though the world may forget it, 'the Day shall reveal it.'"

The Memoir is enriched by a selection from the letters which passed between the editor and some of the more distinguished of his staff; and as might have been expected, the most interesting and valuable are those which bear the signature of John Foster. The ECLECTIC sometimes eulogized Southey, as Foster thought, to excess; and his protests are almost grotesquely

* Some account of Dr. Okely may be found in the Life of John Foster (Vol. II., page 62, Bohn's edition). He was a Moravian by birth and education, relapsed into infidelity; but subsequently became an earnest and devout Christian.

indignant. What a pleasant thing for an editor to receive, from by far his most valuable contributor, a letter beginning thus:—

"Sir,—It was about that Southey we were talking; and here is this *Carmen Triumphale* bepraised in our sapient Review, with some staring extravagance about one of the stanzas being enough to 'create a soul beneath the ribs of death' and the like,—as puerile rant as any enemy of the Review could desire to see in its pages."

Not satisfied with this protest, the unrelenting critic returns to the charge in his next letter, and after some vehement introductory sentences, delivers the following judgment with Rhadamanthine sternness on the Laureate:—

"The man seems to have no perception of the difference between a *dignified* boldness, and even extravagance of fiction, and a *childish, silly* extravagance,—between *epic giantism*, if I may so express it, and a futile, phantastic monstrosity. He has been so much and fondly conversant with the insipid ravings and dreams of so many drivelling superstitions, that he has spoiled, most likely irrecoverably, his own great genius. His pride of independence would not let him stay in the school of Milton, and here are the consequences. With all his pride he was not strong enough to venture into vastness without a guide or attendant. He could not tread the crude consistence of Chaos with an angel's port, step, and stride. But he will certainly go floundering on—I mean, unless you, recollecting that friendship should be a compact of mutual utility, shall set yourself earnestly to recall him, instead of shouting honour and glory, as you do, without exception or limit, when he sends you a canto of his MSS. As to our '*differing in toto*' about the merits of his poetry, that can hardly be, unless even my praises are in the wrong place,—unless it is *not* for the vividness of his conception, the perfection of his painting, the richness and diversity and accuracy of whatever he writes in the way of description, the tenderness sometimes of his sentiments, and the vast scope of his observation and knowledge, that he is to be admired."

Foster himself had written a remarkable article for the Review on the "Curse of Kehama" two or three years before, and appears to have watched with the eye of a lynx every subsequent reference to Southey which appeared in these pages. Perhaps, no truer estimate of Southey's genius was ever written than that in the letter we have just extracted. Some of his ballads are among the most perfect things of the kind in our language; his larger poems are scarcely less remarkable for their great blemishes than for great merits.

"The thing that hath been," said Solomon, "is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun." Early in 1821,

Mr. Conder wrote to a friend about the ECLECTIC: "The sale does not increase;" "I am almost sick of the work." His task is "ungracious and laborious." We have asked ourselves again and again whether disappointment and discouragement are the normal condition of the editor of a literary review connected with any of the great Nonconformist communities. Must our path be a rugged one to the end? Are we doomed to work in fetters till the close of our days? Will the clouds never break, and the sunshine never come? We should be glad to give hopeful answers to these questions.

The various dissenting denominations derive their chief strength from the trading and manufacturing classes. The rich belong to the Establishment; and in her ranks is also to be found the great body of professional men. Hence, there are comparatively few laymen connected with our churches who have enough leisure and enough culture—for both are needed—to care for what requires vigorous and sustained attention. Our best and most thoughtful tradesmen and manufacturers are too busy for any reading except that which they feel to be necessary for the strength of their personal religious life. Their leisure hours are largely given to the maintenance of our philanthropic and religious societies. If they read anything besides the *Times* and a local newspaper, they want something racy, brilliant, and amusing,—something which can be read without trouble, and will be remembered pleasantly afterwards,—a graphic book of travels like "Eöthen," a stimulating life like Fowell Buxton's or George Stephenson's, or a volume of laughable stories and clever sketches of men and things like Lord Cockburn's Reminiscences. Not that we mean to imply that our middle classes are deficient in mental power. We believe that they have the keenest and acutest intellects in the country, or the world,—the most vigorous sense, and brains capable of the severest labour, of any order of men under the sun. But they give their strength to business and to public duties, not to books. And though we could heartily wish that they had more literature, God forbid that the time should ever come when the manly and practical qualities for which they are now distinguished, shall have disappeared. We infinitely prefer hard work to indolent intellectualism.

Our ministers are nearly all of them men to whom a Review is a most welcome guest; but the salaries of most of them are so small that we cannot wonder or complain that so few of them subscribe even to their own literary representatives. Those who need most the refreshment and stimulus of a "monthly" or "quarterly" are precisely the men who are least able to be subscribers. How is it that it has not occurred

to some one or two thoughtful and generous laymen in every Baptist and Independent church in the kingdom quietly to order for their minister the ECLECTIC and the *British Quarterly*, never letting him know to whom he is indebted for the couple of guineas which covered the subscription to both?*

But we have said more about this than we intended; and must return to the life of our laborious predecessor. We left him at St. Michael's, near St. Alban's; there he was busy with the ECLECTIC, sometimes writing the whole Review himself; and engaged in a dozen literary ventures besides. During the next few years he wrote the "Modern Traveller," published one or two volumes of "Village Lectures," and a Dictionary of Geography, a new Translation of the Epistle to the Hebrews, an account of the various Religions of the World, and a volume of Poems, and edited the "Congregational Hymn Book." But we have only given just what we remember; turning over half-a-dozen pages of the Memoir, we find that the list of his labours might have been made three or four times as long. He was greatly given to "moving" too, about this time. After living for a few years near St. Alban's, we find him in 1822 at Brompton, in 1823 at Chenies in Buckinghamshire, and in 1824 at Watford; of which last place, with loving remembrances of the scenes of his childhood, the biographer has given us a very pleasant sketch.

In 1832, Mr. Conder became editor of the *Patriot* newspaper, which had lately been started to represent the principles of evangelical Nonconformists. The first editor resigned after holding the office for only a few months. When Mr. Conder undertook the editorship, the circulation was 1,587; by the end of the second year it had risen to 2,400. As most of our readers are well aware, Mr. Conder's politics were liberal, but not extreme; he was averse both to violent opinions and to the violent advocacy even of the moderate opinions which he held most firmly; he was invariably gentlemanly and courteous;

* "I should be most happy to think that the state of Mr. Foster's health allowed me to hope that he would again take the field with his ancient prowess. His article on the 'Pastoral Memorials,' though long deferred, was worth waiting for;—quite in his own most interesting style. It will not be my fault if both he and Mr. Hall do not support our new series with their powerful aid. With regard to the latter, all that he has ever furnished has been an article or two, at very distant intervals; and I *dare* not risk his wrath by attempting to tease him into more frequent contributions. The plain truth, however, is, that great as their talents are in original composition, and valuable as is the sort of *éclat* which their names confer, *as Reviewers* they are by no means always equal, either to themselves, or to others of my contributors."—*Mr. Conder to the present Editor of the Eclectic*, Watford, March 7, 1829.

and never imagined that when a man becomes a politician he must cease to be a Christian.

At the commencement of 1837, he was compelled by the pressure of his multifarious occupations to give up the ECLECTIC. "It had long ceased to be a source of profit to the proprietor," but he was most unwilling to part with it. When Dr. Price, however, proposed to embark his property in the concern, he felt that "the matter seemed altogether providential, both in itself and in the time." After editing this Review for three-and-twenty years, he could not but feel anxious that it should continue to be the able advocate of the principles with which, during that long period, it had been identified. In Dr. Price's uprightness and ability he had the fullest confidence.

Mr. Conder had still seventeen or eighten years of hard work before him. How they were spent all our readers who are in the maëlstrom of public life in the metropolis can easily imagine: numberless committee meetings; public demonstrations; private interviews with distinguished men to win their co-operation for various philanthropic, religious, and political enterprises; a heavy correspondence; sleepless vigilance to protect the rights of Nonconformists against the encroachments of the Establishment; efforts to remove constantly occurring misunderstandings, either about policy or persons, among honest friends of the same good cause; the incessant anxiety of a newspaper editor about the fluctuations of national affairs,—these things occupied his brain, and consumed his strength. Let no man envy the occasional honours which fall to the recognised leaders of public thought and action.

In Christmas, 1854, Mr. Conder removed to St. John's Wood, and there the last few months of his life were passed. In the beginning of November, 1855, shortly after completing his sixty-sixth year he was seized with a dangerous illness, which, though ultimately subdued, left him in a fearful state of prostration. Medical skill was unable to re-invigorate the exhausted constitution; and on the twenty-seventh of December, "having served his generation, by the will of God, he fell asleep." His death was very quiet; no paroxysms of physical pain—no mental anguish disturbed his last hours. "The boundary between sleep and death was scarcely visible."

Our readers will scarcely expect to find in our pages a critical estimate of the literary labours of Josiah Conder. We cannot, however, refrain from saying, that the most impartial judgment must acknowledge that few men have exhibited such various powers, or engaged in such dissimilar occupations with such uniform success. Everything he did was done well; as a poet, as painstaking compiler, as the editor of this Review and of

the *Patriot* newspaper, he required and manifested a combination of faculties very seldom found in such perfection in one man. In private life he was singularly estimable, and proved how possible it is for the busiest and most anxious to "have their affections set on things above," and to "walk with God." Happy is the man who leaves such a memory behind him; and such a son as the writer of this Memoir to tell the story of his earthly life, and so to extend and perpetuate its usefulness.

Δ.

ART. IV.—SIVAN THE SLEEPER.

Sivan the Sleeper: A Tale of all Time. By the Rev. H. C. Adams. London: Rivingtons.

THE acqusition of happiness has in every age absorbed the contemplation as it has baffled the inquiries of mankind. Wisdom, knowledge, and genius have essayed to discover its source, but its subtle spring has evaded equally the speculations of sages, the researches of scholars, and the inspiration of poets. To these efforts in pursuit of an ideal, we owe the multiplicity of ingenious conceptions, theories, and systems, in which romance and reason have sought the solution of the same object under the varying aspects of the true, the beautiful, and the good; yet still does the desire for the undiscovered elixir throb in the heart of succeeding generations, animating ceaselessly to fresh exertions of thought and fancy. The prolific theme of philosophy—the attainment of happiness, has been no less fertile as the subject of fiction in the infinitely diversified forms under which imagination has given it expression. But neither in the delights of Epicurean ease, nor in the peace of the Happy Valley, in the crucible of the alchemist, nor in the waters of oblivion, has the "Talisman of Oromanes" ever been divulged to mortal sense; and Sadaks and Alciphrons remain wanderers among us, pilgrims in pursuit of a felicity, which, whether in the dim light of paganism or the lustre of revelation, is still the unattainable on earth. To illustrate this truth is the moral purpose in "Sivan the Sleeper." As a "Tale of all Time," it presents transitions from the various eras of the ancient to those of the mediæval period, in all of which, Sivan, under different denominations and conditions of existence, effected by a supernatural transmigration, takes part,—the miraculous agency accepted as a necessity of construction in this as in other works of similar design. The diversity of situation and circumstance

involved in describing the different epochs introduced, constitutes the charm of the volume, rendering it a series of kaleidescopic views of the variously contrasted countries, laws, customs, manners, and characteristics of different nations, the interest in which is heightened by the unbroken thread of personal narrative with which they are interwoven. Through the intimate association thus conveyed with times and scenes far remote, they are realized with a familiarity of conception, and an impressiveness seldom awakened by the cold sobriety of historical chroniclers, and an intensity of interest is kindled which at once warms and fascinates. The simple dignity of the pastoral state—picturesque in all its phases,—the sombre magnificence of Egyptian civilization expressed in the stupendous grandeur of temples, tombs, and palaces, together with the glowing hues of landscape in the region of the lotus and the Nile,—the natural grace of Athens in mountains, groves, and valleys, with the artistic splendours of her shrines and temples of surpassing skill, the glory of which, revived again beneath the fervid sky of Italy, are alternately depicted boldly, yet truthfully by Mr. Adams, who does not suffer poetic conception to mar pictorial accuracy. His style is marked by an ease and dignity which render it always adequate if not elegant, though in some instances brightened by greater vivacity than at others; the one fault detracting from the excellences of his volume, consisting in an absence at times of that rapidity of action which is so essential an element of successful narrative; a rarity and elevation of reflection and sentiment, which do honour to the writer, relieve, however, the occasional tediousness.

In the grouping of an Eastern encampment, youths and maidens tending water to their herds, their labours lightened by mirth and jollity, we recognise a representation of the patriarchal age. At that early period, multiplied dignities of vocation and caste were unknown. Rule and law were simplified by embodiment in the one leader and head of a tribe. Dwelling in content and at peace with each other, the sole danger that menaced them was from bands of armed plunderers, chiefly followers of the mighty Nimrod, monarch of the plains of Shinar. Inhabiting the adjacent mountains, they would descend in vast companies to ravage the cattle—the only wealth of a pastoral people, or carry off their children and daughters to slavery within their strongholds. At the door of his tent, within a little distance from the rest of the groups, supported by cushions of skin, reclined Sivan the Elamite, their chief, an aged man of noble form, regarded seemingly with an unusual degree of reverence and love by the youths and maidens near him. His meditations, shadowed apparently by anxiety, were

interrupted by the arrival of a messenger, whose tidings brought realisation of the melancholy intuitions which had darkened his soul. His daughter had been borne away by a company of bandits to their fastnesses; and deliverance, through force or entreaty, was deemed hopeless. The intelligence caused universal affliction, for Rizpah was beloved by all, and amidst the multitude so lately animated by content and joy, lamentation and mourning prevailed, only interrupted in its course by the recognition of the approach of a stranger from the date-grove, when outward manifestation of sorrow was stilled for the observance of the gracious rights of hospitality in the East. Active preparations were entered into for the reception of the stranger. Ewers of water were borne from the well to refresh his feet, and a frugal, yet exquisite repast of milk, honey, fresh cheese, and dates, was spread to recruit the strength of the wayfarer, whose language, manners, and costume alike denoted his foreign descent. A long gown or vest descended to his feet, the sleeves of the garment confined at the wrists. His girdle consisted of a coloured scarf. A large cap of woollen material covered his closely shaven head, and sandals of leather, with high sides, fastened round the ankles with straps, having the points very long, and twisted at the end in the shape of a horn, protected his feet. A long staff of wood, inlaid with metal, completed the equipment of Meleqh, the son of Teutames the Egyptian. The interest with which Sivan regarded him, was hourly increased by the conversation of the stranger, who, in reply to his inquiries, related to his companion the power, privileges, and glory of the country to which he belonged, where, he triumphantly exclaimed, a wise and powerful rule afforded security to the people against the passive endurance of such a wrong as that which Sivan had now the bitterness to suffer.

The words of his guest presented a realization of that ideal which had haunted the imagination of Sivan—an ideal hitherto but vaguely conceived and vainly sighed for. Dreams, strange yet sweet, beset his rest that night—dreams of an earthly state where right and power should be united, where justice and truth should reign over content and happiness,—a state which alone could satisfy the aspirations that filled his soul. But so glorious an heritage was the birthright of the stranger! Why should not the fruits of enlightenment and benevolence strengthen and extend their precious influence till what was now the enviable privilege of a few should become the indubitable claim of all? Could he doubt that the wisdom of the Deity created man to this end? Faith and hope were kindled anew within his breast; his heart was rejuvenated, and light were the slumbers which sprung from its ineffable serenity.

A celestial radiance filled the tent around the couch of Sivan. It seemed to environ as an angelic atmosphere a vision of seraphic semblance, awful in its splendour but for the expression of surpassing love which spoke in its gaze. "Take," said the angel, "this branch into thine hand. It was gathered from the tree of life, on which thy first parents gazed of old with reverent awe and wonder, as it grew in the fairest of the bowers of Paradise. Whensoever the germ on which thy hopes have fastened shall have grown to maturity, thou shalt awaken and behold its fruits. As often as thou desirest in like manner again to slumber and again to awaken to a new existence, lay thyself down as now, and place the branch on thy bosom. But whensoever thou wouldest sleep that sleep which hath no waking on earth, break it in twain, and it will summon me to thy side." Thus spoke the angel of death. In an instant, Sivan was wrapped in the profoundest slumber.

It was noon in the land of Mizraim, and the glow of the meridian sun heightened the natural grandeur of the scene on which it shone. A noble array of palms shadowed an eminence overlooking a broad expanse of water, the silvery bosom of which was gemmed with islets, their prolific vegetation relieved by the brilliance of flowers in every variety of hue; while along its banks, mingled with rich groves of the orange and citron, grew the elegant acacia and tamarisk. Such was the landscape which greeted the gaze of Sivan on again awakening to a consciousness of life. As the native of a new land, possessing another name, having new relationships and conditions of existence, a recollection of the past alone remained to him of his former state. Faith wavered in his breast. Had wisdom prompted him to ask as a boon the destiny he was now called upon to fulfil. Would the testimony of advancing ages which he would be permitted to see, satisfy the yearning of his desire to behold the moral progress of his race? From these reflections, absorbing his thoughts as he wandered on, he was aroused by observation of the marvels of the Egyptian capital which he was approaching; the renowned city of Memphis seeming still more wondrous when compared with the simple plains of Elam. The novelty and magnificence of the region into which he entered, dazzled and overwhelmed him. Colossal statues guarded the vast sombre gateway which formed the southern entrance to the city. Gigantic columns of stone supported the vast edifices adorned with porticoes. Here, the huge pyramids cast their shadows; there, towered gorgeous palaces; obelisks engraven with hieroglyphics, or sparkling fountains, rose from out the spacious squares. Temples of rich colouring, columns, and stately shrines, shone as a vision of human glory before the

sight. The wealth of the inhabitants was seen in the numberless articles of luxury displayed, from the costly robe of the priest glittering with sacred device, to rich ornaments of ebon, ivory, coral, carved stone, and precious metal, and the splendid tissues woven with unrivalled art by the looms of Memphis. Spectacles of military or devotional grandeur were constantly seen. Now, a phalanx of soldiers, magnificently equipped, executed martial tactics; and now the venerable figure of a judge, seated in a chair richly sculptured with the mysterious emblems of Egyptian power, awarded various verdicts to the different cases midst the assembly round him, the apparent wisdom and impartiality of which roused a new joy in Sivan's breast. Sometimes gilded banners would wave from every summit, and a burst of simultaneous harmony from the different temples proclaimed that the favourite festival of the Moon was about to be enacted, when round the shrine of the sacred bird, white-robed maidens garlanded with the lily of the Nile, moved in graceful measure to the sound of castanet or sistrum. Or within the lofty temple, magnificently decorated with an endless array of mystic emblems in sombre hues of black and red, he beheld a company of priests clothed in the rich robes of ceremony—vests of leopard's skin, aprons of costly embroidery, long enveloping mantles of fine linen of snowy whiteness, with ornaments of necklaces, bracelets, and chaplets of fresh flowers on the brow. A solemn hymn rose amidst clouds of incense while the various offerings were laid upon the altar, to which the sacrifice in expiation of guilt—a black ox—was led and slain. But a spectacle which especially impressed the mind of Sivan, was that most remarkable observance, midst the many singular customs of the Egyptian people—the ceremony of the Trial of the Dead, to witness which a large concourse of people were assembled near the Sacred Lake:—

"The spot wore a sombre and melancholy appearance, which was partly its natural aspect and partly had been produced by artificial means, in accordance with the taste of the Egyptians, the most deeply imaginative people which the world has ever seen. The sullen sheet of water was broken only by a few rocky islets, not one of which bore the slightest trace of vegetation, and the level shores in all directions looked wild and desolate; not a tree anywhere raising its head, save a few cypresses, whose foliage deepened rather than relieved the general gloom. Beyond, on the farther shore, the royal sepulchres, built of black marble, and presenting to the eye one long, unbroken line, varied neither by tower nor pillar. On the nearer bank was moored the bark used to convoy the sacred boat of the dead across the water, and the ferryman, in his sable garb, stood ready at the stern. Higher up on the bank were ranged the judges,

forty-two in number, in a deep semicircle, with the president at the upper end. At a short distance was seated another group consisting of the principal witnesses. All were arrayed in mourning garments, and silence unbroken by the slightest sound, notwithstanding the long delay in the arrival of the procession, pervaded the assembly. So still was the entire scene, that a casual spectator might have half believed it to be a pictured representation rather than a real concourse of living men.

"At length, when the shadows of twilight were beginning to render less distinct the distant outline of the royal tombs, a faint dull tramp, as of many feet moving solemnly at a considerable distance, broke the profound silence of the spot; and, presently, a long train, preceded by torches that cast a red and pitchy light around them, wound its way slowly to the place of rendezvous.

"In front appeared a number of servitors, carrying fruits and flowers to decorate the altars of the dead, and leading animals to be offered as sacrifices. After these came cars containing the sacred closets in which the mummies of the deceased queen's ancestors had been kept between the times of their embalming and interment. Then followed another train of servants bearing jewels and ornaments to deposit in the tomb along with the corpse. These were succeeded by the empty chariot of the dead, with its team of horses in funeral trappings, and the charioteer walking on foot at their side. Next appeared the Baris, or consecrated boat, having the eye of Osiris, the judge of the dead, painted on its prow and rudder. It was supported on a sledge drawn by oxen, and surrounded by a crowd of hired mourners in loose and disordered dresses, wailing and lamenting, beating their breasts, and casting dust on their heads in token of sorrow.

"In this manner the *cortége* slowly advanced without interruption, winding round the level shores of the lake, until the sledge, with its mournful freight, had reached the spot where the ferry-boat was anchored. But, as the slaves in charge of the sacred bark proceeded to lift it from its stand in order to launch it on the waters, two priests of Osiris stepped forward with uplifted hands, and, in the customary form, commanded them to forbear. 'Ye who have brought this body hither,' they said, 'to be conveyed across the waters of the dead, declare the name and title of the deceased, in order that this court here assembled determine whether or not he be entitled to enter the society of the everlasting gods, and partake of their blessedness, or be justly condemned to exile from their presence.' An officer, dressed in a funeral garb, and having his hair and beard closely shaven, the chamberlain of the late queen, stepped forward. 'Venerable judges,' he said, "she who here awaiteth your doom was called in life Taphenes, the daughter of Rhamses, wife of Vennephes, late monarch of this land, and mother of him who now sways its sceptre. Sixty-and-five years did she pass on earth, and now the ever-blessed Osiris hath claimed her for his own. Wherefore, we crave permission to bear her across the lake of the dead, that she rest in the sepulchres of her fathers.'

"As he concluded, the presiding judge rose in his place. 'Men of Egypt,' he said, 'and dwellers on the shores of the mighty river; lo, Taphenes, the daughter of Rhamses, claims at our hands judgment as to her past life, whether she shall be accounted worthy to enter the company of the happy dead, or be excluded therefrom as unworthy. Wherefore, if any can bear witness to the deeds she hath done in the body, whether those be good or evil, let them appear before us, and speak without restraint, remembering only the dictates of truth and justice; for with the dead there is no distinction of rank nor riches.'"—Pp. 82—85.

Many witnesses testified to the virtues of the deceased, while one only alleged against her the commission of a great crime. Yet such was the severity and solemn nature of the rite, that spite the rank and distinction of the departed, the evidence against her, dispassionately discussed, was considered sufficient to deprive her of the privilege of sepulture for the space of two years, at the expiration of which her remains would be permitted to cross the Sacred Lake, and repose in the tombs of her ancestors.

The enlightenment which administered, uncompromisingly, laws such as these, appeared to Sivan as the commencement of the reign of justice on the earth; and he experienced a satisfaction of which he had never before been conscious. But short was his contentment destined to prove, for he beheld the fallacy of hope exposed by a single accident. Through the destruction of a crocodile, escaped from its enclosure, he saw himself doomed to death or flight; injury to this animal, sacred to Osiris, even though inflicted in defence of property, or for the purpose of self-preservation, being visited by the severest penalty the law of the Egyptians could inflict. Was this the wisdom and benevolence to which he had looked for a realization of the golden age on earth?—a code of rule, one of the strictest and most uncompromising clauses of which was a tenet of glaring injustice! This, then, had been the illusion on which his hopes had reposed. The misfortune of his position—that of becoming an exile or a martyr—seemed light in comparison with the misery of his disappointment and broken faith. He sought his only chance of safety in flight, and as the various features of the country which he was about to leave for ever, presented themselves to his gaze—cities, villages, and the distant towers of Thebes,—though the land of Sais, Heliopolis, and the Isle of the Golden Venus, was still a realm of enchantment, its charm had fled in the eyes of Sivan. Was this experience prophetic of the end, or could he hope other regions would disclose influences more propitious to his desires? The answer to this inquiry rose tardily within his breast.

From the eastern summit of Mount Hymettus, the wanderer first beheld that city, boasting a combination of natural with artistic beauty never perhaps surpassed—the violet-crowned capital of Greece. Beneath the ascent extended a vast plain intersected by the winding course of rivers, and presenting a diversity of hill and valley peculiarly picturesque. Slopes richly wooded with the oak or vine spread around, while at intervals, between and beyond these, towered the ridges of Pentelicus, the lofty peaks of the Parnassian range, and farther still the dark chain of the Peloponessus, and the rocky summits of the Cyclades. The waves of the Ægean shore, crystalline in the light, and numberless sails were reflected in the clear surface of the Saronic Gulf, the Ilissus rolled beneath its olive-shaded banks, and the Fountain of Callirrhoe sparkled in the sun. But the charm enhancing the fascination of the landscape lay in the magnificent array of architecture, occupying the foreground of the scene—the Odeum, the Theatre, the Museum, the Areopagus, the Ceramicus, and beyond and above all, the temple-crowned rock of the Acropolis—each edifice prolific of associations glorious to Grecian nationality. Nor was his enthusiasm diminished on acquaintance with the interior of the city, every aspect of which indicated the presence of intellect, refinement, and freedom. It was with peculiar interest that Sivan sought the locality of the renowned Academy:—

"He saw before him a spacious garden, or rather pleasance, planted with plane trees and olives, and adorned with statues and altars of white marble. The afternoon, which had poured down with oppressive heat on the more exposed parts of Athens and its environs, was here tempered to a genial warmth, the slanting rays chequering the green turf with pleasant variations of light and shade, and bringing out the marble decorations in broader contrast with the foliage in which they were embowered. In an arbour, constructed beneath the shade of some ancient olive-trees, which sheltered it on every side, excepting that which lay open to the cool north, was collected a group of figures, some standing, some reclining, round a man, who was seated on a stone bench at the foot of the largest tree. A remarkable difference might be observed between him and the others present. The latter were all in the spring or summer of life, and belonged to the noblest families of Athens. The latter fact was clearly intimated, not only by their close-fitting tunics of the finest wool and the colours, their embroidered girdles secured by jewelled clasps, and the golden grasshoppers that some of them wore in their hair—a fashion then fast disappearing, but still more by the air of high breeding and intelligence which characterizes the better-born and educated in every land. But the central figure was in all respects unlike his companions. He was, if not advanced in years, certainly past

middle life; and his dress consisted of a single garment, which, though scrupulously clean, was of the plainest materials, and devoid of the least appearance of ornament, while his head and feet were entirely uncovered. His features also presented an almost whimsical contrast to the handsome and aristocratic faces of the youths with whom he was conversing. His forehead was low, and his features plain and uninteresting, almost to grotesqueness. The mouth and chin even conveyed the notion of coarse sensuality, and the whole aspect forcibly reminded those who beheld him of the conceit already suggested, that the philosopher greatly resembled Silenus, the grossest of all the heathen deities. But this unfavourable impression only lasted while he continued silent. The moment his attention was roused by any remark made to him, still more when he addressed one to any of his auditors, the expression of thought and sweetness that played round his features, effected a transformation so marvellous, that you could hardly believe it was the same person whom you had been watching a minute before."—Pp. 97—99.

The intimacy which existed between the philosopher and Sivan was the source to the latter of an intense gratification. In the marvellous utterances of wisdom, which flowed like inspiration from the lips of Socrates, he acknowledged a power which that of no human instructor had ever yet approached, and he did not doubt but a nation possessing such a teacher, was capable of attaining a destiny the most exalted a people could enjoy. All that is most glorious to nationality, indeed, appeared concentrated in the unequalled splendours of the Athenian capital,—its history a dazzling chronicle of conquest, recording deeds of magnanimity worthy the heroic age, whilst triumphs of eloquence and art exhibited an unprecedented intellectual brilliance, that might have awakened a belief that the gods were again among men. Midst the captivation of such scenes, associations, and the society of minds the most illustrious the world has ever known, years past on, and hope once more yielded in Sivan's breast, for a time, to the flattering whispers of assurance. But the zenith of Grecian greatness had arrived, and its fame henceforward was to count among the glories of the past. Jealousy and faction became the parents of injustice and persecution; and the cruel massacre of Scione and the terrible doom of the Melians were to be surpassed in cruelty and ingratitude by the sentence—a stain for ever on the Athenian annals—which sealed the fate of Socrates.

With broken spirit, Sivan sought the prison of the martyr, to witness a scene, the sublimity of which is unrivalled in record. At nightfall, he gazed for the last time on the shores of Attica.

As a priest of the Jewish Temple—a member of Sanhedrim

—Sivan sought once more the solution of the problem of his existence.

At this period, the entire aspect of Jerusalem, publicly and socially, would, to a reflective eye, have predicted calamity and disaster. Disorder, bigotry, and persecution, were rife throughout the land, and the ravages of war, which laid waste adjacent territories, seemed to render still darker the gloom which prevailed. The hour, indeed, was at hand for that memorable assault, the horrors of which have seldom found an equal in history. With the war-cry of the Romans at their gates, the Jewish people nerved themselves to an indomitable resistance, sufficient even to intimidate the hardy forces of the Empire, though the choicest men were selected by Titus for the siege. Vast masses of men attacked simultaneously every line of the enemy's defence. But the unflinching resistance which they met, strained their utmost energies to combat, until not even the command of Cæsar himself could animate to longer conflict. After hours of murderous contest, the Imperial forces were withdrawn in order to renew the attack with superior numbers. Deceived by the seeming retreat, the besieged flung open their gates, when the Roman general, improving the unexpected advantage, again sounded the signal of attack, and charging in full column, were soon in possession of the outer gate :—

"Already the number of the assailants almost equalled that of the defenders of the court; and the dense crowds which still continued to stream into it, would soon give them an overwhelming preponderance. Nor could this have escaped the notice of the Jews themselves. They, too, felt themselves hopelessly outnumbered and overmatched: but they showed no symptom of terror or weakness. Borne back by a host of foes, and transfixed by unnumbered darts, the Lion of Judah resisted fiercely to the last. Not one cry for quarter—not one prayer for mercy, was heard amid the wild chorus of war-cries, and shrieks, and execrations, which rent the very skies. Though the pavement was flooded ankle deep in blood, and the slain piled in heaps one upon another, the Jews still continued to return blow for blow; and even, in the moment of victory, the havoc made among the Imperial troops was so great that Titus more than once dispatched messengers to order the advance of fresh squadrons to crush more effectually the protracted resistance which was still costing him the lives of hundreds of his bravest veterans.

"At length, when the conflict was at its height, a soldier, actuated by a sudden impulse, seized a brand from the burning cloisters, and hurled it through an open window of the holy place. It flew far into the building, was arrested by the folds of the rich Babylonian veil, and in an instant a brilliant blaze of light, that illuminated every corner of the holy place, announced that the sanctuary itself was in flames.

A shriek of agony and despair broke from a thousand lips. The sight was as it were the counter-spell to the indomitable spirit by which the Jews had hitherto been possessed. Up to this moment, they had persisted in believing that even in the most utter extremity their Great Protector would interpose to save them, and that any attempt to offer violence to the holy house itself would be followed by some direct manifestation of Divine anger. But the spectacle of the flames curling in ruddy wreaths round the carved wood-work of the roof, and reflected back by the golden plates with which the walls of the portico were overlaid, dispelled at last their illusion. With it vanished the fiery valour and determination which had so long upheld them. Casting away their swords they sought in every direction for escape from their merciless enemies, or fell, butchered like sheep, without outcry or resistance."—Pp. 201, 202.

Such is the effective outline of this famous contest, as depicted by the pen of Mr. Adams, which we have selected for extract as an example of the varieties of his manner. Midst the glories of Italy, in the mediæval era, Sivan is still a wanderer. The light of revelation has visited the earth, yet discord and bigotry deform it. Faction and tumult reign, and persecution in its direst form beneath the hideous mask of the Inquisition. The martyrdom of truth is seen, as in the Socratic age, in the torture and death of Savonarola.

"And now once more, Sivan, son of Ham, art thou ready and willing to depart?" Thus spake the angel. A smile of peace illumed the countenance of Sivan as he bowed his head in assent, and a second time received the branch into his hand, which now wore the form of a simple cross. The hope unfulfilled on earth found at length satisfaction midst the "innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect."

ART. V.—LIFE IN CHINA.

Life in China. By the Rev. W. C. Milne, for many years Missionary among the Chinese. London: G. Routledge & Co. 1857.

THE diversity of opinions respecting the Chinese is not a little perplexing. By some writers we are taught to look upon them as a model nation. Their government, their customs, their civilization, the very antiquity of their institutions, have been extolled as objects worthy of our veneration; and a European is made to hang down his head when talking of modern improvements and inventions, by being instantly informed that they

existed in this enlightened country when the name of science was forgotten in Europe. On the other hand, there are travellers who love to depreciate the character and the polity of this long-tailed nation, and consider the millions that swarm between the Great Wall and Tonquin as little better than the vermin on which they feed. There is naturally exaggeration in both these views; but the origin of this exaggeration is easily accounted for. The earliest writers are those that depict Chinese civilization in the brightest hues. When, about the middle of the sixteenth century, Europeans pushed their way to these far Eastern waters, there was much to strike them with wonder and admiration when contrasted with Western progress. At that time, with us, society was in a state of darkness and confusion — that deep darkness which precedes the dawn. Feudalism was in decay; the church and the priesthood were in a degrading state of corruption; ignorance, like a thick cloak veiled society; wars, famines, and pestilence frequently scourged all classes. It is not surprising, then, that our early navigators visiting the shores of China, should be pleased with the aspect of cities and their populations, so different from what they had been accustomed to, whose arts, industry, and commerce excited their admiration, and that they should bring home favourable and exaggerated accounts of all they saw and heard; and even at a later period it suited the views of many reactionist philosophers and political essayists, to praise and exaggerate the perfection of institutions and governments which, they pretended, had existed unchanged for several thousand years. Again, those travellers, who, animated by the glowing accounts they had read, and with their imaginations eager to realize such perfection as they had been led to expect, were proportionately disappointed, felt a revulsion of feeling on visiting China, and without waiting to examine how far the high descriptions that had been given were merited, set themselves to abuse and vilify the unfortunate Chinese. M. Huc, in his valuable work, has attributed the injustice which the Chinese have suffered, either by the undue eulogies of their friends, or the offensive denunciations of their foes, to similar causes: "When in the sixteenth century the Catholic missionaries arrived, bearing the message of the Gospel to the innumerable nations who form collectively the Chinese Empire, the spectacle that presented itself to their observation was calculated to strike them with astonishment and even admiration. Europe, which they had just quitted, was in the convulsions of political and intellectual anarchy. The arts, industry, commerce, the general aspect of cities and their populations, was totally different from what we see at the present day. The West had scarcely entered on the path of material civilization.

China, on the contrary, stood in some measure at the zenith of her prosperity. Her political and civil institutions worked with admirable regularity. The imaginations of the missionaries could not but be powerfully affected by this immense empire, with its numerous and orderly population, its fields so skilfully cultivated, its great cities, its magnificent rivers, its fine system of canals, and its entire and prosperous civilization. The comparison was certainly at that time not to the advantage of Europe; and the missionaries were inclined to admire everything they saw in the new country of their adoption." Again, this intelligent, enterprising observer remarks: "Modern missionaries have, perhaps, fallen into the contrary extreme. Europe has, of late years, been marching from progress to progress; and almost every passing day has been signalized by some new discovery. China, on the contrary, is in a state of decay; the vices that disfigured its ancient institutions have increased, and whatever good may have been mingled in them, has almost wholly disappeared. It has, therefore, happened that the missionaries, setting out with magnificent ideas of the splendour of Chinese civilization, and finding the country full of disorder and misery, have come to conclusions respecting it, the very reverse of those formed by their predecessors three centuries ago." There is also another class of travellers, who offer observations on the state and character of a country far less reliable than either of the former class. We allude to official travellers. It is impossible for political dignitaries to see with their own eyes, or hear with their own ears. The visit of a Macartney is a mere farce, so far as the collection of genuine and trustworthy information is concerned. As well may the Pope believe that he has seen the real condition of his subjects in Romagna, during his late progress. Nor are we less misled with regard to the truth by those who having been attracted by curiosity or other motives, have visited the free ports and the coast of China, but have not penetrated into the interior, and mingled unofficially with the population. Such works, therefore, as those of M. Huc and Mr. Milne possess an incontestable value, and though they present a strong contrast in many particulars, still we may expect to derive from their joint experience, and their opportunities of observation, a greater approximation of the truth—a more correct portrait—than from other sources.

Mr. Milne is decidedly an optimist observer of Chinese manners. He sees the good which others ignore, whilst he forbears to magnify the evil that actually exists. He shows that a Chinaman can be grateful and honest; that a real gentleman is capable of sincere friendship, and alive to the sentiment of honour. The

practice of infanticide, the custom of feeding on "rats, lizards, rank and indigestible shell-fish, mud-terrapins, and tainted meat, which are the foundation of a general reproach against them, is utterly denied; whilst the condition of their women is represented as being less oppressive and wretched than it is frequently represented to be. Sometimes Mr. Milne's views clash with those of other writers, and we may instance the different opinions held with respect to the veneration in which the dead are held amongst the Chinese. "But the special object of this ceremonial season is, to pay worshipful homage to their departed relatives. Some foreign writers, as Fortune, Davis, Bowring, &c., have attempted to set it off merely as a series of 'reverential services rendered to ancestors,' and not religious homage. If so, what mean these trays laden with offerings of pork, fish, and fowl; these libations of wine; these bundles of candles and incense-stick; these holocausts of gilt-paper, paper money, paper clothes, paper houses, paper furniture; and these numberless prostrations, ceremonies, and prayers, offered up to departed ancestors and parents, with more earnestness, devoutness, order, and punctuality, than even before the shrines of the idols?" With regard to infanticide, Mr. Milne takes part with the Chinese in opposition to Sir John Bowring and others:—

"There are well-meaning, but not judicious philanthropists who have visited China, who may have ascertained from the lips of some natives that they have murdered one or two of their infants; but they have jumped to the conclusion, '*ergo*, all the Chinese are babe-murderers.' . . . Admit only that some parts of China, which are regarded by the nation itself as the poorest and most degraded of the eighteen provinces, have been fouled by this diabolical sin; then it is published to the world (as Sir John Bowring has done recently) 'it is a *common practice* in many provinces!' Let it be granted that in certain places, at one time or other (say 150 years ago, when Kanghi sat upon the throne of China), that from sheer want or destitution, the lowest classes of those districts have been found guilty of this horrible enormity; but then from the conduct of these wretches of that date, '*the whole* nation, up to the present day, is branded as systematic murderers of their children.'"

Mr. Milne goes on to show, that so far from this inhuman practice being regarded with indifference by the public generally, and patronized by the government as stated by some writers, there is a general revulsion of feeling in a Chinaman at the idea; that laws have been formed for the punishment of infanticide, and even the cruel treatment of a child by its parents; and that foundling hospitals, and temporary asylums answering the same purpose, have long existed in China. M. Huc, however, is of a different opinion, and views the abject condition of the women with feelings of horror:

"Her very birth is commonly regarded as a humiliation and disgrace to the family—an evident sign of the malediction of heaven. If she be not immediately suffocated according to an atrocious custom, she is regarded and treated as a creature radically despicable, and scarcely belonging to the human race. . . . This public and private servitude of women—a servitude that opinion, legislation, manners, have sealed with their triple seal—has become in some measure the corner-stone of Chinese society." Mr. Milne represents the condition of women to be more favourable than this description would lead us to imagine. Referring to her married life he remarks: "By discipline in her father's house she had been prepared for the further steps of womanly experience of life; and throughout her maidenhood, the status of women had been familiar to her, as expressed in the common adage, that woman is subject to the following three conditions of life:—viz., at her father's house she is under her parents; on marriage she submits to her husband; and in widowhood she is under the guidance of her sons." The following anecdote, however, staggers somewhat the idea represented of the abject state of submission to which the ladies of China may be brought:

"A Chinese preceptor with whom I was acquainted," says Mr. Milne, "so excited the jealousy of his young, handsome, and devoted wife on a certain occasion, that she adopted a method of punishing him—ingenious, amusing, and effective, as well as annoying. One evening, returning home late, he retired to rest without offering any explanation of his absence satisfactory to his wife. When he got up next morning to dress he could no where find his habiliments, nor was he able to obtain any clue to the discovery. He was kept in suspense, and without out-door clothing for a week; so that, in fact, he was confined to his bed the whole time for want of clothes, much to his discomfort, and not a little to my annoyance, as his services were just then required. At length his 'gude wife,' satisfied with the penalty she had inflicted, set him at liberty. She had taken all his clothes on that evening, and concealed them in another part of the house for one entire week."

Much more gentle and lenient was this treatment than that threatened to Pepys by his jealous spouse, who from a similar fit of jealousy, heated the tongs red-hot, and whilst her husband was lying in bed, attempted to pull his nose with them.

China is essentially a country of contrasts; all that is there seen being nearly the opposite of what is met with in Europe. To mention a few of them enumerated by Mr. Milne:—In making calls we take off our hat; the polite Chinaman keeps his on. We advance to meet our guest; the host in China keeps his seat whilst the visitor advances, closes his fist, and

shakes his own hands. At weddings, English wear white; white in China is the emblem of mourning. The adults of the Celestial Empire fly kites, whilst the children squat on the ground and look soberly on, and battledore-and-shuttlecock is played by the foot instead of the hand. Surnames precede the "Christian" name. In books, the beginning is what we should count the end; the paging is near the bottom, not the top corner; marginal notes are written at the head, not the foot of the page, and the name when written outside is inscribed at the bottom of the page. In his meals, John Chinaman begins with fruits, wines, and biscuits, and ends with fish and soup. In moonlight, however clear it may be, he carries his lantern about with him. He mounts his horse on the right instead of the left side. The scholar in saying his lesson does not turn his face but his back towards his master; and for full dress, the thickest-soled shoes that can be got are considered the fashion. But the most curious of all these peculiarities is, that if a man wishes to wreak his vengeance on an enemy he kills himself, not his foe. Remarking upon this unnatural practice, M. Huc observes: "Among barbarians, and even in civilized countries, where true notions of justice have not sufficiently purified the public conscience, you see the stong, the rich, the powerful, making the poor and weak tremble, oppressing them and sporting with their lives with frightful carelessness; in China, it is often the weak who make the strong and powerful tremble by holding suspended over their heads the threat of suicide, and forcing them by that means to do them justice, spare them, and help them. The poor have recourse sometimes to this terrible extremity to avenge themselves for the hard-heartedness of the rich, and it is by no means unusual to repel an insult by killing yourself." This practice, we should presume, can not be carried to any very great extent, lightly as life is regarded in China, since it must undermine the very pillars of society, and throw it into irremediable confusion. The explanation, however, of this anomalous custom is to be found in their system of penal legislation, and that public opinion which, so far from disapproving of suicide, honours and glorifies it. In China, the law throws the responsibility of a suicide on those who may be supposed to be the cause or occasion of it. If a Chinese wishes, therefore, to be revenged on an enemy, he has only to kill himself to be sure of getting his adversary into horrible trouble, for he falls immediately into the hands of justice, and will certainly be tortured and ruined for life. The family of the suicide, also, usually obtains considerable damages; so that if a man be in desperate circumstances, and courageous enough to play the part of a domestic Quintus Curtius, he has

only to kill himself in the house of a wealthy citizen, accompanying his death with suspicious accidents, to procure for his family a decent capital; and we are assured that the instances of persons sacrificing themselves under a morbid idea of duty and affection are not rare. The subject, however, of this constitutional suicide is one that Mr. Milne so far ignores that he makes no allusion to it.

One of the most interesting portions of Mr. Milne's book is the account of his journey into to the interior, from Ningpo to Po-yang Lake, the city of Nanchang, and down the Pearl river to Canton. It was during this excursion that he saw real life in China, and was enabled to estimate, from his own experience and observation, the true state of the country and its population. We ought to say now what perhaps we should have stated before, viz., that Mr. Milne is a missionary who has devoted himself for many years to carrying the light of the Gospel amongst the Chinese. To give greater efficiency to his labours, he has studied to become a thorough master of the language, and this, by the disguise of a native costume, enabled him to pass through districts which, as a foreigner, it would have been otherwise impossible for him to do. The trip seems to have taken about five weeks, Mr. Milne having started on the 7th of July, 1843, from Ningpo, and arrived at Canton on or about the 12th of August. The personal preparations for the tour are somewhat curious:—

"After a late-dinner, a hair-dresser was called in who shaved the forepart of the head, and appended a queue one yard in length, having undergone which operation I exchanged my English suit for a Chinese summer dishabille. Previous to quitting my lodgings, the thought struck me that, possibly, the 'tail' on which so much depended might be too loosely tied on. A slight tug proved the suggestion to be well-timed, for that appendage at once dropped off. When recalled, the barber was greatly disconcerted to find that his labour had been in vain. So, resuming his manipulations with more than redoubled diligence, he paid little heed to the pain inflicted on retacking it."

Once and once only did the "tail" prove treacherous and drop off on the journey, and then fortunately it was in the hands of a coiffeur, who looked with a kind of compassionate horror on the depossessed, without dreaming of barbarian artifice or political dilemmas. From Ningpo, Mr. Milne directed his steps, partly by river, partly by land, to Hang-chow, passing by the important place of Shaou-hing.

He now commenced ascending the Teen-sang river, which runs in a south-westerly direction to Chang-shan, where he was obliged to leave the boat, and traversing the land over the Tsaou-wei-

kwan and Paiy-fung passes, met the Shang-yaou river at Yuhshan. This river, after flowing broadly through a fine and thickly populated country, falls into the lake of Po-yang. This lake is fed by a still larger river, the Chang, which rises in the hills of the Kiangse province, taking an almost northerly direction. Dragged up this magnificent stream nearly three hundred miles, Mr. Milne came to the grand Meiling pass, on the other side of which runs the Pearl river, which is the great channel of communication between Canton and the north. It would be out of place here to describe the different scenes our traveller passed through, and the various objects of interest which engaged Mr. Milne's attention. The peculiar characteristics of the country as seen from the boat or a run along the banks of the river, are fully described. Sometimes the geological features of the soil, sometimes its physical conformation are noted down. Now, we are told that he is passing by a succession of rapids, or that on such a hill might be seen a curious pagoda. Here, he remarks large mulberry plantations; another district is described as being celebrated for sycamore trees, and a fine kind of varnish. We could have wished that more space had been devoted to an account of the populations. The information we find in these pages on this subject—and with the exception of an occasional allusion that the women in such and such a place had not the compressed feet, and were working with the men in the field, or that the houses of a particular village were very wretched-looking—is very meagre; and we have only an itinerary of the road he traverses. We suspect that instead of making an episode of a couple of chapters in his book, this trip might have furnished Mr. Milne with notes sufficient to have devoted a volume to it. It is true the tour was rapid, and not very divergent, being confined to the immediate banks of the rivers he mounted or descended, and that the necessity of eluding detection by prying eyes, circumscribed alike his wanderings and his observations.

The great merit of the book is, that it is written by a person intimately acquainted with the Chinese language and Chinese life, and who had established a permanent friendship with several respectable natives of that empire. The following description of Fatshan, the large town spoken of as lying just above the scene of the late victory gained by our troops on the Canton river, and which seems to have been come upon so unexpectedly by Admiral Keppel, may not be uninteresting:—

"But of all places along the inland journey, Fahshan (Fatshan), which I passed through on the 12th of August, was perhaps the most remarkable for the exhibition of universal energy in business of every form. It may be named 'the Birmingham of China.' It lies twelve miles south-west of Canton city; is a large town without

walls; reputed to contain 1,000,000 inhabitants. Both the canal and river through the town were crammed with boats; each side of the river thickly populated, and built up with dwellings, shops, gardens, factories, and hongs. My boat flitted rapidly by wood-stores of Kiangse timber, boat-building establishments, iron-foundries, brick-kilns, and manufactories, and before I was aware of it, was hurried to Hwate, where meeting with a strong flow-tide, it had to drop anchor."

The last portion of Mr. Milne's book is devoted to Shanghai, and an introduction of miscellaneous matters which could not have found place so well elsewhere. He alludes especially to the discovery of a colony of Hebrews in the interior, to Mohammedism amongst the Chinese, and the influence of Bhuddhism, —drawing a parallel between it and Popery, and showing the great similarity between them. The concluding chapter appropriately takes notice of the Protestant missions at Shanghai, and their future prospects. Mr. Milne enters sparingly upon the politics of the Celestial Empire, though it is almost impossible to pass over in silence that mysterious movement effected by the insurgents from the north. Referring to the recent *embroglio* of this country with China, he observes that: "Under existing circumstances it must be obvious that it is of first importance for Great Britain to have on the spot representatives of the highest order in every department, political, commercial, religious—or as the Chinese designate them, 'great eyes'—to watch the signs of the times and the course of events. Let us have our 'eyes' there quick, sharp, clear, and long-sighted; and above all, bent on the improvement and the welfare of the Chinese branch of the human family." To this we cordially respond Amen.

ART. VI.—GREYSON'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq. Edited by the Author of "The Eclipse of Faith." In Two Volumes. Longman & Co. 1857.

WE shall not attempt to remove the veil of obscurity with which Mr. Greyson's editor and most intimate friend has chosen to surround him. The dullst reader, however, of these two volumes may construct from them a very accurate idea of their writer's character, disposition, and personal habits. Where he was born and when, how many brothers and sisters he had, the Christian name of his father and the maiden name of his

mother, whether he had a baronet for an uncle and a lord for a third or fourth cousin, who were his schoolmasters, and what university had the honour of being his *Alma Mater*, there is, we think, nothing to indicate. All the drapery of a biography is absent; but the reality is there. Mr. Greyson's literary tastes, his favourite authors and favourite studies, his most transient humours and deepest moral sympathies, the results which came of his meditations on the absurdities, mysteries, sorrows, and triumphs of human life, are all disclosed with an unconscious frankness absolutely captivating.

A little ingenuity, perhaps, might construct from the Letters a rough outline even of the writer's personal history. It is obvious, for instance, that at some time of his life he must have been intimately connected with medical men, if he did not himself belong to the profession. How else can we account not only for his acquaintance with medical science, and his great facility in deriving apt illustrations of moral and religious truth from that province of human knowledge, but for his high orthodox tone in speaking of unqualified practitioners,—for the fraternal banter as of one of the initiated, which occurs now and then in the letters to a medical correspondent,—for the spirit of what is so mournfully said about the narrow limits within which are confined the knowledge and powers even of the most accomplished physician? But it is certain that the hand which wrote these letters has been occupied for a long time with other work than feeling pulses and scribbling prescriptions; they indicate a familiarity with philosophic and literary studies, an imperial command over all the boundless resources of our English tongue, habits of quiet, meditative thought, which quite forbid us to imagine that Mr. Greyson has lived the distracting life of a medical man. Medicine appears to be the reminiscence of his youth rather than the business of his manhood.

It would be easy to make a show of lawyer-like sagacity, by weaving into a consistent texture all the hints concerning Mr. Greyson's history and occupations, which lie scattered through these "Selections from his Correspondence;" but we leave this agreeable amusement to our readers, and proceed at once to speak of the profound wisdom, the subtle analysis of our mental operations, the humour, pathos, and fun, which are so marvellously intermingled in these fascinating pages.

Many of the Letters are filled with just such pleasant gossip about the writer's domestic adventures, his vacation rambles, his friends, and his books, as must always constitute the distinctive charm of a literary man's correspondence. Many are occupied with the discussion of subjects which have a permanent

and universal interest. For instance, during a visit to his brother, he found out that his niece, Mary Greyson, "was fond—far too fond—of novel reading;" and here are four letters to her, containing no strait-laced denunciations against novels in general, but very sensible advice about reading only the best, and reading these wisely and in moderation. He tells his niece that he thinks there may be three thousand volumes of really admirable fiction in our language, so that there can be no excuse for reading mere rubbish. The same young lady had been too timid to acknowledge at a party that the light of the unshaded camphine was too bright for her eyes, though she was blinking with positive pain when the lady of the house made the inquiry, and so her loving uncle writes her a letter on the uses and ethics of "Yes," and "No." A friend narrowly escapes spending a night in St. Alban's Abbey, and this occasions an interesting sheet or two on the power of imagination. Another friend becomes a deist, and imagines that his intimacy with Mr. Greyson must terminate; but he is told that the sympathy and solicitude of friendship are only quickened by a friend's perils and errors, and he receives eight very remarkable letters on the prospects and chances of Deism.

It is hardly possible, however, to describe within the few pages we can spare for this article even the subjects treated of in Mr. Greyson's Correspondence. There is a letter on "Extemporaneous Cookery," another on "The Plurality of Worlds," one on "Beards," and another on "Job and his Friends," one on "Conscience," three on "Homœopathy," one on "Pulpit Style," and another on the "Penny Post."

The editor anticipates that some readers will object to the vein of *persiflage* which occurs in some of the gravest letters, and in close juxta-position with thoughts on the saddest and sublimest aspects of the universe. We have not the faintest sympathy with the kind of criticism he deprecates. There is no reason in the world why the aid of wit and humour should be refused by the champion even of the holiest cause, or the expositor even of the most serious truths. The divine right of Dulness shall receive no respect from us. But as the editor of these Letters calls them "Selections" merely, and has abundant materials still lying under his hand for a second series, which we earnestly hope he will speedily issue, we venture to suggest, that sometimes the arrangement has made the transition from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," a little too abrupt; for example, after we had read the fourth letter, on "Extemporaneous Cookery," with aching sides and tears of laughter, it was rather startling to come upon the wonderfully pathetic letter which follows on "Death-bed Consolations."

But some excellent people will be disposed to censure, not merely the rapid transition from what is most ludicrous to what is most sacred, but also the humorous tone in which the writer sometimes urges the gravest arguments, and vindicates the most sacred truths. We beg them to remember that the intellectual habits of men vary so greatly, that they have no right to imagine that the free play of fancy and wit is inconsistent with the deepest earnestness and reverence. The sternest warrior may rush to the charge with dancing plume; and the glitter of the sword does not blunt its edge or enfeeble the arm of the combatant. It is high time that certain mistakes about this subject were finally swept away. Men who have arrived at conclusions on great controversies after years of painful and conscientious inquiry,—who brought to the investigation industry, learning, genius, honesty, are spoken of as flippant triflers and mere wits, because they do not assume cassock and robes, a doleful face, and the "pulpit twang," when they speak out their laboriously formed opinions; because they employ all lawful weapons—Minié rifles as well as Lancaster guns—to defend the truth, for which, if necessary, they would calmly die; because they use their "Christian liberty of laughing at what is ridiculous," and enjoy, as every good man ought, the defeat and confusion of popular and pretentious, but shallow sophists. Let it be understood that a man may have quarried out the separate stones, and built up the massive structure of his creed with "the sweat of his brow," and yet delight to surround it with grassy lawns, and blushing flower-beds, and quaint-looking hedge-rows; even as God, after building the foundations of the earth of granite, covered their strength with a robe of beauty. It is no proof that a writer is not in earnest that humour and fun sometimes brighten his pages. And on the other hand, opinions which were evidently formed on grounds the most trivial and accidental, under the influence of the love of novelty or paradox, at the impulse of vagrant inclination, with no profound sense of man's responsibility to God and the world for his belief, are often expressed in a tone which would imply that they were the result of mental labours absolutely prodigious, and moral agonies frightful even to contemplate. Beware of the impostors who have been flippant enough in forming their opinions, though they are as solemn as cemetery chaplains in advocating them.

In the Preface there is this singular paragraph, which we commend to the special consideration of our curious readers who may be anxious to know more than the editor of Mr. Greyson's Letters has chosen to tell them, about that gentleman's personal history:—

"One thing more I must in justice tell the public. It is impossible, I think, that the reader should not discern certain similarities in sentiment and style between these volumes and some parts of the 'Eclipse of Faith.' I beg to say—on the principle of *suum cuique*—that I am largely indebted to Mr. Greyson for his contributions to that work. Indeed, I willingly ascribe to him the far larger share of whatever merit an indulgent public has been pleased to see in it, and take all its faults to myself."—Vol. I., p. vii.

We have quoted this paragraph because it will assist us in conveying a true impression both of the subjects discussed in the graver letters, and of the peculiar kind of power exhibited in discussing them. Most of the subjects range along those boundaries of the Christian faith which are threatened just now by the forces of scepticism. The philosophical objections to the direct and proper efficacy of prayer—the moral difficulties surrounding the doctrine of the Atonement—the hesitation even of some good men about such miraculous incidents as are involved in the Fall, Jonah's escape from the belly of the whale, and the speaking of Balaam's ass—the alleged discrepancies of Scripture, and the present position of the deistical controversy, are among the most prominent and important topics. In the treatment of all these, Mr. Greyson exhibits the same complete mastery of Bishop Butler's powerful weapon, analogy, and the same felicity in turning against an opponent his own batteries, that characterized the "Eclipse."

Among the happiest applications of the principle of Bishop Butler's argument which we have ever met with, is the following passage on the supposed historical errors which have been found in the Scriptures. Some young friend is inclined to give up the truth of Christianity because he cannot reconcile certain well-known "discrepancies." Mr. Greyson maintains that, even supposing that these are absolutely irreconcilable, there is no reason for giving up either the substantial truth of the history, or even the inspiration of the books which contain it. It is a tenable theory, he affirms, that God may have intentionally permitted unimportant errors to enter into the writings even of inspired men:—

"Nor can it be proved that, on such a theory of inspiration as that now implied, God would have done anything (however improbable *à priori*) out of analogy with his procedure in other cases; as God has placed us in an analogous difficulty in other cases, so, for aught you know, He may in this. To discriminate, to judge with candour, to hold fast what is proven in spite of difficulties, may be required of us as part of that exercise of a docile faith, of an unprejudiced reason, which, throughout our whole probation, He has provided for us here. Indeed, on *any* theory of inspiration, He has

practically involved us in much the same difficulty; for, even on the theory of the plenary inspiration of Scripture, He has Himself left on the sacred page the traces of *apparent* discrepancies that perplex and baffle us. Now, on the theory that He occasionally allowed human *infirmity* to introduce error and mistake, He would only have subjected us to much the same discipline.

"As to your second inference,—that you must, at all events, give up the plenary inspiration, the absolute infallible truth of every syllable of Scripture,—I acknowledge that what you *prove* to be error cannot be inspired, only be sure that it is so proved. *That* will necessitate your giving up those minute portions to which you can say demonstrated error or palpable contradiction attaches.

"Now, can you believe, perhaps you will say, that God has commissioned men to declare religious truth to the world—has inspired them with the knowledge of it—has wrought miracles, and uttered prophecy to authenticate it—and yet has left the very messengers to be sometimes misled by ignorance? To mistake fact?—to blunder in the very delivery of their message? Now (mind once again), I do not deny this difficulty; and in consequence, prefer another method of dealing with the matter, as I shall presently show you; but still, I say that even such a supposition is perfectly intelligible and consistent compared with the alternative you propose to yourself,—the summary rejection of Christianity!

"For, after all, if we admit this theory, does it leave you in greater difficulty than Theism leaves you? Does not the constitution of the world present you with analogous facts? While millions of phenomena attest the Divine goodness, do you not every now and then stumble on some which look the other way? Is the plague or the rattlesnake quite intelligible? Do you not, when you meet with such unaccountable phenomena, say, 'They are difficulties, indeed, things quite inexplicable; but they must not be allowed to override the deductions which the immense majority out of every million of facts will justify?' Do you not say, 'I believe there must be good reasons for these ugly things, though I do not know what they are?' You may, perhaps, rejoin, 'Yes; but after all a cobra or rattlesnake is God's direct work, and, therefore, I believe there must be good reasons for it, though I am ignorant of them.' I answer, Very well: and may you not say the same of what is inexplicable in what God permits? Would it be any more wonderful if God should permit human ignorance and infirmity to introduce some trivial errors into His word (mind, I say not it *is* so), than that His power and wisdom should do what you can in no way comprehend in His works?

"But, if you *will* have a precisely analogous case, I can give it you in the moral government of God. There God, every day and everywhere, permits the remaining follies of the wise, and the remaining infirmities of the virtuous, to chequer the results of their beneficent action on the world,—to mingle much error with truth, some evil with their good. And can you prove that it *may not* have been to some extent thus, even in the construction of a Divine revelation? Would not such a course be at least in analogy 'with the constitu-

tion and course of nature?' If He permitted, though we know not why, His fair creation to be invaded with evil, and 'the enemy by night to sow tares among the wheat,' would it be inconceivable if, in like manner, he should have suffered minute errors to enter into the texture of the Bible?"—Vol. II., pp. 274—277.

We have a strong conviction that it is a grievous and fatal mistake to maintain that there is no safe standing place between the theory of the universal infallibility of the sacred writers and the dark gulf of unbelief. It may not be the best explanation of the "discrepancies" to acknowledge that they are result of positive error. The ripe scholar and the mature divine may see good reason for holding a very different opinion. But we are sure that many of our younger men have had their faith seriously imperilled by the extravagant doctrine that the Christian religion cannot be logically sustained if the memory or pen of any one of the synoptical evangelists slipped for a moment while recording, for instance, the miracle performed on the blind men at Jericho,—if Matthew wrote "two" when he ought to have written "one,"—if Luke meant to say that the miracle was wrought as Christ entered the city, and the other two affirm that it was wrought as he was coming out.

If a score of such errors could be *demonstrated* to exist in the sacred records, we maintain that there would still be no valid excuse for denying the Christian faith; the grounds on which the great doctrines of the New Testament rest, would still be untouched. Let us trace the steps by which we justify our trust in Christ for restoration to God and eternal life

From such evidence as Lardner so laboriously accumulated, and Paley so admirably arranged, we conclude that the authors of the evangelical histories were men well-informed concerning the facts they profess to narrate, and that their integrity is above suspicion. They were neither impostors nor fanatics, but most trustworthy witnesses. Without supposing them less fallible than the rest of mankind, we have abundant reasons, therefore, for accepting the grand outlines and main substance of their story. Apart altogether from their inspiration, their testimony would compel us to believe that Jesus of Nazareth had wondrous power and wondrous wisdom,—power and wisdom such as proved Him to be a "teacher sent from God;" and we should be compelled to believe this notwithstanding apparent discrepancies and even obvious errors in their various narratives of His miracles and discourses. Such discrepancies would confirm rather than destroy their trustworthiness. Their testimony would compel us to believe, that on the authority of His supernatural endowments, He claimed the religious homage of mankind, and declared

Himself to be the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world. All this, be it remembered, we have reasons for believing before we dream of the inspiration, in any sense, of the sacred books.

But we discover, by-and-bye, that Christ promised to His apostles clearer revelation of spiritual truth after He should have risen from the dead, and that the Holy Spirit would bring all the things that He had said to them to their remembrance. The apostles affirmed that this promise had been fulfilled, and the miracles they wrought confirmed their claim. We find good reason for believing, therefore, that supernatural aid was given to Peter, and Paul, and John, to develope the truth about Christ, and to the evangelists to write His biography. But the *extent* of this aid we have to determine for ourselves. Some may honestly interpret the promises of Jesus, and the claims of the apostles, as sustaining the absolute and infallible accuracy of every word of the inspired writings; others, as honestly, may interpret both the promises of the Master, and the claims of his servants, as involving nothing more than infallibility in what may be called the strictly religious element of the Scriptures. We earnestly protest against making the general trustworthiness of the evangelists depend on their inspiration: their inspiration depends on their trustworthiness, and cannot be proved without it. Mr. Greyson did not think that the theory defended in the passage we have quoted, was the best possible; but we believe that many who are on their way from painful doubt to what we hope will be rejoicing confidence in our Lord Jesus Christ, will thank him for showing that, if not the best, it is at any rate logically tenable.

Our last extract was intended to illustrate Mr. Greyson's use of the argument from analogy; our next will show his power in meeting opponents with their own weapons. In answer to a friend who thought that the doctrine of the Atonement, by involving an innocent person in dreadful sufferings for the salvation of a wicked race, presents a "savage" view of the government of God, he writes as follows:—

"Yes, I repeat, that on *your* theory, the death of Christ is an utterly incomprehensible enigma; we cannot assign, we cannot imagine any reason for a sacrifice at once so costly, yet so gratuitous. In Christ we have the only example (yourself being witness) of perfect and faultless innocence which has ever been exhibited to the world, and we see Him through life, involved in the deepest shades of sorrow, and subjected to a death of terrible and mysterious agonies! Perfect holiness, perfect obedience to God, perfect love to man, requited with more scorn and oppressed with more suffering than even the foulest guilt in this world was ever subjected to! And all for—what? For nothing, absolutely nothing, that is intelligible.

You tell me that He suffered as an EXAMPLE to us. As an example? An example of what? Was it as an example of this—that the more men obey and love God, the darker may be the Divine frown, and the greater *the liability* to suffer under the incomprehensible mysteries of the Divine administration? So that if we were to become absolutely perfect as Christ was, that moment we might reach the climax of misery! That as He who was alone 'without spot' was condemned to the worst doom, so, for aught we can infer from *such* an example, innocence and happiness may be in inverse proportion. If you say, *He* suffered to show us with what sweetness and patience *we* ought to suffer, you forget that not only would less than such bitterness as *His* teach that lesson, but that His suffering so much more than we do, with no guilt, His own or ours, to cause it, unteaches the lesson; it unhinges our trust in the Divine equity altogether. You forget, it seems to me, that there is a *double* aspect to these sufferings. How do they affect our apprehensions of God? Can we reconcile it with that benignity and equity for which you are so jealous, to visit perfect innocence with more sorrow than guilt, merely to show the guilty how they ought to learn to bear a *just* punishment? I assure you that on such a theory of the Divine administration, the death of Christ is to me the darkest blot on the Divine government—the most melancholy and perplexing phenomenon of the universe—the most gratuitous *apparent* departure from rectitude and equity with which the spectacle of the Divine conduct presents us.

"And this I feel with double energy and intensity when I recall the agony of that prayer with which the Redeemer prayed, that, 'if it were possible,' the final horrors might be spared Him—'the bitter cup pass away from Him;' and that this prayer did not refer to the transient cloud of Gethsemane, but to the prospective horrors of Calvary, is, I think, evident from the expressive figure used by our Lord at His apprehension, and which is recorded by the evangelist who does *not* record the prayer in Gethsemane. 'The cup,' says he, 'which my Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?' An expression which is not only, as Paley says, an instance of undesigned harmony in the narratives of different evangelists, but, as I think, also shows, by the *character* of the metaphor, what was the meaning of the prayer in the garden.

"Thrice, then, He offered that prayer; and thrice in vain. Yet, on *your* theory, where was the necessity? Why was it 'impossible' that the cup should pass from Him? Impossible? Nothing would seem more easy; nay, nothing more impossible, than that having deserved no sorrow at all, His prayer should be uttered in vain. Is *this* the way in which you would give us a more attractive view than the doctrine of the Atonement affords, of the love of God? Is it by showing us the only being, in human form, who never deserved to feel His *justice*, striving in vain to propitiate His *mercy? We*, at least, assign an adequate cause of all this mystery; we suppose it was to rescue a lost world that God 'willed' that 'the cup should not pass from Him;' and that Christ, who thus prayed, also

'willed' to drink it rather than decline it at such a cost as the frustration of His divine compassion and the surrender of a world to perdition. But you,—what reason can *you* assign? Is it a more conciliating view of the Divine justice and love that they thus afflicted innocence for nothing, or nothing that is intelligible? and in spite of its own heartrending cries, that if any other expedient remained within the reach of Omnipotence itself—Omnipotence taxed to the uttermost of its resources—that 'cup might pass away.' "—Vol. I., pp. 304–307.

This passage is as conclusive in argument as it is beautiful in expression. We are not sure, however, that Mr. Greyson's *rationale* of the Atonement would altogether satisfy us. If we have caught his meaning, he finds the whole necessity for the sufferings of Christ in the injurious effect on the obedience of God's moral creatures, which would have followed the simple and sovereign repeal of the curse pronounced against sin. Mr. Greyson's philosophical defence of the doctrine rests solely on this ground. To have pardoned guilt universally on the profession of penitence, would, as God foresaw, "diminish His authority, relax the ties of allegiance, invite His subjects to revolt, and make them think disloyalty a trivial matter."

All this, of course, we cordially admit; but we go farther. No doubt it is *expedient* to impress the moral universe with the conviction that suffering must follow sin; but we also believe that the conviction is a sound one. Rebellious angels were driven from their thrones to eternal darkness and despair, not simply to convey to the unfallen princes of heaven wholesome instruction, but because it was *right* they should be damned. And when the slumbering conscience of a sinful man is at last awakened, he does not fear lest God should punish him for the benefit of the rest of the world, to warn other men of the evil and peril of transgression; he knows he *ought* to be lost, and fears lest he should have his desert. Hence every Christian minister knows how impracticable it is to induce a person whose whole soul is agitated by sorrow for sin to trust in God for free forgiveness, until it is clearly seen that Christ "bore our iniquities in His own body on the tree," that He "was made a curse for us." Deeply rooted in the soul is the conviction that the connexion between sin and perdition was not the arbitrary appointment of God's will, and cannot by His mere loving-kindness be relaxed. And this conviction can only be met by a full and explict declaration, that all the reasons which ever demanded the punishment of the sinner, have been met and satisfied in the sufferings of Christ.

Every curse which God has threatened against transgression, is the expression of that law to which conscience bears distinct

and perpetual testimony that sin and sorrow ought to go together; the dark abodes of eternal misery were built to meet its inevitable necessities, not merely as a politic expedient to terrify the universe from wrong-doing. We believe that the death of Christ is the highest expression of this law, and the perfect fulfilment of its necessities.

This old-fashioned theology of ours has, we fear, lost ground during the present century. Some of our ablest writers on systematic theology have shrunk from the only thorough and satisfactory theory of the Atonement, and have been content with what appears to us only a small part of the explanation of that great event. The cause of this, we are inclined to think, is to be found in the circumstances in which our modern theology has been formed. "The wall" has been "built in troublous times." Men have instinctively and unconsciously constructed their creeed on the principle of a fortification; the great necessity has been strength against attack from without. We have been working "under fire," and have abandoned much that properly belongs to us because there seemed to be difficulties in holding it against the foe. An age of strife with sceptical opponents is unfriendly to the formation of a profound theology. The outworks are made strong; the interior wealth and beauty of the city are forgotten.

Mr. Greyson's power of retorting an adversary's objections is also felicitously exhibited in Letter XXXIII., on the "Christian Evidences," and in those on "Prayer" at the close of the first volume. The metaphysical objection to the efficacy of Prayer, derived from the constancy of general laws, is met by the suggestion that perhaps the beneficent Ruler of the world has made the devout acknowledgment of His goodness one of the means of securing it. "He causes His sun to rise on the evil and the good;" but the settled laws of the universe may have been originally determined through the prevision of God in such a manner that the blessings invoked in prayer should, without special interference with the regular order of things, be granted. Moreover, it is urged that, considering the universality of the conviction that prayer ought to be offered, it is fair to infer that the conviction is the result and proof of a general law of human nature. "The constitution of human nature itself favours the hypothesis of the efficacy and propriety of prayer; and ought not that to be taken into account in your philosophy?"

It is evident that Mr. Greyson's opinions were not manufactured by any skilfully constructed logical machinery; but were the living growth of a heart and intellect disciplined by various and oppressive sorrows, and familiar with the anxieties,

cares, and labours of ordinary men. There is a *reality* about his letters which convinces us, that though he has lived much in the study, with "five thousand volumes" about him, human troubles and joys, earnest practical striving after goodness as well as subtle theorizing about it, have helped to determine his creed. Genius, learning, taste, and wit, all lent their aid to the formation of those settled principles which are implied if not expressed in the lightest as well as the gravest of these remarkable letters; but those principles penetrated too completely the entire nature of the writer to have been created by the intellectual faculties alone.

Nor did He, who has established such vital and indestructible relations between the various parts of our complex nature,—who has rendered complete isolation from the general community of human interests absolutely impossible to any of us,—who has given us all friends to love and help, sorrows to bear, temptations to resist, a round of trivial duties to fulfil, as well as a mysterious universe to investigate,—ever intend that the intellect alone should originate a system of moral and spiritual truth. In this work the meanest elements of our nature are by Him associated with the highest, whether we like or not. Our mere physical susceptibilities of pain and pleasure, the delights and sufferings incident to the common relationships of mankind, the temptations which assault our integrity and discipline our virtue to heroic strength, business, friendship, the vicissitudes of the interior life,—all have an influence in determining our theory of the universe. The best trained, most logical understanding cannot, if it would, do its work alone.

Hence that virtue which the old rhetoricians thought necessary to the orator, is still more necessary to the student of all truth, and especially of the highest. Firm control of the lower passions, purity of motive, unselfishness, integrity, trust in God, are as indispensable to the moral and religious philosopher as intellectual accuracy and vigour.

A skilful mental analyst, like the author of "The Eclipse of Faith," might have produced a most curious and instructive biography, had he carefully investigated and frankly told us the influence of Mr. Greyson's habits and history on the articles of his creed. Which of them were the growth of a solitary life, —which were the result of intercourse with men? What was the order of their development? How were the speculations of youth and health modified by subsequent sorrows? Were some of the opinions expressed in these Letters the bitter fruit of morbid depression,* and may they be fairly regarded as

* See Letter VI.

phantoms which haunted a brain long occupied with the gloomier aspects of God's providence, and the nature of man,—phantoms which are sure to disappear when the sunshine returns? Does the editor of these "Selections" think, as we have ventured to suggest, that Mr. Greyson's theological opinions have been powerfully influenced by what seems to have been for some years his great study, the controversy with sceptics and scoffers? Perhaps the relations between the writer of these Letters and their editor were too intimate to permit the kind of critical biography to which our questions point. Had it been written, it might have been made one of the most interesting and instructive pieces of writing in the English language.

Most reluctantly we lay our pen aside. We have not said half we meant to say; and, therefore, the more earnestly entreat our readers to get the book themselves. As a specimen of the lighter Letters we give the following, and have good reasons for knowing that whatever minor embellishments may have been added, the story is substantially true. It is addressed to "Alfred West, Esq.," and is appropriately headed, "Ne sutor." We cannot resist the temptation to give the whole:—

"Ευρηκα! Ευρηκα! Congratulate me, my dear friend. I am made for life. If every other resource fail, I find I can turn cook. Yesterday was a broiling day with us. I am speaking of the weather, and you see how naturally I fall into metaphors congruous to my new occupation. Thermometer at 86 in the shade. But, to my business; only follow me to the *cuisine*, and I promise you shall all but die with envy at the thought of my accomplishments.

My little household yesterday consisted of my sister and two servants. An old acquaintance of my sister's was expected to a family dinner. I wanted a little business done in two different directions, and wished the two servants to go. 'But the dinner,' said my housekeeper. I looked despairingly through the Venetian blinds at the blazing sky. A bright thought struck me. 'It is better to roast than be roasted any way,' said I; 'I will cook the dinner.' She laughed, and asked, 'Who would eat it.' This saucy challenge confirmed me. 'Away with them,' said I; 'put me in possession of the kitchen. What is to be cooked?' 'Oh, it is only to roast a leg of lamb; and as to the pudding, anything you *like*, said she, maliciously; 'but whether anybody else will like it, I have my doubts.' No sooner said than done. I shut and barred the kitchen door, and went to work; I cudgelled my brains to remember what I had seen in that region of fiery but pleasing mysteries when I was a child, and used to watch with wonder and delight, and keen presaging appetite, the progress of the 'neat-handed Phillis.' Faint were the 'antiquæ vestigia flammæ.' However, I made short work with the fiery part of the process. I looked at the joint; had clear

recollections of having seen it well sprinkled with flour, and then put to the fire. I sprinkled it accordingly, and commended it to Vulcan. 'Let *him* look after it now,' said I; 'it is his business, and not mine.' Then came the grand arcanum—the pudding. 'Simplicity,' said I, 'after all, is the great secret of cookery, as of every other fine art.' I resolved on a primitive form,—a pudding under the meat. That is soon made, I thought. A couple of handfuls of flour, with a little water, were mixed up in a bowl; it was too *soft;* more flour, too *dry;* more water, too *soft;* more flour, too *dry;* more water,—and so it went on, and I began to despair of the *μη ἄγαν*, the *ne nimis* — the *juste milieu*—the—what word can express the happy mean of solid and fluid, wherein the law of cohesion only just reigns? Meantime, my ugly pudding was assuming alarmingly voluminous dimensions. At last I got it of the required consistence, rolled it out into a huge plane that half covered the dripping pan, and chucked it in to let it take its chance. I then sat down, complacently enough, at the farthest extremity of the cool kitchen, with a book; occasionally glancing with a curious, yet admiring eye at the twirling joint, and hearing with much satisfaction the click of the jack as it reversed the motion; now and then alarmed, however, lest the whirligig should stop, and involve in catastrophe my entire planetary system. At length the servants returned, near dinner time. I abdicated with secret joy and outward solemnity, and left the kitchen to their undisputed occupancy. I heard the jades giggling as I went up stairs, doubtless at that huge, ill-conditioned, hapless pudding that was lying sprawling in the dripping pan.

"Well, dinner came at last, and was brought in amidst suppressed titters by Anne, and *not* suppressed laughter from my sister and her friend. I was as grave as a judge, and felt that, having now provided so elegant a repast, it became me to do the honours of my table with *empressement*. I played the assiduous Amphitryon accordingly. As to the pudding, it was a phenomenon. On the south side (towards the fire, that is,) scorched to a cinder; on the north, unknown regions, of a flabby, ill-looking dough; the east and west exhibited delicate tints of every shade between black and white; in the centre, a Mediterranean puddle of dripping. I make no doubt that it was exquisite in taste, but, unhappily, I could not get any one to partake of it. I attributed this, of course, to their wish that I should have this delicacy, which was the *chef d'œuvre* of my art, all to myself. It was in vain that I assured them that there was enough and to spare; they would not hear of such a thing as depriving me of a particle of it. Not to be outdone in politeness, and determined that I would not greedily appropriate so rare a delicacy to myself, I, with much moderation of mind, contented myself with taking on the tip of my fork, the merest morsel, which, I assure you I found rich beyond description; then, rather than seem selfish, I waived the incomparable dish away. I doubt not, after all, that my sister and her friend saw it go away with secret remorse and misgivings; or were they, after all, so envious of my skill that they were determined not to be able to bear witness, by an *experimentum gustûs*, to

my superiority? If so, envy as usual, was its own punishment; for rely upon it, they would never taste anything like that pudding again as long as they lived.

"'But what as to the leg of lamb?' you will say. My dear friend, it was roasted on the most philosophical principles, just as the earth is roasted by the sun; quite after the planetary model; and what more would you have? There was the north and the south pole, where the arctic and antartic fat still lay in primitive whiteness. There was the torrid zone, just opposite the equatorial fire, utterly scorched up and unendurable, as the ancients assure us we *ought* to find the tropics. But, let me tell you, there was on each side of this a happy strip of a temperate zone, extending a full inch each way, from which I cut some delicious slices, and which, if there had but been another parallel or two of latitude, would have sufficed for the whole household. You may say, perhaps, that this was not an economic way of cooking a leg of lamb; but can there be a better way than that adopted by the Sun *her*self, as our Saxon fathers would say,—

"'That fair, hot wench, in the flame-coloured taffeta?'

"The only improvement I can suggest, and certainly I shall try it next time—that is, if I can ever get admittance into the *cuisine* for a second experiment—is this: not to let the axis of revolution be perpendicular to the plane of the dripping pan, but exactly adjusted to an angle of 23° 30′. In this way, I doubt not I shall have a larger temperate region, and shall be able to get dinner enough for a moderate household out of a couple of legs of mutton or so. Give me your felicitations, I beseech you, on this happy occurrence in the history of your friend, and believe me to be,—Yours truly,

"R. E. H. G."

Quarterly Review of German Literature.

WITHOUT, we trust, attempting unduly to exalt our functions, we venture to assert that the peculiar genius of national literature may, in our days, be fairly ascertained from its periodical press. If the newspapers indicate the political state, the monthly or the quarterly may be taken as a sufficiently correct index of the intellectual development of a people. The latter, especially, are confessedly meant for the twofold purpose of giving the general public an accurate analysis of, and a correct verdict on, the intellectual offspring whose birth is duly chronicled; and of communicating information to those who have not the time, the means, or the inclination of making themselves personally conversant with the books on which the reviews report. Between the extremes of the ideal man who

studies for himself on *all* subjects, and in *all* languages, and the superficial "diner out" whose intellectual stock in trade consists in mere periodical literature, and who "reads up" the last review for the next party, lies a happy and a rational medium. The reviewer is expected to have made himself master of the subject on which he treats, to bring not only a trustworthy and well-balanced judgment, but accurate and personal information to bear on the questions he discusses. These resources he is to make available for general use in clear and elegant language. The general reader takes the verdict of the reviewer as presumptive proof; he becomes informed of the general state and progress of literature; and while his mind is enlarged, he has also the best advice offered him as to the books which he is to consult or to read on the subjects which more especially interest him. What we, therefore, desiderate in a review is *elegant popularity of form and thoroughness of substance.* Tested by these principles, the German reviews fall much below the average of British or American productions of a similar character. Between the Scylla of writing notices interesting only for the initiated and the learned, and the Charybdis of converting them into a collection of unconnected essays, we fear the German review holds out few attractions to the general reading public. We scarcely suppose that these quarterlies can ever form household reading; nor do we anticipate that they will be welcomed as well-known friends, except by the very parties for whose use we can scarcely think they were specially designed. They are too learned, too abstract, too dry; and they too largely partake of a fault which we have often pointed out in these pages; in the language of our popular novelist, they savour too much of the "Circumlocution Office."

From these general strictures we should at least, in part, except Professor Ewald's annual volume for "Biblical Science,"[1] which, with the year 1857, has reached its eighth issue. Whatever fault may be found with it—and we are sorry to say it is but too much open to exception—it can at least not be said to be *tedious.* A more bold, racy, dashing writer than the orientalist Ewald can scarcely be conceived. Indiscriminately, he deals blows right and left; here, at Hengstenberg orthodoxy; there, at Tübingen infidelity; he demolishes books, and rears up theories, with a supreme disdain for every opponent; yet, withal, there is a vigour and an honesty about him which must gain esteem even where we most widely differ. The number under review consists of a mixture of essays, notices, and addresses. Under the first class we range papers on the prophecy of Balaam, which is attributed to the eighth century before Christ; on the hymn in the book of Deuteronomy, whose date of composition is asserted to have been shortly before the destruction of Samaria, and whose authorship is attributed to an Israelitish poet. Similarly rash and unwarranted in its conclusions, is the article containing inquiries on the book of Revelation, which is attributed not to the

[1] Jahrbücher der Biblischen Wissenschaft. Von H. Ewald. 8tes Jahrbuch. Göttingen: Diebrich. 1857.

apostle John, but to a presbyter in Ephesus. It is needless to enter upon a refutation of such assertions. We have, in a former number, sufficiently expressed our opinion of Ewald's criticism. Of much greater value is the paper containing contributions to the knowledge of Biblical poetry. But, undoubtedly, the most interesting parts of the volume are the following three:—In the first, Ewald presents, after his own fashion, a rapid survey of the theological literature of the preceding year. With a good deal of truth, and not a little of outspoken honesty, there is also much undeserved and wrong censure. It is a comfort that British writers fare so well. But what specially strikes the reader, is the boldness and the raciness of the writer. Next follows an address upon the "Demands of Christianity upon our Age," in which more enlarged missionary operations to the Mohammedans and to India, are advocated, while with an unsparing hand and an undaunted face, the political evils under which Germany and its church labour are exposed. With his denunciations of the reactionary tendency we thoroughly agree; his withering sarcasm of the Tübingen historical criticism is entirely deserved; but we must beg leave to rank his attacks on churchly orthodoxy as among the very evils which he himself denounces. The volume concludes with a polemical address to the Popish bishops of Germany, which, despite its truth and vivacity, savours too much of egotism and conceit. Of a very different cast from Ewald's is the review lately started by an association of *savans*, among whom Dr. Dorner, of Göttingen, is the best known,[1] and of which several numbers are now before us. If we might venture upon a general opinion, its tendency seems to us mystical, and its dogmatical leaning in the direction of Schleiermacher. The two principal articles in No. 2 of Vol. I., are an historical sketch by Dr. Keim, on "Ludwig Hetzer," and a dogmatic disquisition, by Dr. Dorner, on the "Immutability of God." The first acquaints us with the history of one of those interesting characters so numerous at the time of the Reformation, who seemed not only to receive the truth, but to be carried by their zeal much beyond even the Reformers. Gradually they fall into enthusiastic errors, and then their course is either one of decided hostility to the Reformers, or they alternate between enmity and submission. Hetzer was at first connected with Zwingli, then became one of those who, under the name of Anabaptists, united a great variety of errors and extravagances. He goes to Augsburg, where he intrigues among the Zwinglians, and ends by becoming an Arian. By-and-bye he returns to Zürich, and makes his peace with Zwingli. Again he falls away, and goes to Constance, where he is finally executed for adultery and bigamy, apparently dying, however, truly penitent. Besides the special interest attaching to this sketch, such essays throw a great deal of light on the times of the Reformers, and the opponents with whom they were engaged. To

[1] Jahrbücher für Deutsche Theologie. Herausgegeben von Dr. Liebner in Dresden, Dr. Dorner u. Ehrenfeuchter in Göttingen, Dr. Landerer u. Palmer in Tübingen, und Dr. Weizsäcker, in Stuttgart. Stuttgart: R. Russer.

say of the dogmatical article that it is from the pen of the celebrated author of the work on the "Person of Christ," is to imply that its learning and ability are equally great. We do not hesitate characterizing it as the production of a master. Its contents are chiefly polemical, being directed against what is known as the New Erlangen school. We are sorry to say that our anticipations with regard to that school are of a very unfavourable kind. Represented by men of the acuteness of Hoffmann (the author of the "Scriptural Demonstration"), and of the learning of Ebrard and Thomasius, it is decidedly gaining ground in Germany. While cultivating the feelings in religion, and allied to the extreme section of what is known among ourselves as the "Broad Church" party, it has, by its misrepresentations and denials, undermined, if not deprived, its adherents of some of the fundamental truths of Christianity. We think that the theological public should become better aware of the existence and the leading tenets of this party. According to them, apparently, Divinity did not take humanity into personal union, but Logos humbled Himself (*entäusserte sich*, deprived Himself), and became a human soul, when the Trinity for the time being ceased, and the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father only. We need scarcely say that connected with this are kindred errors on the subject of the Atonement, and on other fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The numbers of the second volume before us, are scarcely equal to that just noticed. They contain articles on Predestination, and an interesting paper on the sacred writings of the Arians. Probably one of the most objectionable articles in the review is that by Dr. Weizsäcker, on the "Testimony to Himself borne by Christ in the Gospel according to John." The essential Deity of the Saviour seems to be denied; a distinction is made between the Logos and Christ, the former only descending (*versenkt sich*) into Christ. The whole is dreamy, misty, and — it appears to us—unsound in its teaching, and dangerous in its speculation. From quarter to quarter, we have had occasion to point out the interest which the study of ecclesiastical history—especially that connected with the Reformation—has awakened on the Continent. Hitherto, however, attention has been chiefly concentrated on Luther, and on his colleagues in Germany. We are glad to notice that other branches of the Protesting Church are now to find their chroniclers. Before we notice these productions, we may mention the appearance of a collection from Luther's writings, made by Pastor Eberle, and consisting of all those passages which bear on the interpretation of the Gospel narratives.[3] The compiler states that, during the twenty years of his pastoral activity he had learnt to feel the need of studying the works of great preachers. Among others, his attention had naturally been directed to the sermons of the great German Reformer. Accordingly, he presents us with a

[3] Luther's Evangelien-Auslegung, aus seinen homiletischen u. exegetischen Werken, für Schriftforscher, Prediger, u. erbauungssuchende Leser zusammengestellt. Von C. G. Eberle. Stuttgart: S. G Leisching. 1857.

compilation in which, by the care of the editor, all needless repetitions are omitted; the language is slightly altered—so as to be readily intelligible—and the frequent references to the Turks and Pope are left out or modified. Of the merits of such a collection we need not speak.

While German students are compiling the works, writing the life, or collecting the letters of the great Reformer, and while the German people are preparing to rear in Worms, and on the very spot where Luther uttered his remarkable declaration before Emperor and Diet, one of the most magnificent monuments,[4] the representatives of the *Reformed*, or Calvinistic section of the church are at last to find able historians. Under the presidency of the celebrated Professor Hagenbach, of Basle, an association of *savans* has been formed, with the object of furnishing, in a popular form, thorough biographies of the founders and fathers of the Reformed Church.[5] The plan of the work is equally comprehensive and well-devised. In eight volumes, each of about 600 pages, and adorned with a splendid portrait, the lives of Zwingli, Oecolampadius, Myconius, Capito, Bucer, Calvin, Bullinger, Beza, and others, are to be furnished; each life being followed by arranged extracts from the writings of these Reformers. The whole work, which is to be completed in three years, is offered to subscribers at the almost incredibly low figure of twenty-four shillings, or three shillings per volume. We have now before us Vol. I. of the issue, containing the life of Zwingli, and extracts from his writings, by Pastor R. Christoffel. Its execution is in every way satisfactory; the engraving, after Hans Holbein, is a perfect study. In that manly face, we can almost trace the features of his life. The child, nurtured amidst the grandeur of Alpine scenery, his mind imbued with the records of Swiss bravery and of biblical piety; the studious youth in association with the best and noblest of his fellows; the priest first gaining the victory over himself, and then over papal superstition and error; the Reformer at Zürich, and in continual communication with his adherents at home and abroad;—withal through the busy and disturbed life of the warrior-ecclesiastic runs not only the current of deep religion but of true feeling. There is also genuine humour about that face, and we can almost conceive him answering the appeal of one of the Anabaptists, "Zwingli, I conjure thee, by the living God, speak the truth." "That shalt thou hear: thou art a rude rebellious peasant, and as stupid as any under rule throughout the country." The extracts from the writings of Zwingli comprise, among others,

[4] We beg to call special attention to the proposed Luther monument, at Worms, for which funds are collecting in Germany, Switzerland, and Britain; and shall be glad to furnish any further information on the subject.

[5] Leben u. ausgewählte Schriften d. Väter u. Begründer d. Reformirten Kirche. Herausgegeben von Dr. J. W. Baum, R. Christoffel, Dr. Hagenbach, Pastor Pestalozzi, Dr. Schmidt, Lic. Stähelin, u. Lic. Sudhoff. Vol. I. Huldreich Zwingli, von R. Christoffel. Elberfeld: R. L. Friedrichs. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

the confession addressed to Charles V., and that to Francis I. of France. We would earnestly recommend to all our readers who understand German, to purchase this volume, not only for their own information, but for the encouragement of the undertaking.

A vastly different but equally interesting production is the work of Mr. Gindely on Bohemia and Moravia during the time of the Reformation,[6] of which the first volume has just appeared, furnishing the history of the Bohemian, or as they are erroneously called Moravian, Brethren, from the year 1450 to 1564. Two other volumes are to complete the work. It is scarcely necessary to point out what an important chapter in the history of the Reformation is here supplied. The general outlines only have hitherto been known, but Mr. Gindely brings before us from original documents every scene in the great drama with a particularity and a diligence worthy of all praise. The Austrian and the anti-Protestant tendency appears as little as possible, while, as may readily be expected, the sympathy of the author with all that is Bohemian, and with the tendencies of the Brethren, frequently appears. We look forward with considerable interest to the completion of this undertaking, believing also, that studied in connexion with Müller's "Saxon Researches," it will throw considerable light on the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, and the scenes then enacted in Bohemia. While on the subject of ecclesiastical history, we may mention that the Manual by Professor Kurtz, of Dorpat, has reached a third edition.[7] Dr. Kurtz is well known in this country, and in America, by many other works; nor do we know of any manual which might more usefully be imported into our language than that under review. We have found it, despite its conciseness, accurate even in minute particulars, while the literature of the subject is everywhere most fully given. The following is the arrangement of the work:—I. Preparatory History of Christianity. II. History of the Planting of Christianity during the first century. *a.* After the antique and classical model, in three periods: from A.D. 100 to 323 (the conversion of Constantine); from 323 to 692 (the separation of the occidental and oriental churches); from 692 to 1453 (the taking of Constantinople). *b.* After the Germanic model, and one in the mediæval form, comprising three periods, and ending with the Reformation; and two after the *modern* Germanic form, comprising four periods, and coming down to our own days. The Manual is principally adapted for students, and the only objection that can be urged against it is, that it occasionally savours of having been written in Russia, both by its tenderness towards the Greek church, and by peculiarly Russian references (*vide* p. 685) to the late war for the existence of

[6] Böhmen u. Mähren im Zeitalter der Reformation. Von Anton Gindely. I. Geschichte d. Bömischen Brüder. Vol. I. Prague: Carl Bellmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

[7] Lehrbuch der Kirchen-Geschichte für Studirende. Von Dr. J. H. Kurtz, Ord. Prof. d. Theol. zu Dorpat. 3tte Ausgabe. Mittau: Neumann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

Turkey. Professor Guerike's "History of the Reformation,"[8] is simply a reprint of portions of the third volume (eighth edition) of his well-known work on Ecclesiastical History. Both the learning and the decided Lutheran tone of the Halle Professor are known to all students of German theology. While treating of history, we may mention that Section II., completing Vol. II. of Gervinus's "History of the Nineteenth Century,"[9] has reached us. It contains an account of the state of Germany and of Russia after the Congress of Vienna. In his preface the author indicates that the attempts to incriminate him on account of the Introduction to the first volume, have prevented his applying to the various archives for historical materials. Nevertheless, he has had access to a number of unpublished sources, and the volume completely answers the high expectations formed of it. A fourth volume has brought L. Häusser's "German History, from the death of Frederick the Great to the formation of the Germanic Federation,"[10] to a happy conclusion. When we say that the 835 large octavo pages before us comprise only the history of two years—from 1813 to 1815—we have indicated that the particulars are very minute, and the description very full. To this we have to add, that the history is accurate and well written, although it certainly does not give a very flattering representation of the position of German princes at the time. Would that Prussia listened to the advice of her best friends, and to the call of the German people; and no longer content to follow in the wake of despotism, took that lead which would soon place her not only at the top of Germany, but among the first-rate powers of Europe!

Returning to the subject of theology, we have before us the completion of Dr. Stier's "Translation of the Bible,"[11] comprising the book of Psalms, the Prophets, and the Old Testament Apocrypha. In the preface Dr. Stier re-asserts the great principles on which this translation is made. The result of thirty-six years' study, it is intended to replace the translation of Luther's Bible. The vigorous diction of the Reformer, on which the religious language of Germany has been formed, is retained; in fact, it is still Luther's Bible, only what is erroneous or inaccurate has been altered. Of course, the *textus receptus* has been the basis of the version. We have compared a number of passages with the original, and have found considerable improvements, with occasionally, what we have deemed, needless alterations in the language of Luther. These, and the

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[8] Geschichte der Reformation. Von H. E. F. Guerike. Berlin: Schindler.

[9] Geschichte des 19ten Jahrhunderts, seit den Wiener Verträgen. Von G. G. Gervinus. 2ter Band, 2te Halfte. Leipzig: W. Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1856—57.

[10] Deutsche Geschichte vom Tode Friedrich des Grossen bis zur Gründung d. Deutschen Bundes. Von Ludwig Häusser. 4ter Theil. Berlin: Weidmann. 1857.

[11] Die Bibel oder d. ganze Heil. Schrift, Alten u. Neuen Testaments. Dr. M. Luther's Uebersetzung nach Dr. J. F. v. Meyer, nochmals berichtigt von Dr. R. Stier. 3tte Liefer. Bielefeld: Velhagen u. Klasing. London: Williams & Norgate.

retention of the Apocrypha—notwithstanding the cautions by Dr. Stier as to their use—will much militate against the general diffusion of this Bible, although we are free to confess, that so far as we know, it is the best hitherto offered to the public. A work of importance to the exegetical student is Alexander Buttmann's "Grammar of the New Testament Idiom,"[12] of which a first part has just appeared. It forms a supplement to Ph. Buttmann's well known Greek Grammar, each paragraph referring to it, and supplying the needful information concerning the construction of the New Testament language. Of interest to the philologist is Dr. Merzdorf's edition of the Low Saxon translation of the Books of Kings, according to a MS. in the Oldenburg Library.[13] The learned librarian is engaged in the preparation of a work, to be called "The German Historical Bible before the Invention of Printing." In the course of his investigations he met with this MS. translation from the Vulgate, composed in the Low Saxon tongue, and dating from the commencement of the fifteenth century. This is now reprinted with the addition of notes—comparing the present with the Lübeck copy—and a glossary. The original translator does not seem to have been a very good Latin scholar. Besides many sad blunders, there are frequent deviations from the original text. The publication derives its importance from its reference to ecclesiastical history, and still more as a specimen of one of the few existing monuments of the Low Saxon tongue, which had at one time been so extensively spoken.

Professor König's "Theology of the Psalms"[14] is another token that Biblical theology is not entirely neglected by the Roman Catholic Church in Germany. In a devout spirit, and with considerable acuteness and learning, the Psalms are explained, and their teaching concerning God and man, and the plan of salvation, grouped and brought out. The work may take its place by the side of standard exegetical writings. We are not sure that we can give an unqualified commendation to Superintendent Otto's "Inquiries into the Decalogue."[15] They are written by an orthodox and an able man, but there is an occasional mystification where, in our opinion, matters are sufficiently plain. Besides, the tone appears to be entirely churchly, to such an extent that the second commandment is joined to the first, and the Lutheran practice of retaining pictures tolerated on the ground of an exegesis which lays exclusive emphasis

[12] Grammatik d. Neutestamentlichen Sprachgebrauchs. Im. Anschlusse an Ph. Buttmann's Griechische Grammatik, bearbeitet von Alex. Buttmann. Berlin: Dümmler. 1857.

[13] Die 4 Bücher d. Könige. In Niedersächsischer Bearbeitung aus e. Handschrift d. Oldenburgischen öffentlichen Bibliothek. Herausgegeben von Dr. Merzdorf. Oldenburg: Stalling. 1857.

[14] Die Theologie der Psalmen. Von Dr. J. König, ausserord. Professor d. Theologie zu Freiburg. Freiburg: Herder. 1857.

[15] Decalogische Untersuchungen, nebst einem Anhange über die Todtentaufe in Corinth. Von C. W. Otto, Consistorialrath u. Superintendent. Halle: Schmidt. 1857.

on the adoring, not the making, of images. Mr. Otto's little work consists of three parts. In the first, he treats of Sabbath observance: He differs from those who derive its authority from the Old Testament, and from those who rest it on ecclesiastical authority; but we cannot say that he throws any new light on the subject. In the second part, the logic of the Decalogue is treated ably and acutely, although we cannot always agree with him. He divides the Ten Commandments into dogmatic and ethical law, the latter referring again to the foundation of human existence, to the means for preserving, and to the ends to be obtained by that existence. A third part of the book is one of the best exegetical tractates on the much controverted passage 1 Cor. xv. 19, with which we have met. Dr. Hilgenfeld's "Jewish Apocalyptic"[16] is an attempt to trace up Christianity through Essenism and the various Apocalyptic books—of course of non-inspired origin—to the book of Daniel, who is placed in the first line among them. From this short outline the tendency of the book will be sufficiently evident. We are, however, bound to add, that irrespective of its direction, the inquiries into, and the analysis of, the Jewish Sybillinic book, the book of Enoch, the Apocalypse of Ezra, and the character of Essenism, possess considerable interest to the historical student. An appendix discusses the Gnostic system of Basilides.

Of sermons we will only mention a collection of "Addresses from the Altar by Lutheran Pastors,"[17] a volume which, although decidedly churchly in its tone, is sound and Christian in its spirit. Generally speaking, the composition does not rise above commonplace. In general, we may congratulate ourselves that at a certain ceremony, important to all, and specially interesting to ladies, we are not detained at the altar to listen to one of the lengthy addresses of which specimens are in the volume before us. We cannot see any good purpose served in the republication of the sermons preached at Berlin during the thanksgiving for the victories gained by Frederick II. in 1757. However, this does not seem to have been the opinion of Consistorial-Councillor Sack, of Magdeburg, the grandchild of the preacher, who has just given them again to the world, exactly a hundred years after they had been delivered.[18] True, the Seven Years' War was a great crisis, not only in the history of Prussia, but also of the Protestant Church, which, in many respects, was identified with it. But neither was Frederick in the Seven Years' War a champion of the truth, nor does it exactly tally with the character of that monarch to speak of "the sword of the Lord and of Frederick." On the whole, the sermons breathe a spirit of

[16] Die Jüdische Apocalyptik in ihrer Geschichtlichen Entwickelung, nebst einem Anhange über d. Gnostiche System d. Basilides. Von Dr. A. Hilgenfeld. Jena: Manke. 1857.

[17] Lutherische Altarreden in Original beiträgen mehrerer Geistlichen. Herausgegeben von Gustav Leonhardi. Leipzig: Teubner. 1857.

[18] Drei Dankpredigten über d. von d. grossen Könige Friedrich II. im Jahre 1757, erfochtenen Siege bei Prag, bei Rossbach, u. bei Lenthen in demselben Jahre in Dom zu Berlin. Gebalten von A. F. W. Sack. Berlin: Hertz. 1857.

patriotic gratitude and Christian acknowledgment, but do not rise above mediocrity.

If the reader will promise not to be frightened by an array of unpronounceable and unintelligible names, we will introduce him to a work as novel in its design as it is interesting and important in its execution. Mr. Merleker's "Musology"[19] is a systematic survey of the development of the various languages, writings, books, libraries, learned institutions, literatures, sciences, and arts, at all times and among all nations of the known globe. The mere statement that one man attempts, within the compass of five or six hundred pages, to give an historical sketch of the scientific and literary productions of all nations and all times, must excite astonishment. If to this we add, that it is carried out with an erudition truly German, with accuracy and conciseness, the reader will gather that the present is one of the most useful books that can be conceived—always excepting the strange titles which the author has given to his divisions and subdivisons. The book is arranged into three parts. The first, called Koinodoctology, is general, and treats in five chapters of languages, writing, printing, books, and libraries, and of the various educational institutions, including among the latter, all educational means, such as literary associations, newspapers, reviews, encyclopædias, &c., and enumerating the most celebrated *savans* on all subjects, and at all times. The second part of the book, called Ethnodoctology, treats of the literature of the various nations, which are arranged under the three branches of oriental, classical, and occidental races; the latter being again subdivided into Romanic, Germanic, and Sclavonic tribes. The literature of every country is divided into periods, and each treated separately. The third part of the book, called Chresimodoctology, details the chief periods and labours of men most noted in science and art. In fact, it is a short history of science and literature (Epistematology), and of the arts (Kalotechnology). We have only to add that the literature of every subject is most accurately given. We have no hesitation in saying that this volume should be on the shelves of every literary man.

Classical science is this time very largely represented. We begin with Professor Vischer's "Recollections and Impressions of Greece,"[20] which recall to us olden times, when we ourselves had visited these scenes, and indulged on the spot in the classical reminiscences connected with them. But despite the enthusiasm which such personal inspection of classical localities must awaken, we can neither agree with Professor Vischer's statement of facts, nor sympathize in his anticipations concerning Greece. On the whole, we are sorry that a Swiss professor should show so

[19] Musologie: Systematische Uebersicht d. Entwickelungsganges d. Sprachen, Schriften, Drucke, Bibliotheken, Lehranstalten, Literaturen, Wissenschaften u. Künste d. Bibliographie u. d. Literatur-Historischen Stadiums. Von K. F. Merlecker. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

[20] Erinnerungen u. Eindrücke aus Griechenland. Von Wilh. Vischer, Professor zu Basel. Basle: Schweighauser. 1857.

very little sympathy with men, and with freedom, while everywhere his leanings appear on the side of despotism and the elements represented by Russia. His first stay was at Naples, in the barracks commanded by a countryman of his own in the service of King Bomba. Thence he passes to Rome and to Ancona. Not a word escapes him about the terrible state of Naples and the Eternal City; but he piously moralizes on the horrors of the revolution at Ancona, and mourns over the iniquity of deserting from Austrian regiments. On his way to Greece, he lands at Corfu, where he stays a sufficient time to warrant his giving utterance to his anti-English leanings. We confess that Athens looks very different in his *couleur de rose* description, than in our recollection of the large dusty village, with inhabitants apparently not very attractive, nor very industrious. Not so according to Professor Vischer. The palace, which to us appeared ungainly and tasteless, is represented as very beautiful; the people generally are most honest and industrious; King Otho and his queen are not the vassals of Russia, but everything that is good and noble; the administration is not servile and corrupt, but all that could be wished. Manifestly, our Professor looks forward to the time when, instead of the present Turkish, a new Byzantine empire, with Athens for its capital, shall arise. Under these circumstances, we can scarcely wonder that sufficient justice is not done even to the natural beauties of Constantinople, which, to our mind, are unrivalled. Having indicated the faults of the book, it is but right to add that our traveller has thoroughly visited Greece. Combining accuracy of description with full notices of all the historical associations—classical and otherwise—connected with each place, he has produced a very readable and interesting book. When writing of a visit to Greece, we are reminded that the well-known "History of Greek Literature," by K. O. Müller,[21] has just appeared in a second edition. This posthumous work of the great *savan*, who died in Greece, appeared, it is known, in an English form (at least up to chap. xxvi.) before it was printed in Germany. The brother of the deceased gave it to the public in its present form, from the manuscript of the author. To speak of its merits would be almost presumptuous,—its position as a general standard work having been accorded by general consent. Another posthumous work of very great merit is Professor Hermann's "Lectures on the History of the Culture of the Greeks and Romans,"[22] of which a first part has just appeared under the editorship of Dr. Schmidt. So far as we have opportunity of judging, the work deserves the reputation which the lectures on their first delivery procured for the author. The present volume carries down the history of Greece to the period when its independence was lost. Its most interesting parts are the literary and ar-

[21] K. O. Müller's Geschichte d. Griechischen Literatur bis auf d. Zeitalter Alexander's. Herausgegeben von Dr. E. Müller. 2 vols, 2te Ausg. Breslau: Max & Co. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

[22] K. F. Hermann's Culturgeschichte d. Griechen u. Römer. Herausgegeben von Dr. R. G. Schmidt, 1ter Theil. Göttingen: Vandenboeck u. Ruprecht. 1857.

tistic notices, and those which refer to the political, the domestic, and religious institutions of the country. A much larger, and certainly equally interesting, volume, is that by Professor Nagelsbach, on the "Post-Homeric Theology; or, the Grecian Religion to the Time of Alexander."[23] The object of the book is to show that Grecian religion sought after God and a reconciliation with Him through the forgiveness of sin, happiness here and hope of a hereafter. The work in question is a continuation of the "Homeric Theology" by the same author. It is to be remembered that the design of the book is not to evolve the religious opinions contained in the myths, the philosophical speculations, and the worship of the Greeks, but to illustrate the popular faith as it manifested itself in public and private life. For this purpose passages are selected from the historians, the orators, and the tragedians. The whole is ranged under separate sections, such as the belief about the Deity, about sin, about morality, &c. It is historically grouped, and the rise of new or the decay of old doctrines carefully marked. The work, which is of the deepest interest to the theologian and the historian, displays a great amount of diligence and erudition on the part of the author. We could desiderate something like a general survey of heathenism in its development and decadence, and would hail such an undertaking as an important contribution towards the history of mankind in its highest, that is, in its moral and spiritual aspects.

Totally different, not only from revealed religion, but even from heathenism, with its dark gropings after a God, are the gross views of materialism, which we grieve to say, under one or another form, are making rapid way among certain classes on the Continent. In our next article we propose making our readers acquainted both with the system of materialism which threatens moral destruction to so many, and with the new philosophy which has sprung up by the side of it. However heavy the charge, we cannot help feeling that those absolutist and reactionary governments which would crush independent thought and free action, bear no small share in the blame attaching to these movements. It will always be observed that materialism follows in the wake of national disorganization, and is the harbinger of revolution. It was so in France; and we are sorry to discover similar tendencies in Germany, appearing more especially among the working classes. Without, meantime, entering further on the subject, we will only briefly notice one of the most presumptuous, as certainly it is one of the most crude and absurd attempts, at advocating these views, in Mr. Knapp's system of a "Philosophy of Right."[24] It is almost incredible how far this writer retrogrades into the theories which we had hoped were long ago exploded. According to him, the senses are the only sources of knowledge, and thinking is a mere excitement of the nerves of the brain. Everything higher is only a phantasm and a delusion. Religion is a deception kept up

[23] Die Nachhomerische Theologie d. Griechischen Volksglaubens bis auf Alexander. Dargestellt von Dr. R. F. Nägelsbach. Nürnberg: C. Geiger. 1857.
[24] System d. Rechtsphilosophie. Von L. Knapp. Erlangen: Enke. 1857.

by priests from interested motives, while even speculative philosophy of every kind is reckoned among the phantasmata. It will scarcely be wondered at, when such a book, more or less, openly advocates the indulgence of the senses; the more so, when all morality is degraded from absolute right, into a mere system of social necessity. In short, the grossest materialism is put forth in a crude form, and in most conceited language. We let these facts speak for themselves; and only express our conviction of the need of energetic and united action on the part of the German church to combat heresies, tendencies, and an opposition such as we have had occasion to describe, even within the space of this brief article, and as it has manifested itself in the course of the quarter, whose literary history we have partly traced in its leading outlines. Instead of dividing into churchly and non-churchly, high and low Lutherans, would that they who have the truth at heart, were combining against the common dangers. Perhaps we may be allowed to express the hope, that the approaching Ecclesiastical Conferences in Germany may be overruled for such ends, by the great Head of the Church. We had hoped to present our readers with the analysis of Dr. Voigt's interesting work on the "System of Education in England and Scotland,"[25] but this also we must defer to another opportunity.

Brief Notices.

THE WORKS OF PROFESSOR WILSON, of the University of Edinburgh. Edited by his Son-in-law, Professor Ferrier. Vols. VI., VII., VIII., and IX. Blackwood & Sons. 1857.

THE first three of these volumes contain the higher class of his writings, under the title of "Essays Critical and Imaginative;" the fourth is composed of a series of papers which originally appeared—many of them under other titles—in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and which are now collected under the designation of "Recreations of Christopher North." Some of the former of these are of great and lasting value. The Critical Essays on the Genius of Burns and of Coleridge, in the seventh volume, will, perhaps, be popularly regarded as the ablest and the most brilliant of the whole; though there is a class, and that not a small one, who will give their suffrage to the eighth volume, which is composed of only two extended essays: the one on "Homer and his Translations," and the other on the "Greek Drama." The "Recreations of Christopher North," though so different in their topics, will charm these classes of readers, we fancy as entirely, at least, as the greater multitude of mere

[25] Mittheilungen über d. Unterrichtswesen Englands u. Schottlands. Von Dr. J. Voigt. Halle: Anton. 1857.

pleasure-seekers. They are chiefly descriptive of the athletic diversions of the moors, and the more quiet pleasures of the angler. We scarcely know where are to be found, in such rich combination, the various characteristics they display;—intense and poetic sympathy with nature, marvellous powers of description, a perennial freshness of fancy, and a rollicking torrent of animal spirits.

THE CHRISTIAN FATHER'S PRESENT TO HIS CHILDREN. By J. A. James. London: Hamilton & Co. 1857.

IN this new edition of one of Mr. James's most popular works there are several important improvements. The chapter on books has, we think, been quite re-written; at the least, it has been re-moulded and largely supplemented, in order to make it more suitable to the present condition of English literature. A prayer has been appended to every chapter. The merits which have already carried this useful work through eighteen editions are certainly increased by the changes introduced into the nineteenth.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS. By Francis Trench. Oxford. 1857.

MR. TRENCH is the rector of an Oxfordshire parish, and we have heard of him as an earnest and active preacher of the Gospel. These three volumes confirm this opinion. They contain sermons, sketches of Scripture biography, and essays on very various religious subjects. The simplicity of the thought and the plainness of the diction make it obvious that Mr. Trench has faithfully endeavoured to qualify himself for usefulness among all classes of his parishioners.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. By Charles Hodge, D.D. London: Nisbet. 1857.

Dr. HODGE'S "Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans," is already well known in England; and will have prepared very many to give a hearty welcome to this "Exposition of the First Epistle to the Corinthians." While Dr. Hodge makes no pedantic display of learning, he is a very respectable scholar; and he exhibits a sound common-sense in his treatment of difficult passages, which is even more valuable than great scholarship. This is just the kind of commentary which our well-educated laymen will value, and we heartily wish it an extensive circulation.

THE ENGLISH HARMONY OF THE FOUR GOSPELS. London: William Allan. 1856.

THE "Improvements" which the author of this Harmony has attempted to carry out, are comprised by himself under four heads: Textual, Typographical, Critical, and Explanatory. The principal variations in the text of the chief MSS. are exhibited partly by means of a different type, and partly by notes in the margin. There is also a new arrangement of paragraphs and parallelisms. The

critical notes include re-translations of particular portions of the text. The book is an attempt to place the English student on a level with the scholar. We are inclined to think, however, that the best way to do this is to give results without the processes by which they are arrived at, and without the learned names which catch the eye on every page of the work before us.

THE COMFORTER; or, Joy in the Holy Ghost. A Word for the Restless. London: Nisbet & Co. 1856.

WE have rarely read a religious publication with more thorough approbation and intense delight than the present. It treats of questions which it behoves every earnest Christian to know; it touches on the very vitals of religion, and it deals with subjects on which too frequently, general expressions, not understood, are substituted for personal and clear convictions. It is our full belief that this little publication contains more sound and timeous spiritual direction than many large volumes, nor could we offer better advice than that it should be circulated in thousands. It is entirely free from all mere cant, calm in its tone, and deeply spiritual in its bearing. On the questions of answer to prayer, of the indwelling of the Spirit, of deep and abiding peace in believing, and of practical godliness, we know of no recent treatise equal to it.

ECCLESIASTES; or, Lessons for the Christian's Daily Walk. By G. W. Myine. Second Series. London: Wertheim & Macintosh. 1856.

A BRIEF exposition of Ecclesiastes viii.—xii., divided into daily lessons, and designed for practical purposes. The tone is healthy, the inferences are plain and eminently practical, and the book promises to meet the purposes for which it is designed.

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR: Notes and Reflections. By Joseph W. Reynolds, M.A. London: Wertheim & Macintosh.

THIS volume comprises twenty-three lectures on the various miracles done by our Lord. Our readers are aware that we are somewhat strict in our criticism of discourses. But this volume has distinctive merit. Not that the style is either very fine, the interpretation very novel, or the thought very deep; but there is a curtness and raciness, and especially an amount of spiritual originality about these sermons which must have made them not only very attractive when delivered, but renders them really interesting when read. The illustrations are apt, in good measure original; the thinking not very profound, but bearing the impress of truth and common-sense, and hence certain to carry along with it the conviction of hearers and readers; the style, that of short and, if possible, antithetic sentences, sometimes, however, falling into the extreme of being either too popular, or not *naturally* striking. Our readers will now have a pretty tolerable idea of the value of this book. We have been specially struck with the amount and the correctness of practical lessons drawn

from the wonderful works of our Lord. Mr. Reynolds promises to be both an eminently popular and useful man, and we know of few volumes which might be more profitably used, either for family reading or for missionary purposes, than that under review.

THE STOMACH AND ITS DIFFICULTIES. By Sir James Eyre, M.D. London: Churchill.

THERE is a liberal amount of pleasant gossip in this little book, calculated in itself to promote good digestion. The style is that of a genial old gentleman chatting with his patient, and saying hard things in a soft manner. Like all the old pupils of Abernethy, the author is proud of his "dear master," repeats a few of his pet sayings, and, in imitation, says several very pertinent things himself about the management of "the kitchen" of the house we live in, *i. e.* the stomach. As an ornamental passage, we quote an anecdote: Abernethy "was sent for to an innkeeper, who had had a quarrel with his wife, and who had scored his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Mr. Abernethy admonished the offender,—'Are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus? The husband, who is the head of all—*your* head, in fact, madam.' 'Well, doctor,' fiercely retorted the virago, 'and may I not scratch my own head?' The friendly adviser confessed himself beaten for once." There is much that is old and useful, and something new and instructive, in "The Stomach and its Difficulties." Sir James rides a safe hobby, though he does make a little too much of his supposed discovery of the virtues of oxide of silver in certain painful affections. We know from evidence before our eyes that Paracelsus and his followers employed the same remedy, and vaunted their success with like confidence. The remarks on eating and drinking are pointed. "*Eating in excess* is the vice of the present day, and so well managed, that even religious persons will not see its sinfulness—*sinful*, as wasting so much more food than the body requires, and which so many absolutely need; and *unwise*, regarding it in the lowest point of view, as lessening enjoyment. These sensualists dig their graves with their teeth." "Though more disorders arise from eating than from drinking, still they do not destroy so quickly as those which arise from daily tippling up to the *verge* of intoxication, a point which habitual indulgence renders it most difficult to avoid." "I never knew an instance of a woman leaving off drunken habits. What a warning!" One word more: "I am decidedly of opinion that smoking *is a fertile source of ruin to the stomach.*" Our readers shall judge of the value of the doctor's evidence concerning homœopathy: "A lady, who was very ill, on being asked why she did not seek relief from homœopathy, wisely replied, 'That she could not wait.'" "It is an overwhelming fact, that of all the physicians of this great metropolis, men second to none in the world for judgment and honesty—men quite independent of their profession in their worldly circumstances—not one medical man of note has yet thought fit to adopt

homœopathy." Moderation, and freedom from anxiety, and, in short, a well-regulated, useful life, are most preservative of the stomach; and should any difficulty therein arise, why, then—oxide of silver, and wisdom enough to seek the golden advice of Sir James, or some one equally skilful, if to be found!

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE: the Sultans, the Territory, and the People. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THIS, though a small work, is adapted to excite public attention on account of the interest which the subject will awaken in the minds of the present generation. The appalling war which has just closed, will induce the reader to turn with eagerness to these pages. The work is connected with questions of great importance not yet determined, but which the governments of Europe will be called upon to settle. The reader's desire to become acquainted with the past history and present state of the Ottoman empire will be gratified by the recitals and statements contained in this volume. But to the Christian it will be interesting on higher grounds. The empire described includes the scenes of the labours of the apostles—regions that witnessed the first triumphs of the gospel. When we remember for how long a time those regions have been overshadowed with Mohammedanism and other forms of corrupted Christianity, we shall be gratified to find Protestant churches beginning to rise in that land similar, as we believe, to those planted by the apostles, and in which the pure Gospel will again be proclaimed in the languages of the East. That a great change for the better is coming over that part of the globe will be apparent to him that peruses this volume. We refer especially to pages 308, 309, which, but for want of room, we would quote.

HISTORY OF HENRY IV., KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE. By John S. C. Abbott. London: Knight & Son.

WE believe our juvenile readers—and, perhaps, some who are not juvenile readers—will be captivated with this little popular history. It reads like a prose epic. It has all the enchantment of romance with all the sobriety of reality and truth. In the last page the author gives the moral of his work in a few sentences. We shall only add that the writer, J. S. C. Abbott, is well known on both sides of the Atlantic by various useful productions, and needs not the meed of our praise. The diffusion of such works is the best and surest means of destroying that insane spirit of bigotry and intolerance which is the greatest obstacle to national and social improvement.

THE PAINTED WINDOW: a Poem. By M. E. Arnold. London: Sampson Low.

VIVID and graceful fancy is the chief characteristic of this poem. The author describes herself as being entranced by cathedral music,

and gazing on the glories of an old painted window illuminated by the rays of the sun. A beautiful spirit issues from the glowing colours, attended by other spirits. The first—the Spirit of the Window—sings, and in her song embodies the histories depicted in the window. The songs of the minor spirits follow, each spirit representing a colour, and singing of what that particular colour symbolizes or suggests to the author's mind. There is much ease of versification throughout the greater part of the poem, and elegant thoughts are thickly strewn. The religious tone of the book is unexceptionable.

HELEN AND OLGA: a Russian Tale. By the Author of "Mary Powell." London: A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.

THE author of "Mary Powell" does well in not restricting herself to historic times and characters. Admirably as she has succeeded in some of her efforts of that kind, she must probably be conscious that they owed much of their charm to the novelty of the attempt, each earlier work thus leaving the succeeding one in a position less favourable than its own. A great risk, too, is encountered in representing in a familiar manner, well-known and revered personages of the past. To many readers there will appear something akin almost to profanation in depicting *their* every-day demeanour; we generally prefer to contemplate our favourite heroes as in the *higher* cloud-land of imagination,—to see them glorified with a radiance which shines from far, and thrown into softened distance by the bolder forms of the present day. The tale before us incurs no such risk, and it has, besides, the advantage of occupying ground as yet almost entirely untrodden. The peculiar dreariness of Russian scenery, the desolateness and melancholy of even its summer aspects, as well as the wild misery of its winters, are graphically placed before us. The power which the author eminently possesses so of vividly pourtraying the characters she introduces, as to make us form almost a personal acquaintance with each, is very conspicuous in this volume. But the chief value of the tale consists in the picture it gives of Russian society, exhibiting thus, in a somewhat novel light, the degrading effects of slavery—that evil which, under whatever form it appears, debases life alike in the oppressor and in the oppressed, to the lowest value. It is well, doubtless, that the ills which disfigure our own country should be exposed—and the less of caricature and exaggeration in the exposure the more certain of good effect as well as the more just and honest will it be—but it is well, too, that the yet more vicious state of things in other nations should be brought before our eyes, in order that we may estimate fairly our position, and not allow our zeal against the wrong immediately around us to blind us to the more distant, to overpower our gratitude for advantages possessed, or to paralyze any charitable efforts for the amelioration of the miseries under which countries less favoured struggle or succumb.

TRACTS OF THE WEEKLY TRACT SOCIETY, for the Religious Instruction of the Labouring Classes, published during the year 1856-7. Vol. IX. London: 62, Paternoster Row. 1857.

A MORE healthy and vigorous "tract literature" was for a long time a desideratum. We think now that the want to a large extent has been met. In the volume before us most of the tracts are characterized by point, pungency, and force. It would be invidious, of course, where there are so many authors, to select any one of them for especial notice; but it may be said generally of all, that their productions are distinguished by earnestness of purpose and directness of aim, and hence are especially adapted for the working classes. We accord our thanks to the directors of this society for the spirit and success with which they have carried their original design into execution.

HISTORY OF EUROPE, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L. Vol. VI. Blackwood & Sons. 1857.

THIS volume, comprising about seven hundred pages, continues the history of Europe, and, indeed, of its distant dependencies, from the successes of the French arms on the coast of Africa in 1837, to our own Afghanistan expedition in 1842. The history embraces the successive ministerial changes in France, the death and character of Talleyrand, the abortive expedition of Louis Napoleon to Boulogne, and the treaty which recent events have made so memorable and exemplary, by which, with the consent of Great Britain, the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles were closed against foreign vessels of war, although Russia had at the time eighteen sail of the line in the Black Sea. The English history commences with the accession of Sir Robert Peel in the end of 1834, and embraces the great events, so fresh in the memory of all, which occurred between that time and the fall of the Whig ministry in August, 1841, including the Chartist Movement, the Free-Trade conflict, and the rise of the Free Church of Scotland. The remainder of the volume is occupied with the affairs of India, from the termination of the Mahratta war in 1806, to that of the war in Afghanistan. With a style which is lucid and attractive, the sentiments of the work are double-dyed in Toryism, as an amusing example of which we may quote Sir Archibald's pathetic remark on the destruction of the Houses of Parliament by fire: "That it was ominous of the fate of the empire; and that as the old constitution had perished, it was fitting that the structure which had witnessed its growth should perish with it." We would suggest to fortune-tellers in general, whether of church or state, the desirableness of dating the fulfilment of their prophecies sufficiently beyond the probable term of their own natural life, that they may be spared the mortification of knowing that time, the great revealer of secrets, has falsified their predictions.

Books Received.

Anti-Slavery Advocate, for August. Wm. Tweedie.
Bagster's Commentary Wholly Biblical. Part X. Bagster & Sons.
Bagster's Paragraph (Large-Print) Bible in Separate Books. Ezekiel. Bagster & Sons.
Baker's (Rev. John) The Gospel Refuge: a Sermon. 36 pp. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.
Band of Hope Record, for July and August. Wm. Horsell.
Bell's (Currer) Jane Eyre. New Edition, 467 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Bigwood's (Rev. John) Mystery of Godliness. 152 pp. J. Heaton & Son.
Birch's (Rev. H.) Positive Theology, or Christianity at One View. 401 pp. Jno. Snow.
Brookes's (Henry) Peers and the People, and the Coming Reform, 127 pp. Effingham Wilson.
Brown's (Dr. John) Exposition of Epistle to the Romans. 639 pp. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Sons.
Carlisle Examiner. No. 19. Carlisle: 11A, English Street.
Cassell's Art Treasures' Exhibition. Part III. Kent & Co.
Cassell's (John) The Great Obstacle to Education. 47 pp. W. Kent & Co.
Cole's (Alfred W.) Lorimer Littlegood. Part II. James Blackwood.
Congregational Chant Book. 89 pp. Ward & Co.
Cope's (Rev. Dr. Richard) Autobiography and Remains. 292 pp. Judd & Glass.
Dalton's (Wm.) Key to the Adulteration of our Daily Food. 180 pp. Marlborough & Co.
Darling's (James) Cyclopædia Bibliographica: Subjects. Part I. Darling, 81, Gt. Queen Street.
Eastwick's Autobiography of Lutfullah, a Mahomedan Gentleman. 436 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Elliott's (E.) Labour and Live: a Story. 417 pp. Wm. Freeman.
Geldart's (Mrs. Thos.) Memorials of Samuel Gurney. 156 pp. W. & F. G. Cash.
Gilfillan's (Rev. G.) Poetical Works of Akenside; Memoir and Critical Dissertation. 300 pp. J. Nisbet.
Green's (Rev. T. S., M.A.) New Testament Translated. Part I., St. Matthew; Romans. Bagster.
Greyson (R. E. H.): Selections from Correspondence. 2 vols., pp. 335, 346. Longmans.
Horner's (F. R., M.D.) Homœopathy: Reasons for Adopting, &c. 2nd edit., 78 pp. Groombridge.
James (Henry) Christianity the Logic of Creation. 264 pp. White, 36, Bloomsbury Street.
Jewish Chronicle, for August. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.
Jobson's (Rev. F. J.) America and American Methodism. 399 pp. J. S. Virtue.
Journal of Health and Phrenological Magazine, for July and August. W. Horsell.
Ladies' Treasury, for August. Ward & Lock.
Leisure Hour, for August. Religious Tract Society.
London University Magazine, for August. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
M'Phin's (Wm. L.) True Principles of Currency. 76 pp. Richardson Brothers.
Meredith's (Geo.) Farina: a Legend of Cologne. 244 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Mursell's (J. P.) A Zealous Ministry: its Character and its Worth. 32 pp. J. Heaton & Son.
Orr's (J.) Theism: a Treatise on God, Providence, and Immortality. 406 pp. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
Raikes. Portion of the Journal Kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847. In Four Vols. Vols. III. & IV., pp. 424 & 487. Longmans.
Recollections of Western Texas. By Two of the U.S. Mounted Rifles. 88 pp. W. & F. G. Cash.
Revue Chrétienne: Recueil Mensuel. No. VIII. Paris: Ch. Meyrueis & Cie.
Riddle's (Rev. J. E., M.A.) Manual of Scripture History and History of the Jews. 451 pp. Longmans.
Stirling's (James) Letters from the Slave States. 374 pp. J. W. Parker & Son.
Sunday at Home, for August. Religious Tract Society.
Taylder's (T. W. P.) Mormon's Own Book. 228 pp. Partridge & Co.
Uriel; and other Poems. 169 pp. John Chapman.
Wardlaw's (Dr. Ralph) Systematic Theology. Vol. III., 766 pp. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.
Weekly Tract Society's Volume for 1856—7. Vol. IX. Office: 62, Paternoster Row.
Westgarth's (Wm.) Victoria and Australian Gold Mines in 1857. Maps, 466 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
What is Truth? 36 pp. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.
Will not Persia imitate Turkey, &c. By M. A. 16 pp. Wertheim & Macintosh.
Wilson's (Prof.) Works. Vol. IX. Recreations of Christopher North. Vol. I. Blackwood & Sons.
Young's (Dr. John) Primary Instruction the Want and Right of the People. 35 pp. Longmans.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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ART. I.—NATURE AND ART IN THE CURE OF DISEASE.

1. *Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease.* By Sir John Forbes, M.D., D.C.L. (Oxon), F.R.S., Physician to the Queen's Household. London: J. Churchill.
2. *Hufeland's Art of Prolonging Life.* Edited by Erasmus Wilson, F.R.C.S., &c. London: J. Churchill.
3. *The Causes and Prevention of Diseases.* By Samuel Fenwick, M.D. London: J. Churchill.
4. *Health, Disease, and Longevity.* By Lionel John Beale, M.R.C.S., Medical Officer of Health, St. Martin's in the Fields.
5. *An Investigation of Homœopathy.* By W. Sharp, M.D., F.R.S. London: Groombridge & Sons.
6. *A Few Words on Homœopathy and Homœopathic Hospitals, chiefly in Reply to Professor Henderson; being a Sequel to the Edinburgh Essay on Homœopathy.* By W. T. Gairdner, M.D. Edinburgh: Black.
7. *The Water Cure; its Principles and Practice.* By James Wilson, M.D., &c. London: Trübner.
8. *The Water Cure in Chronic Disease.* By James Gully, M.D., &c., &c. London: J. Churchill.
9. *Mesmerism in its Relation to Health and Disease; or, the Present State of Medicine.* By William Neilson, Esq. Edinburgh: Shepherd & Elliot.
10. *The Destructive Art of Healing: a Sequel to the "Fallacies of the Faculty."* By Samuel Dickson, M.D., formerly a Medical Officer of the Staff. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THE woman formed of clay, who having been endowed by all the gods with what each thought good for her, and who was

above all favoured by Jupiter with a box full of evils, with Hope at the bottom of them, resembled Eve, who was made out of Adam (clay). She wished to get at the bottom of the gifts by knowing both good and evil at once, and so all the evils flew about the world, and she had only just time to shut in Hope, when she had lost all her other deposits. Thus the expectation of remedy began with the feeling of its need, and the serpent-slayer was promised through her who introduced disorder and disease. The Supreme has left us Hope, not only as the prophetess to foretell the deliverance from "all the ills that flesh is heir to," but also to excite the soul to seek for means of cure, or else to energize the spirit to the endurance of evil, for the sake of greater good. View it as we may, with the existence of evil Hope came, and with it must continue, because there is a medicine for every malady, and a higher good to be attained in the conquest of every ill. Hope is the offspring of Faith, and she handles and administers every healing thing. But there are false hopes as well as false faiths, just as there are simulations of science, which delude with promises that can never be fulfilled, because they comport neither with the wisdom of the Divine method, nor with the well-being of man's spirit. The false in hope, in faith, and in science, is perhaps better exemplified in medicine than in any other subject to which the human mind is directed. Pandora's box was perchance a medicine chest in the hand of one who had not the wit to use it. The gifts of all the powers become evils when left to work at random, without wisdom to apply them.

There is not one thing in Nature which is not relatively good; that is to say, there is a medicinal influence pertaining to every agency, since each element holds its place in preserving its balance with some other that without it would be mischievous. Hence, there is nothing bad that is rightly connected, and nothing good but in its place; but whatever is duly administered contributes to health. A poison is only a medicine out of place. The chemistry of our daily life affords an illustration of the fact, that the elements of life may become those of death by transposition. The bread we eat is formed of elements which in their proper combinations nourish the energies of our bodies, but should they be decomposed or mutually displaced, they would only convey disease and death if admitted to the life-stream of our blood. That which most contributes to maintain vital force, when changed in its chemical relations, most readily destroys it; thus the nitrogenous substances so essential to healthy blood are all akin to the most deadly poisons. Prussic acid has the same elements as flesh. Every agency that bears upon the human constitution is capable of

producing disorder in it, either by excess or by deficiency; for the diminution of any one required influence renders some other naturally counteracting influence inordinate in its effects, thus producing disease instead of that orderly working of the vital functions which we call health.

Disease is but the disturbance of that balance of manifold influences which in their wondrous co-operation constitute the *mens sana in corpore sano*. So delicately adjusted are the forces which maintain life and mind in orderly activity, that manifestly the same Hand regulates them that strung the worlds together upon light. And yet disorder is also a natural ordinance, and we are concerned to know why it is, and how it may be remedied, in respect at least to ourselves. Why is there disease? For the same reason that we ourselves are. Man was created to know both good and evil, as relative things. He is, therefore, so placed amongst all the powers of Nature that the minutest deviation from the right direction may cause him to be and to feel altogether wrong. An atom out of keeping alters the whole *cosmos* to him. He is always in danger, that he may always depend on the Ruler of the elements in the midst of which he lives, and at the same time give heed to learn the laws of his Maker, so that he may in shunning natural evil, become intimate with both natural and spiritual good, and attain eternal safety in obeying truth. He is to see the grounds of faith by seeing that in the prevalence of disorder there still is the working of a remedial spirit, which is before and beyond the evil, and which gives the prophecy and the assurance of recovery to those who look for it. Yea, in the midst of disease, and in the embrace of death, man is to feel the fact which all Nature teaches when interpreted by reason, that there is no chance-work, but that the body and the selfhood are matters of incessant insight and concern to the Maker of all, and that the laws of happy existence are as fixed as the eternity of right and wrong: the breath of God stirring the atoms of our dust. Therefore, we have no right to talk of health, disease, and remedy irreligiously. We are to observe how the Almighty works upon our bodies and our souls, through things that bear upon ourselves both physically and metaphysically. So far as any one is thus acquainted with facts, so as to interpret and practically to apply them, he is a physician, and he only. Reason is not to be exercised in tracing ideas on the clouds, but in discovering the bearing of facts, or the relation of things which God has made to act one upon another. In respect to disease, the difficulty of discovery is enhanced by the circumstance that the phenomena in each particular case result from the co-operation of influences having several hidden centres of

action, and yet proceeding in combination to produce what is manifested. There must be the coincidence of several causes of disturbance in every instance, and each cause must be modified in action both by the individual constitution of the patient, and by the circumstances in which he may be placed as they operate alike on the body and the mind. He, therefore, must be a fool indeed who thinks to doctor himself with impunity, without knowing on what principles to proceed, or to medicate the bodies of others for their good without experience. A blind man may as well set himself up as a guide through a pathless forest which he has never trod. With the clearest sight and the shrewdest mind, all that the best physician can do is to study the indications as they present themselves, to keep his eye in the direction of the light, calmly mastering his own knowledge, while availing himself of the remembered experience of the trustworthy who have preceded him; neither too confident in his own opinion, nor too ready to trust that of others. Nevertheless, he must be no less a fool, who having attained middle age, has not some intimacy with physiology and the elements of life; nor observed enough of the causes of health to know how in a general way to facilitate recovery from disease, or, at least, to see how impediments to the *vis medicatrix naturæ* may be best avoided.

A *little* knowledge is proverbially dangerous, and yet *none* is worse; as we see from the pseudo-philanthropy, born of folly and fathered by ignorance, called "medical advice;" such, we mean, as our kind friends are all ready to bestow upon us if we complain of any sickness, whether great or small. No doubt it is the benevolent expression of sympathy to call to mind some chance word of meddlesome conceit, saying, Take this or that; though we fancy their kindness is near akin to that of the priest, who would give us a blessing because it serves to show his superiority, and costs nothing—which is precisely what it is worth. So have we heard a number of old crones, waiting for the doctor at a public infirmary, liberally bestowing their advice on each other. Some vagabond addicted to gin, and suffering from a swollen liver and changes of life, discovers that the dyspeptic old man by her side, has exactly her complaints, and prescribes brandy and pepper as a certain cure. For why? She has often tried it. While one who is expecting to be a mother, is assured by a retired showman that he suffered from the same sort of sickness, and cured himself with Morison's pills. This universal tendency to prescribe is a part of the privilege of Saxons, the most quackish people in the world, but held in common with gypsies and all the barbarous tribes; though, perhaps, the earlier Egyptians and Greeks, before

physicians were invented, carried it too far when they placed their sick in the highways that every passer by might have the blessedness of trying his luck or his skill upon the sufferer. The Red Indians, the Hindoos, and the Chinese still retain a relic of primeval science, and breed physicians in family lines, who do as their fathers did before them, for all must trust to tradition who have nothing better to guide them.

This love of doctoring, being prevalent and dangerous in proportion to ignorance, can be cured only by knowledge. This age is peculiarly pestered with it, because there is just knowledge enough blown about to stir up ignorance. It must not only be stirred up, but driven away, and this can be done only by telling every one all that can be told, all that is known, concerning these wonderful bodies of ours. But, alas, who is to gain the ear of ignorance? He who first imposed on ignorance has still possession of it, and lies are greedily drank in by those who would be wise by hearsay; and truth is left to the winds, like the Sibylline leaves, to be gathered up and put together by the patient. As the Father of quackeries has his tract societies and cheap literature to forestall, and if possible, to falsify the Gospel, so has he agencies at work to propagate shams in the name of science. There are heaps of trash of this kind in the market, with nothing sincere about them but the selfishness of their writers; and only unfit for the fire, because too polluting for the hands of the housemaid. We want cheap books, expressing in a manner worthy of the subject, and in good plain English, all that is known of the modes and manifestations of life. There is no subject more interesting in itself, or more susceptible of interesting handling and striking illustration. It is, indeed, the study of organization in relation to life that alone enlightens the mind concerning the laws of health and disease. There is nothing more important to our well-being than that we should know what are the agencies that regulate or disturb the functions of our bodies, and there cannot be any improvement in our social condition without imbuing the popular mind with the facts of physiology, and the relation of those facts to food, air, light, drainage, temperature, general comfort, and mental management and temper. We ought to have popular lectures on physiology, with plentiful illustrations, delivered in every town and village of the country, by men feeling the weight of their mission, and capable of presenting the grand results of modern science in a manner to demand and attract attention. We do not need school-technicalities nor elaborate demonstrations; we need only to see what art and science enable us to see of the means of securing health, or of promoting the right action of mind and body. We need

to understand that we are not left to mere guess-work in this matter, but that there are physical laws fixed, positive, and indelibly written on the elements by the Creative Hand, and which can no more be broken with impunity, than those moral commandments which were inscribed by the same Hand on the tables of stone, as an everlasting testimony to man. It is the proper business of every man to look into those laws for himself to the best of his ability; for whether he understand them or not, his health and well-being will depend on his obedience to them. Besides that, if he remain blind concerning them, he will lose the strongest evidences of Divine wisdom; and not seeing as a fact his constant dependence on the Will that works out the daily wonders of his existence, he will often be ignorantly acting against Providence, and be as incapable of true worship as of true work. It is deplorable to observe so many men of faith no better acquainted with the phenomena of nature than if God, their Author, had nothing to do with them. What can be expected but that they should be left to the mercy of quackery and pretension, ready to catch hope of health from any bold advertisement glaring with false promise—where they should not be—on the covers of our religious periodicals. He who will not study God's facts, must believe his own fancies, and the devil's falsehoods, and take the consequence. When such a one loses health, he is in a hurry to be cured, and like other victims of vice, he is apt to trust the first *soi-disant* doctor of whom he happens to hear as thriving most in his sudden reputation, though it be indeed but by making a market of ignorance. We can testify to the awful havoc that is made of mind and money through the clandestine terrorism established by quacks over their patients; for we have seen many who have been reduced to the last stage of nervous despondency, in consequence of fancying themselves the victims of disease, having really no existence but in their own consciences, and the suggestions of diabolical and undiplomatized doctors.

The remedy for all this is correct intelligence concerning the grounds of medical science, and the mental discipline and testing, to which every regular practitioner of medicine is required to submit. Without this knowledge, it is impossible to prevent imposition; for without it, who can distinguish the trustworthy from the pretentious? We think such books as those of the series of "Popular Medicine," published by Churchill, written as they are by conscientious, experienced, practical men, well calculated to set the inquirer in the right path, to discover for himself the best means of preserving health. They teach that there is no royal road to the knowledge of medicine, and no bye-ways to the acquirement of

skill. True science pretends to no specifics; and repudiates the idea of *arcana*, as belonging only to those who would pretend to monopolize truth, while making a trade of deception. Those who administer to the taste of the wonder-loving, evince that their own credulity is equal to their impudence; and, believing only in themselves, they say: "Give way, ye learned of the world, give way to me; the monarchy of mind is all mine own!" This is in substance the language of Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bombastus ab Hohenheim, addressed to the public in the fifteenth century; as if the philosophy of life were the sudden discovery of a lucky simpleton, and not the teaching of God to the highest spirits of all ages. The temple of truth is not built by any one mind; but like truth itself, is gradually developed and revealed. The co-operation of many successive minds to the same end, is requisite to the attainment of that end; and he who casts away the experience of past thinkers to make room for his own whims, must be an enormous blockhead, to whom the meaning of the words, *Ars longa est—si scias uti*, must be utterly unknown.

Multa tulit fecitque puer should be the especial motto of the medical student; for if carried out in the spirit of it, he will prove all things, and hold fast all that is good. We cannot believe yet that the doctor, who attributes all diseases to alterations of temperature, or thermal influences, is nearer the truth than the doctor who traces all sin and suffering to the use of salt. Nor do we deem it likely that Priessnitz, who trusted only to cold water as the universal panacea, had a better insight into the functions of life than Hahnemann, who ignored all the facts of chemistry for the sake of maintaining his hypothesis of spiritual dynamics, and the cure of disease by increasing them—a little. And the man who would reduce the "*omnia ab uno in unum*," by referring all health and disease to electricity, or even to mesmeric influences, can scarcely be better acquainted with either the *omnia* or the *unum*, than he who would cure a hydrophobic patient "with a hair of the dog that bit him." Oh! ye hypothetical sciolists, where is your logic? Ye have falsified facts, by looking at them through your hypotheses, that is to say, through glasses full of flaws, and ye are afraid to trust your eyes, lest ye should see your errors.

Passing by, for the present, the numerous lesser claimants on our attention, we approach with reverence the discourse of Sir John Forbes on "Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease," well assured that a man so mature in practice, and discerning in mind, will give us the results of his large intelligence and

ripe experience, in a manner most likely to enlighten us. He is fully entitled to our closest attention; and we have studied his volume with our best ability. His views are in general as perspicacious as they are earnestly and perspicuously presented; but yet we are not sure that Sir John Forbes has clearly defined the boundary between Nature and Art. We rather think, indeed, that his ideas are not very definite as to their relative domains. No doubt we are to regard the conservative powers, *inherent* in the living body, as those of nature (p. 26); but where shall we look for a case of disease, unmodified by *extrinsic* influences! We may complain that our medical students have no opportunity of "obtaining positive and accurate knowledge of the power possessed by nature in relieving and curing diseases," since in civilized lands disease is happily seldom left to have its own way. We cannot desire that it should, for is it not *natural* to humanity to bring *assistance* to Nature? Dr. Winterbottom tells us that even the Africans have no faith in the power of Nature to cure disease; and certainly they have full opportunity to witness her power uninterrupted by science. If, however, we would see what Nature does to cure her own maladies, we must look into those states of society, where medicine, as an art or a science, is unknown. Do not travellers and missionaries give us sufficient evidence of the remedial powers of Nature, in their descriptions of the wretched multitudes that crowd around them everywhere, crying for help, and burthened with all those chronic and disgusting maladies which rarely or never obtrude themselves in Christian lands? Why is this, but that medical science and Christianity go together as the gifts of the same Beneficence? Why is it that our missionaries, who find classic and mathematical learning about as useful, in converting the heathen, "as a paper-knife would be in working a coal mine," nevertheless obtain ready access to the hearts of Hindoos, Chinese, and Hottentots, through even a very superficial knowledge of medicine? Why is it, but that they work wonders in the eyes of the natives; not by letting Nature have her own way, but by dealing out the contents of their medicine chests, to the best of their ability, as taught at home. Did not the Rev. F. T. Macdougall, Bishop of Labuan, achieve a signal triumph in preserving the lives of the wounded, at Sarawak? But was it by leaving them to Nature? No; but being a Fellow of our Chirurgical College, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the bishop, for the nonce, became again the surgeon. True, we can scarcely study the *natural* history of disease in England—we are not hard-hearted enough to withhold interference; but our medical missionaries can and do very efficiently exhibit the

contrast between doing nothing and affording help, and we do think the balance in favour of physic holds all the weight.

But what is it to trust to Nature? It is neither to remain ignorant of her powers, nor to meddle with them needlessly. The responsibility of man lies in his power over Nature, either to use or to abuse her inherent energies, which so reside in latency, that even Eden demanded man to *cultivate* her powers. This necessity for cultivation is true in all departments of living nature, and of course it implies, that without rational interference, Nature would remain either dwarfish and undeveloped, or else, in the over-activity of her energies, produce disease. "Nature," says Sir John Forbes, "can almost always be helped *by those who possess the necessary knowledge.*". (P. 258.) That sentence contains the sum of the argument in favour either of Nature or of Art. But it declares that Nature *needs* help, and that it is the prerogative of science to discover and afford the assistance demanded; thus giving all the advantage to science.

There is a sense in which "Nature is but Art," as the poet Pope well said; and it is the business of physicians to learn her art, and apply it to her own purposes. Thus, man becomes, in the most prominent sense, the minister of Nature—his duties are godlike in proportion as he is enabled to understand and control her inherent powers and relative influences to wise and benevolent ends. The great mistakes made in medicine are simply those of ignorance and wilfulness. There is not that reverent study of the meaning of the Divine working in the powers of Nature, which alone prevails to the formation of the truly philosophic and scientific habit of mind—a habit due to that patient inquiry and humble endeavour after truth, which faith in the All-wise, as the author of Nature, alone confers. We, however, often see a hap-hazard style of success in the treatment of disease. Some bold hands, even in our hospitals, working on traditional intelligence, occasionally knock down disease with a stroke; but they, perhaps, sometimes knock down the patient. The tyro, who observes the lucky hit, and who reduces the *ars medendi* to a few heads, that he may easily carry in his own, encounters disease in the same style *vi et armis;* but then his wisdom equals not his valour, he has not proved his armour, and is too proud to cast it off, till by sad experience, he learns that each particular case which he is required to attack, can be safely met only on its own appropriate conditions. Perhaps, losing patience, because he never possessed the needed tact to be a physician, he either unreasonably lays the blame of his own deficiency on science; or, blinded

by his ignorance, he takes to some quackish bye-path to empty fame and worthless fortune; or else, getting splenetic, surlily jests with the power in his hand, which has not been blessed only because abused.

The science of medicine stands in contrast with all the other natural sciences, for they admit of demonstration:—

"What one man sees and feels, and measures, and weighs, and tastes, is unmistakeably that which another man submits to the same process of examination. It is very different with the things we term diseases. Many of their constituents, no doubt, are as definite and positive, in individual instances, as the phenomena presented by the material creation without us, whether organized or unorganized; but as a general rule, diseases, when viewed in their totality, furnish the mind of the observer with a mere congeries of varying and uncertain phenomena, many of which may or may not be present, without altering the essential quality or the name of the disease. And it may be further affirmed that no two observers, contemplating the same bundle of morbid phenomena, can ever have the same identical image, or idea of it, imprinted on their minds."—*Nature and Art*, p. 48.

Of course it is possible so to delineate the characteristic forms and features of diseases, as individual objects, and so to trace their mutations, as that any medical student, possessed of common intelligence, shall be able to recognise their identity, and call them by their names; but it is also evident that the successful reading of the phenomena, presented in different cases, will demand a practised eye, as well as a discerning mind. Medicine, in short, requires something more than knowledge for its successful study; it requires tact—not merely that aptitude which science and practice may impart, but also a kind of genius for the subject, such as is recognised as the cause of superiority among artists—a gift and an ability which study alone cannot confer. To illustrate our meaning, we may instance the practical want of skill evinced by that very learned physician, Dr. Young, to whom all the recorded facts of physiology and pathology patent in his time were remarkably familiar, but who yet, even after long years spent in observing diseases, scarcely ever could make up his mind as to the distinctive character of any set of symptoms, and was in the habit of taking with him another physician in his walks round the hospital, where he thus egregiously exhibited his practice to name the maladies of which the patients complained, for he well knew how to prescribe for a disease as soon as he knew what to call it.

Blunders in abundance may then be expected from such practitioners as have neither training nor skill, and who

make up for their lack of tuition by trusting to the only intuition they may possess, namely, self-conceit and confidence in their own opinion. But where are such most likely to be found? Surely, not amongst those who patiently investigate the powers of Nature and Art in their relative influence over the phenomena of disease, but amongst those who inspired by a love of gain, or of distinction, suddenly assume some empirical method of managing diseases, and give themselves out as wonderfully successful on the strength of a few lucky accidents in the course of their exclusive practices. If such men can be sobered sufficiently to see their own want of sense, and to look into the actual conditions of the vital organism with which they deal so unceremoniously, they are at once cured of their temerity, and cease to be quacks, though, alas! the defects of their faculties may never enable them to be true physicians.

The physiologist is content to learn the great general laws which regulate the changes of the human organism in health and disease. He observes that the dead matter of the outer world is to be admitted in due proportions and conditions, and changed into the living substance of the body; and that the living substance is again to be changed into dead matter, particle by particle, and then be returned to the dead elements without, from whence it came. He knows the phases of variation through the different periods of life, and their correspondent peculiarities of vital action in health and disease. He marks the revolutions and alternations of action and rest, demand and supply, waking and repose, with all the complicated changes, involved in all the processes of life, that seem, more or less, in sympathy with the solar system, inasmuch as they too recur with regularity, and in certain relation to the return of seasons and fixed periods of time. He traces the processes by which injured parts of the body are repaired, and how the *vis medicatrix naturæ* resists the violence of disease, or countervails its effects. He sees that life is maintained as if in the midst of a war between the elements, and that the individuality of each person is preserved by the subjection of apparent incompatibilities to the purposes and peculiarities of each part in relation to all the rest. He looks abroad amongst the agencies which are known to influence the vital organism, and endeavours to find and appropriate whatever will most conveniently assist the recovery of any function of the body that may flag. "Everlasting change, and yet fixity; unceasing struggle, and yet no schism; civil war, and yet no anarchy;—these unlike conditions are realized and harmonized every moment in our fearfully and wonderfully made bodies."

He knows that "Blood is liquefied muscle, sinew, nerve, brain, and bone. Bone, brain, nerve, sinew, and muscle are solidified blood; and at every moment, flesh is becoming blood, and blood, flesh. The current in our veins is at once a River of the Water of Life, and a River of the Water of Lethe quenching in oblivion everything that it touches." "The traffickers on the Red River deposit fresh brain-particles, to replace those which the immaterial spirit has sacrificed to the expression of its thoughts; for Jeremy Taylor taught a great physical truth, when he declared, long ago, that 'whilst we think a thought we die.' The eloquent preacher saw death near us every moment, and nearer at each than the moment before; but death is *in* us at every moment; and it is not merely *whilst*, but *because* we think, we die. As fast as the blacksmith wastes his muscles by each blow, they barter against the spent cordage of his arm new flesh-particles, to make it strong as before; they restore to its integrity the exhausted auditory nerve of the musician, give the painter a new retina, and the singer a new tongue."—*Edinburgh Essays*, p. 314.

The scientific physician knows and observes all these things, and multitudes of other facts, that influence human existence in its daily course. He is not the man to doubt the conservative powers of Nature.

Does not the very system, by which life is life, involve the necessity of a *vis medicatrix?* Is not the Power that moulded all the worlds still working equally in every particle of our bodies? Is not the original act that caused creation, perpetuated in the preservation of life and health? "Our bodies are at all times like the fire, which the Pilgrim saw in the Interpreter's House, which had water poured on it from one side of the wall, and oil on the other. We have, as it were, millions of microscopic wind-furnaces converting into carbonic acid, water-vapour, and other products of combustion, all the combustible elements of the body; and millions of blast-furnaces reducing the starch and sugar of the food, and the sulphates and phosphates of the body, into inflammable oils and other fuels, which are transferred to the wind-furnaces, and burned there."—*Edinburgh Essays*, p. 315.

Now, if any cause should interrupt this transforming process, and disturb the balance between the fuel and the air by which the flame of life is preserved, it is evident that the *vis medicatrix* is itself disturbed, aud can never effect a cure while the cause of disturbance continues to operate. A chronic disease may be established; but unless the inherent remedial power of the body remove the cause of disturbance, the disturbance itself must continue. Art, or rather science, comes in to the help of

Nature, when the nature of the help demanded is understood. It was for lack of the science that teaches how to help Nature, that the Mandan Indians were extirpated by small-pox. It was ignorance of the art of Nature that permitted the spread of the plague and the black-death, and every variety of home-bred pestilence in England, in years past, when physicians were few, and those few empirical. It was ignorance that destroyed our fleets in the days of scurvy. It was ignorance that caused the destruction of children, so as scarcely to allow the balance to be kept with death. And if now the Saxon race is filling the earth, it is because that race abounds in scientific doctors, who have a decided method, both in physic and in food, and who evince no little energy in advising others, either too busy or too foolish to think for themselves, how to manage so as to make their habits and their habitations most conformable to the known laws of Nature, in respect to both physical and mental health. We deem it peculiarly injudicious, if not dangerous, to depreciate the importance of medical science. The ignorant are too apt already to undervalue or overlook the advantages derived to society by the wide-spread influence of men, trained from their youth to observe the phenomena of disease, and always to think of it with the direct intention of bringing all the knowledge they can muster, to prevent or to remove it. We cannot but think that modern history at least affords proofs sufficiently convincing that sanitary measures would be either altogether misunderstood, or quite neglected, but for that amount of scientific intelligence of which medical men are the chief repositories and promoters. And we cannot but fear that such a book as that which Sir John Forbes has ventured to write and publish, may be perverted by weak and wilful minds to consequences the very reverse of those expected and intended by its learned author. His words will be taken hold of by the ignorant and presumptuous to vilify the modest and the informed; for while he has, perhaps, too strongly and strenuously enforced the propriety of guarding against too meddlesome a mode of practice, he has not been as careful as he should have been, to show the real advantages of medical assistance. It is no new thing to be warned against meddling with Nature; for this warning is part and parcel of the science of medicine, and ever has been. Every one who has worthily studied the matter, finds no new discovery in what Sir John Forbes declares so powerfully concerning Nature, for wherever there has been a particle of science, there has also been a conviction, as a matter of course, that the body must possess an inherent power to recover itself, if it ever recover, since it is clear, and ever has been, that the

physician can confer nothing but aid. If he could do more he would be a creator. In short, *opifer* is a synonym of *medicus*, because the true physician does bear help where Nature needs the interference of his art, which is always availing in proportion to his knowledge, his wisdom, and his tact. The man who knows not Nature's modes of healing, and is not wise enough to follow out her indications, cannot help her; and, therefore, such a man is not worthy of being called her minister. Is it not, however, as incorrect to say that Art cannot kill as to say that Art cannot cure? Is it not Nature that destroys life when a man takes a poison? Might we not as well attribute the death that may follow an unsuitable dose of medicine to Nature, as to deny that Art cures, when health results from the exhibition of an appropriate remedy. We know that Nature cures hemorrhage by causing coagulation in the wounded artery, but not until so much blood is sacrificed that fainting ensues. Is that a reason for waiting till Nature begins her cure when an artery is wounded? No; death is more likely to result than cure. We learn from Nature what is to be effected, and we tie the bleeding vessel through which the life is streaming away, because we are aware that if the ligature be properly applied, Nature will effect the permanent closure of the divided vessel by a beautiful process of her own. Now we ask—Is it Nature or Art which cures under these circumstances? This is but a visible mechanical illustration of Nature's capabilities in various cases of disease. We are to calculate her powers, make *her* intentions our own, anticipate her efforts, and supply what we can towards fulfilling her endeavours. We, indeed, employ language not strictly proper, though sufficiently intelligible, when we speak of Nature's intentions; there is a purpose, so to say, in the constitution of every organ and every function, and if we neglect to study and apply it, as occasion may demand, we neglect the very will of God, as therein expressed. Nature calls on us to act naturally.

We think that the substance of Sir John Forbes's argument is rather contradictory to his final statement, in which he says: "According to the lowest estimate that can be justly formed of medical art, it must still hold its pre-eminence as one of the greatest boons that human intellect has ever elaborated for the benefit of man's estate."—(Nature and Art, p. 261.) How does this conclusion comport with his assertions (p. 256), "That in the vast majority of diseases, the medical art can hardly be said to *cure* diseases at all?"—"Only in a minute proportion of cases can it be asserted, with the certainty of truth, that the mediation of Art has saved life that would have been lost without its interfer-

ence." (P. 257.) We conceive that Sir John has proved too much in vindicating the power of Nature, and he seems conscious of this by his endeavour to qualify his conclusions thus: "When the appliances of medical art are directed by true knowledge of what Nature and Art respectively can and cannot do, they can be made beneficially available in the most unpromising instances. Nature can almost always be helped, in some slight degree at least, either negatively or positively, if not in both ways, by those who possess the necessary knowledge and skill." (P. 258). It is fair then, to infer "the sufficiency of Nature to cure most of our curable diseases without any assistance from Art?" (P. 163). This inference is, indeed, qualified by the acknowledgment that "such cure may be facilitated and rendered more rapid, in many cases, by the appliances of Art, either in its regiminal or medicinal form." Notwithstanding all the evidence supposed or supplied in Sir John Forbes's pages, we should still inquire where he has seen a large proportion of cures without any aid either in the regiminal or the medicinal form? Of course, it must be granted that, "if Nature, without any extraneous aid, can build up diseases, there would seem no substantial reason why she should not be equally able to effect their removal." (P. 78.) But it is to suppose that Nature in the human body is independent of extraneous influences, instead of being dependent on them, to suppose that Nature, in that body, can either build up or remove disease therein without extraneous influence. There is a confusion of terms in calling that an aid to Nature which builds up disease, for disease is an abnormal state. Our idea of Nature is not that which is expressed in such terms, for we think the nature of the substances in the human body, as well as that of all other bodies, consists in their constituted relation to other bodies or substances. The nature of the human frame is such that its well-being depends altogether upon the extraneous influences to which it may be subjected. Hence, the reasonableness of studying the nature of those influences as well as the constitution of the body itself, in order to understand how to facilitate recovery from the disorders of that body. How can there be a natural cure of diseases on any other principle? The cause of the disturbance must be sought and found, if we would discover a direct means of removing it; or, if it cannot be found, the object must be to diminish its influence as much as may be, or to enable the body to bear it, or by its inherent powers to resist it, if so be it may be overcome. Is not this precisely what is done or aimed at by every judicious practitioner, whatever be the ostensible mode or system on which he may profess to practise? Every system of cure ever proposed, possesses some power to modify the functions

of the body; and if diseases are really modified in their influence by whatever influences those functions, it follows that every practical system of medicine must exercise a degree of control over any disease. "Whatever is best administered is best." Instead of taking Sir John Forbes's conclusion, that Art is of small avail in curing diseases, because cures have followed pretty equally upon almost every variety of modes of practice, we should rather argue that Nature is capable, of being assisted to effect cures by a very great variety of modes. In short, it is demonstrable that any one disease that is curable, is amenable to different plans of treatment, because Nature is capable of being assisted in even seemingly contradictory ways. Take a plain palpable instance — a burn. Here is a disease evidently produced by extraneous influence, but as evidently dependent on the resources of Nature in the body for its cure. But see a dozen such cases treated in a dozen different helpful ways, with like ultimate success, though far from being alike easy or expeditious. Theory, directing practice, says, do not let the reaction be too sudden; treat it on the same principle as you would treat frost-bite; apply turpentine or some strong stimulant at first, and get the nerves of the part gradually restored to their equilibrium. On the same principle, though without theory, experience has taught our cooks and laundresses that a burn is less severe in its effects if it be held to the fire for a time immediately after its infliction. But there is the opposite treatment, equally or even more successfully adopted now. Nature prompts the application of cold—it produces ease at once; but then, if the cold be discontinued under several hours, the suffering is increased, and the evil aggravated. If, however, it be persisted in until the nerve-action recovers its balance, the pain no longer returns, and the wound heals speedily. There are very many intermediate modes of treatment between the two extremes, all more or less successful, and if Nature be left alone, she may, and generally will, succeed in curing what is curable; but with what delay, endurance, and incurable deterioration of condition, those alone can know who have been left to Nature in such a case.

We may also illustrate our argument by the different modes of treating ague. Almost everything capable of producing a marked change in the action of the nervous system has cured this striking disorder. It clearly depends on extraneous causes, such as marsh *miasmata;* but how marvellously is it marked, and yet diversified by the inherent powers of Nature in the constitution of each individual affected by it! Perhaps the most ancient treatment of this disease is that employed by the Chinese doctors of the present day, and of which Mr. Fortune gives us a good example in his own case. He was violently

attacked, and as a drowning man will catch at a straw, he sent for a native physician. Having learnt the symptoms, the man set to work by dipping his forefingers into hot tea, and he kneaded his patient under the ribs, round the back, and in various other places, nipping and dragging the skin in a most painful manner, and leaving marks that, after several weeks, testified to the severity of the operation. When sufficiently pinched, he was covered with blankets and required to wash down a hundred pills with a cup of hot tea. Perspiration was soon established with instantaneous relief. On the third day, when the fever was expected to return, the doctor reappeared and went through the same process, anticipating the fever, and substituting for it another action whereby the system was enabled to cast off the malady. Now, we know that the same disease is sometimes cured by *charms*, that is, by the direct operation of a credulous mind alone, which is, therefore, certainly capable of producing an action in the body that shall supersede the influence of the ague-poison on the nervous system of the sufferer. But shall we recur to charms, or adopt the equally barbarous modes of the Chinese, or the medicine-men of the Red Indians, because Nature can or may sometimes enable one struck by ague to escape under their influence? By-the-bye we have not heard that homœopathic and hydropathic practitioners have demonstrated the superiority of their practice in aguish districts, where, doubtless, the nature of the prevalent diseases would afford them so fair an opportunity of convincing the public, and abolishing the abuse of quinine and ague-drops by those who know no better means of combating the fiend of the fens. Those residing in aguish districts, whose forefathers have handed down all the ignorant specifics of the past for the benefit of the present generation, now generally know better than to trust to specifics at all, for they have discovered that the modern practitioners of medicine in their midst, while not entirely trusting to specifics in this disease, have the art of so availing themselves of quinine, arsenic, iodide of potassium, and other active agents, together with whatever may aid their action in particular cases, that ague is no longer the formidable disease that it once was.

Was ague, scurvy, syphilis, bronchocele, and other diseases attended by a bad condition of blood (anœmia), ever cured by Natureal one, that is without having recourse, either by accident or by design, to those extraneous agencies which improve the condition of the blood? When a gentleman of high reputation for medical learning asserts that medical art, though highly valuable, *cannot cure* disease, but that Nature does cure whatever is curable, will not the knaves, who practise on fools with their

own logic, assert that if Nature fail in the hands of the doctor, it is the doctor's fault, and that the faculty that resort to drugs are in league with death? Of course they will; it has always been the art of quacks to seize the words in which conscientious physicians have deplored the narrow limits of their power over disease, and to distort them from their true meaning to the vilification of science, as if, thereby, ignorance might rightfully magnify its pretensions. We see this exemplified in several of the works before us most egregiously, and in a manner little less repulsive than that of the infamous pill-vendor, who pictures the regular practitioner as coming to the bedside of his patient with a cup of poison in one hand, and a dagger in the other.

Sir John Forbes takes a rapid view of medical appliances, and classifies them thus: 1. Regiminal; 2. Physical; 3. Pharmaceutical. He enlarges on each of these classifications in an instructive manner, but we will venture to condense his summaries.

1. Means which influence sensation; means acting directly on the mind, or emotionally, by augmenting hope, promoting cheerfulness, inspiring new motive, relieving anxiety, soothing conscience. Air, temperature, regulation of diet, and special exercises.

2. Bleeding, dry cupping, air-bath, hot and cold, sand-bath, water-baths, vapour-baths, inhalation of vapours, artificially cooled drinks, electricity, mesmerism, hydropathy, kinesipathy. This class comprises agencies of very different kinds, not coming conveniently into the other divisions.

3. The pharmaceutical means are those of which the formulæ are published in the different pharmacopœias, such as that of the London College of Physicians. As these are actually the remedies most approved by those who propound them, as the results of experience that have accumulated for three thousand years, and to the preparation of which the discoveries of modern chemistry are now applied, it must be presumption in any man to decry them altogether. The proofs of their value are too numerous to be ignored. What can be done without them? Are there not multitudes of maladies, specific, general, and local, daily cured or ameliorated by their means alone; and that in a direct manner? No one who has ever seen much, either of public or private practice, can ever doubt the efficacy of pharmaceutical means, notwithstanding the outrageous abuse to which they are liable from men who know not how to use them. It is, of course, no argument against them to say that cures are effected without them, or that some diseases are conquered more promptly or conveniently by other means. The hydropathic practitioner, for instance, says, I undertake to cure diseases that are curable, by water alone. Very well; you

have your baths, douches, packings, rubbings, injections, dietings, and exercises, under orderly superintendence, in beautiful retired, airy, healthy retreats, surrounded with peaceful shades, sweet flowers, and singing-birds; where Hope and Quiet saunter in the sunshine together, whispering bright promises to every sufferer, and smiling in the saddened face until it answers with a kindred smile. These are mighty aids to the hydropathists. Doubtless they do cure many city dyspeptics and nervous invalids, who thus escape from bad habits and unquiet habitats during the genial seasons—spring, summer, autumn—because they can pay from five to fifteen guineas a week for the advantage. But, where are the hydropathic patients during the winter, when disease is most prevalent? And how do they proceed when again at home? Can you, hydropathists, treat the poor and middling orders, crowded into our towns and cities, on your terms? You pick and choose your cases, and encourage none but those who come with cash in their hands; and if they threaten to die under your hands, you hurry them back to their families, lest your prestige should die also; and yet the average mortality in your establishments is as large as that of most country hospitals, where there can be no selection of cases, and where the treatment is just that which all may see, just such as our general practitioners carry out as well as circumstances will permit in our crowded streets and miserable slums, and where, after all, and in spite of drugs, the average number of deaths is not above 3 or 4 per cent. The statistics of our medical institutions does not quite justify Dr. Samuel Dickson's title to his rhapsodical work, "The Destructive Art of Healing." It cannot be so very destructive after all. But perhaps he judges from more private sources than the Bills of Mortality, and has his own reasons for thinking so unfavourably of the results of medical practice. No doubt it is the duty of every physician—meaning thereby every real medical practitioner—to learn alike from friend or foe, and every man of sense will feel that Truth is Victory. As a matter of fact, every conscientious *medicus* who has *nous* enough for the demands of his profession, does quicken his insight by studying influences alike of regiminal, physical, and pharmaceutical means, and does his best to apply them too, according to the nature of the case under his care, for he must know that the means are put into his hands by God, and that he is answerable for the use of them. He will gather what he may employ, as a man of science, sense, and conscience should, whether from hydropaths, homœopaths, kinesipaths, mesmerists, and mechanists, and he will not ignore the power of soul on soul, or of body on body, but will endeavour to learn the secrets

of health alike of the living and the dead, for he knows that the Creator is the Healer, and that He hath made nothing in vain.

Sir John Forbes has reviewed the different modes of treatment in a very instructive manner. But we will not follow him too precisely in considering the relative values of—1. The extinguishing treatment. 2. The active treatment. 3. The auxiliary or mild treatment of rational expectancy; nor, 4. The negative, inert treatment, or pure expectancy, of homœopathy. Sir John says: "It is unnecessary to adduce fresh proofs that homœopathic remedies, so called, are *utterly inert*, and incapable of influencing the body in any of its organs or functions, whether in health or disease. This is to me a demonstrated fact." (P. 248.) This is said on the assumption that Hahnemann's doctrine of infinitesimal doses is still retained by homœopathists. If they retain only the doctrine of *similia similibus curantur*, then says Sir John, "it must be placed under the head of empirical and pseudo-specific treatment of the *worst and lowest kind*." (Idem.) The fact that many so-called homœopathic practitioners have renounced the infinitesimal doses, and give their quintessences in doses that may be tested, is a proof that the system may be safely left to its own professors to be brought to an end between them. In short, it will not do any longer to pretend that Hahnemann's notion of rendering medicines *spiritually* potent by division is true, since it contradicts all the experience of common sense and science to assert that a substance becomes *immaterial* or *spiritual*, a thing possessed of a *dynamic virtue*, in consequence of subdivision carried to the utmost of our power to mix and diffuse matter. No doubt chemical division is surprising enough, as Dr. Sharp observes (Essays, p. 209); for, says he, after Sir Robert Kane, "a quantity of silver, equal to 1,000,000,000,000 (a billionth) of a cubic line, can be detected." Yes, it can; but then it is detected *as silver*, and not *as the dynamic virtue* of silver. Its properties and powers are proportioned to its quantity, and so is it with all the poisons. Strychnine, for instance, of which Herapath says he can detect the 50,000th part of a grain by chemical tests, is the material strychnine still, and operates as poison only in proportion to its quantity. Homœopathic dilution is a very different thing, for, "at the thirtieth dilution (the ordinary one employed by Hahnemann, but very much below the dilutions recommended by some of his followers), supposing the original grain of medicine to be furnished with its proper amount of alcohol, that quantity would be sufficient to make one hundred and fifty billion spherical masses, extending from limit to limit of Neptune's orbit, or a quantity equal to many hundred spheres, each with a radius extending from the

earth to the nearest fixed star! (*See* Homœopathy, its Tenets and Tendencies, by Professor Simpson, p. 285.) Now state what would be the *dynamic* value of a drop of aconite juice at that small rate of dilution!

We think that Dr. Gairdner's "Few Words on Homœopathy and Homœopathic Hospitals," together with his logical paper on the subject in the Edinburgh Essays, have demolished the whole fabric of homœopathy, by showing that, both in theory and in practice, it is nothing but a delusion.

The key-note of the system is its universality and exclusiveness. Before it, there were no medical truths. Hahnemann, writing to Hufeland, sums up his reasoning by first assuming the entire failure of all medical practice before his time, and then by asserting that since "God, the wisest and best of beings," could not be indifferent to the tortures of His best-beloved creatures, He has not denied to the genius of man the discovery of positive and certain remedies, with their "easy, safe, and trustworthy" application to the cure of disease. The *arcanum* thus yielded after centuries of darkness by the Divine beneficence, is, of course, homœopathy. Is there not something verging on the impious in such a view of the Divine government as that which charges the Deity with "tyranny" and "indifference" until Hahnemann was called into existence? We recommend those whom it may concern, to study well the weight of evidence with which it is demonstrated in the Edinburgh Essays (p. 95), that nothing can be more fallacious than Hahnemann's logic except his facts; but we have not space for more than a few words from Dr. Gairdner's "Few Words" concerning the Homœopathic Hospital of Vienna, the boast of homœopaths:—

"Now, I certainly believe, because I have proved to a demonstration, that a perversion of the truth did take place in the case of the Vienna Homœopathic Hospital, viz., that that hospital was made to appear to contain an enormous excess of severe acute diseases above the possible proportion of such diseases in such a hospital population. I have also proved, in a manner not to be gainsayed, that even according to the published returns of that hospital, curable and trivial diseases singularly abound in it, while incurable and organic diseases are curiously and suspiciously deficient. I also came to the conclusion, that this was not the result of accident, but of a plan by which curable cases were chosen and incurable ones excluded."

He proceeds to exhibit his proofs in a manner, to our mind, perfectly convincing, and shows that instead of the mortality of 6½ per cent. being very small, it is, under the circumstances, enormously large, "considering that in Canterbury, the hospital mortality is 2 per cent.; in Cambridge, 2·4 per cent.; and in

Exeter, 3·2 per cent., under the ordinary methods, and it is to be presumed, without any selection of cases." Dr. Balfour states from personal observation at the Vienna Homœopathic Hospital, that "the whole process of the admission and discharge of patients is mysterious. Still, so much is certain, that most of those admitted have previously been visited at their own houses by the assistant. Many cases not improving, or apparently not likely to improve, are got rid of very summarily." As Dr. Gairdner says, "this is the whole Iliad of homœopathic statistics in a nutshell." We will only add, that our inference from the works at the head of this article, and from all we have ever read of the history of medicine, is this,—the scientific physician recoils, and always did recoil, from all universal systems, as crude in theory and injurious in practice. He aims at intellectual and moral freedom. He repudiates no particular remedies, but calculates the data of each disease and each case. As Dr. Gairdner observes, "he will admit as a fact, that some of his remedies produce physiological effects similar, and many other dissimilar or opposite, to those of the diseases for the cure of which they are found to be adapted; but he denies that these circumstances form a legitimate ground for the adoption of homœopathy on the one hand, or of allopathy or antipathy on the other." "If the use of remedies be justified by a satisfactory theory of their action, it is well; but if not, he is content to wait for further light."—(*Edinburgh Essays*, p. 130.)

Sir John Forbes advocates the auxiliary or mild treatment, which he names as that of rational expectancy.

"The indications which this mode of treatment seeks to fulfil are chiefly the following: 1st. To place the diseased body in the most favourable circumstances for the development and the exercise of its own conservative powers, by the institution of proper regimen, in the most comprehensive sense of that term. 2nd. To endeavour thereby, or through the use of medicaments, to remove such obstacles to the favourable action of the conservative and restorative powers as may be removeable without risk of checking or injuriously perverting them. 3rd. Applying these measures under a watchful supervision; not to attempt by any vigorous measures to alter the course of the morbid processes, so long as they seem to keep within the limit of safety; and when they transgress, or threaten to transgress, this limit, only then to endeavour to modify them by such measures as if they fail in doing good, cannot do much harm. 4th. To be on the watch against possible contingencies which may demand the employment of measures of exceptional activity, whether in the form of regimen or medicine; and when required, to apply such measure with the necessary vigour."—*Nature and Art, &c.*, p. 240.

This system is exactly that followed by the celebrated Stahl a century and a half ago, and recommended in his work entitled, "Ars Sanandi cum Expectatione opposita Arti Curandi undâ Expectatione." It is, in fact, the physiological mode of treating diseases more or less distinctly taught by the leading minds in our medical schools. It commends itself to common sense, and being followed out by our practitioners in general, it enables them to make a stand against all quackeries, by proofs alike of their skill and their kindliness in almost every home in our land.

ART. II.—SAINT-SIMON'S MEMOIRS.

Mémoires complets et authentiques du Duc de Saint-Simon, sur le siècle de Louis XIV., et la Régence. Collationnés sur le manuscrit original, par M. Cheruel; et précédés d'une notice par M. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie Française. 20 vols., 8vo. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie.

WE are glad to see that the taste for historical studies is still on the increase in France. Whatever may be said, and truly said, with respect to the decay of imaginative literature, and the corrupt state of the drama, this falling off is more than compensated by the real worth of recent productions of a permanently useful character; and whether we direct our attention to original works on history, or merely to reprints of chroniclers, annalists, and memoir-writers, we are equally delighted with the results.

Our Gallican neighbours, it is well known, are particularly rich in memoirs on the different periods of their political and literary history. Besides the great collections published by MM. Guizot, Petitot, Michaud, and Buchon, they can exhibit a host of separate autobiographies, all highly valuable; and every day we hear of spirited antiquarians and erudite pupils of the *Ecole des Chartes* discovering fresh sources of information and unsuspected *analecta* of piquant gossip. Alas! for the morality of funeral orations! If we had time and space, what amusing revelations we could make, for instance, from the newly edited Memoirs of D'Argenson and Bussy-Rabutin;* and what queer things we might adduce respecting those worthies whom Bossuet, Fléchier, and Massillon panegyrized as the very salt of the

* Mémoires et Journal du Marquis d'Argenson (in M. Jannet's excellent Bibliothèque Elzevirienne); Memoires de Roger de Rabutin, Comte de Bussy (published for Charpentier's Collection), by M. Ludovic Lalanne.

earth, the patterns of virtue and propriety! But we must forbear; and whilst confining to Saint-Simon the few remarks we purpose offering on the present occasion, we shall still find ourselves naturally bringing into light many a curious episode in the annals of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Those amongst our readers who have had the opportunity of walking through the valuable portrait-gallery of Versailles, and of musing before the master-pieces of Mignard, Rigaud, or Philippe de Champagne, will have some faint idea of what they may expect in opening Saint-Simon's Memoirs. No dry, heavy disquisitions; no tedious commentaries; everything is life-like; the figures seem to stand from the canvas, and we can almost fancy we are verily spectators of the scenes which the historian unfolds before our eyes.

The Memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon in their integrity and their genuineness, are comparatively a recent addition to the stock of historical literature. Soon after they were finished, and when the noble author had taken leave of this world, the French government, fearing lest any awkward disclosure should compromise either the character of some public individual, or the policy of the cabinet of Versailles, seized upon the original MS., and kept it securely away from the contact of the *profanum vulgus*. At a time when *lettres de cachet* were so convenient a weapon for the minions of absolutism, it was quite natural that an embargo should also be put occasionally on the free expressions of human thought, and that precautions should be taken against the diffusion of scandal. Fortunately, however, the spirit of liberalism had begun to gain ground during the last years of the reign of Louis XV. By referring to the works of Duclos and Marmontel, we can easily discover that these two historians had had the opportunity of consulting Saint-Simon, and they made good use of the permissions granted to them. M. de Choiseul, when minister, even allowed Madame du Deffand to peruse at leisure several portions of the formidable Memoirs; and the following passages from that lady's correspondence with Horace Walpole give the impressions which this intellectual treat produced upon her mind: "We spend our afternoons in reading the Memoirs of Saint-Simon, and it is impossible for me not to regret that you are away from us. You would enjoy unutterable pleasure (*vous auriez des plaisirs indicibles*.—Nov. 21, 1770)." And, in another letter: "Saint-Simon's Memoirs still amuse me, and as I like to read them in company, the perusal will take me some considerable time; they would amuse you too, although the style is abominable, and the portraits badly drawn. The author was not a man of wit; but as he knew everything (*comme il était au fait de tout*), the cir-

cumstances which he relates are curious and interesting. I wish I could give you the opportunity of reading the work." (Dec. 2, 1770.) One more quotation: "I am in despair because I cannot make you read Saint-Simon's Memoirs. The last volume which I have only just finished, has given me infinite pleasure; it would put you beside yourself (*il vous mettrait hors de vous.*— Jan. 9, 1771)."

We must notice here what Madame du Deffand says about Saint-Simon's *abominable style;* she was not the only one who expressed that opinion, and another literary lady of the same epoch, Madame de Créqui, flatly denounced the Memoirs as *mal écrits.* Yes, badly written, if you please; but only from the point of view of the eighteenth century, when the qualification of fine writing was applied to an empty array of florid nonsense, and when the turgidity of Marmontel, or the affectation of Marivaux, was considered as the *beau ideal* of literary composition.

Towards the end of the last century, several volumes of extracts from Saint-Simon's Memoirs were published, *longo intervallo;* at last, in 1829, an edition of the whole work, issued for the first time, took the reading community quite by surprise; and to quote M. Sainte-Beuve's expression, drew aside the curtain which had hitherto concealed the most brilliant epoch of the French monarchy.* The noble annalist divided with the novels of Sir Walter Scott the attention of the public, and his uncompromising appreciation of men and things afforded a suitable text for the political writers who aimed at exhibiting the dark side of Bourbon government. We regret to say, however, that the edition of 1829, and all subsequent ones down to that which forms the subject of the present article, are disfigured by blunders, omissions, transpositions, and modifications of every kind. We can understand to a certain extent that editors should not always be able to make out the sense of a passage or to reconcile the statements of and author; but when we find literary tyros fancying themselves called upon to *correct* the style of the work, and to substitute their own slovenly expressions for the picturesque eloquence which they are incapable of enjoying, then we feel bound to protest, and to protest most emphatically. The liberties taken with Pascal† and Bossuet‡ by expurgators, are now well known to the reader, and an example or two will suffice to show that it was high time a new edition of Saint-

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* Introduction to the present edition.

† See M. Cousin's Rapport sur les Pensées de Pascal.

‡ See M. Vaillant's interesting Etudes sur les Sermons de Bossuet d'apres les Manuscrits.

Simon's Memoirs should give us the author's original text such as he really thought fit to leave it.

In the very first volume (page 2, Hachette's edit.), the following passage occurs:—

"Elle (*his mother*) ajoutoit le défaut de tous proches, oncles, tantes, cousins-germains, qui me laissoit comme dans l'abandon à moi-même, et augmentoit le besoin de savoir en faire un bon usage et sans secours et sans appui; ses deux frères obscurs, et l'ainé ruiné et plaideur de sa famille, et le seul frère de mon père sans enfants et son ainé de huit ans."

This sentence was too concise, too simple, for the worthy editors of 1829; so they must needs alter it a little, and, as M. Sainte-Beuve truly says, make the historian walk with crutches:—

"Elle ajoutoit le défaut de tous proches, oncles, tantes, cousins-germains, qui me laissoit comme dans l'abandon à moi-même, et augmentoit le besoin de savoir en faire un bon usage, *me trouvant* sans secours et sans appui; ses deux frères *étant* obscurs, et l'ainé ruiné et plaideur de sa famille, et le seul frère de mon père *étant* sans enfants et son ainé de huit ans."

The next quotation is still more curious, for it proves that the early annotators of Saint-Simon did not care much whether sense was adhered to or not in the text they undertook to publish. Speaking of the Princesse de Soubise and of her intrigues, the writer says: "Les mêmes Camilly et Labatie, qui l'avoient si lestement servis pour faire passer son fils chanoine *avec cet orde quartier de la Varenne*, furent encore ceux qu'elle employa pour emporter la coadjutorerie." The expression *orde* is an old French word meaning *dirty, disgusting*, and which had already become obsolete at the time when Saint-Simon wrote. But Saint-Simon was fond of using obsolete words, and for want of bearing this in mind, the unfortunate editors introduced a correction which rendered the above sentence perfectly unintelligible: "Les mêmes Camilly et Labatie, que l'avoient si lestement servis pour faire passer son fils chanoine *avec cet or de quartier de la Varenne*, furent, &c. (Cf. Hachette's edit. vol. ii. p. 397; and Barba's edit. vol. ii. p. 421.) Saint-Simon's passage, in Hachette's edition, may be thus translated: "The same men, Camilly and Labatie, who had helped her so readily to obtain a canonry for her son, together with that disgusting quarter (viz., of heraldry, part of the shield) la Varenne, were also those whom she employed to carry the coadjutorship." We defy any translator to make head or tail of the same phrase in the old text.

After such examples of downright stupidity, and we might multiply them a hundred-fold, omissions, abridgments, and other shortcomings are only venial offences. Finally, we think we are justified in asserting that the volumes now under notice compose the really *editio princeps* of Saint-Simon's Memoirs. They are beautifully printed; the text has been carefully collated with the original MS. by a distinguished professor of the French University, M. Cheruel; copious notes and appendices have been subjoined, together with a portrait and a facsimile of the author's handwriting; and last, though not least, M. Sainte-Beuve, one of the most justly celebrated of modern critics, has supplied a beautiful introductory preface.* We, therefore, beg to thank the spirited publisher, M. Hachette, for enriching our libraries with so valuable a treasure; and after having thus discharged the bibliographical part of our duty, we shall now endeavour to say a few words of the Memoirs themselves.†

A great many persons connected with the court of France during the reign of Louis XIV., have left autobiographies and reminiscences of very great value; but compare Madame de Motteville, Dangeau, or Mademoiselle de Montpensier, with Saint-Simon, and the difference will be evident at once. Saint-Simon, though a Christian and a Jansenist, was a man of strong prejudices; we might even say that he was a *good hater;* and the spirit with which he describes the incidents he was called upon to witness, makes us read with greater pleasure a narrative evidently written under the impression of deep feeling. When a scene or a character interests him particularly, it seems as if the vocabulary at his command were not rich enough to express his ideas; he combines new associations of words; he startles the reader with the strangest metaphors; he dips his brush in colours which produce a singular but always a satisfactory effect. Voltaire had no great opinion of Saint-Simon — no wonder. For Voltaire, the *siècle de Louis XIV.* was the golden age of the French nation. With the memoir-writer it is quite the reverse; most of the anecdotes which he brings out illustrate the tyranny, oppression, dishonesty, and petty revenge of the *Grand Monarque,* "till the reader begins to wonder whether the opposite epithet might not have been, in all the circumstances of the case, the more appropriate. He strips him of all the trappings of royalty, and convinces us that his character would hardly have been respectable in the middle classes of

* Besides that preface, the reader is referred to another essay on Saint-Simon, published by M. Sainte-Beuve in the Causeries du Lundi, Vol. III.

† M. Hachette has given two editions of Saint-Simon; one in octavo, the other in duodecimo volumes.

society. If any one be charmed with the stately elegance of the French court at that time, the Duc de Saint-Simon will show what it is really worth." *

"Twenty octavo volumes of memoirs!" we fancy we hear the reader exclaiming,—how can anybody be found willing to wade through such a mass of gossip! We can only say that, from the days of Madame du Deffand downwards, no person who ever took up the work at the first page ever parted with it until he had arrived safely at the last paragraph of tome the twentieth. Saint-Simon rivets our attention from the fact that he throws his soul into the narrative; the prosy formalism of Dangeau is insufferably dull; the clear, honest pages of Madame de Motteville are often tame; but with Saint-Simon there is variety, power, and the highest realization of that peculiar quality which our neighbours call *verve*, and which must be spontaneous if it exists at all. When critics talk of quoting from the memoirs of our author, the difficulty of making a selection immediately occurs. Will you have a *morceau* as graceful as a page from Madame de Sévigné's correspondence? or a paragraph engraved with the avenging pen of a Tacitus? or a piece of quiet satire? or an amusing and picturesque description of the *galerie d'Apollon* at Versailles on a gala day? Still there are three or four chapters which are usually considered as the best specimens of Saint-Simon's style, and the one we are about to transcribe may be perhaps most fitly culled, because it shows what royalty really was under the fine trappings which Voltaire has thrown around it.

"There was a great hunting match at Saint Germain. At that time dogs, not men, caught the deer, and they had not yet introduced the fashion of having an immense number of hounds, horses, mounted huntsmen, relays, and routes across the country. The chase took the direction of Dourdan, and continued so long that the king returned at a very late hour and left the field. The Count de Guiche, the Count, afterwards Duke du Lude, Vardes, M. de Lauzun, who told me the story, and I know not who more, lost their way, and when it grew dark, knew not where they were. By dint of urging on their weary horses, they at length saw a light; they went towards it, and at last arrived at the gate of a kind of castle. They knocked, cried, told their names, and requested hospitality. It was about the end of autumn, and between ten and eleven o'clock at night. The gate was opened; the master came, made them take off their boots and warm themselves; he ordered the horses to be led to the stables, and supper to be prepared, of which they had great need; the repast was speedily placed on the table; it was

* Preface to the English translation of Vinet's French Literature of the Eighteenth Century.

excellent, and they had various kinds of wine. The host was attentive, respectful, neither ceremonious nor forward, with all the air and manners of the best society; his name, they learned, was Fargues, and the house was called Courson; he lived there in retirement; he had not left it for several years; he sometimes entertained his friends, and had neither wife nor children. The household seemed to be well regulated, and the mansion had an air of comfort. After they had made a good supper, Fargues did not detain them from their beds; each of them found one, perfectly good; each had his chamber, and the men-servants of Fargues waited upon them in the most approved manner. They were very weary and slept long. So soon as they were dressed an excellent breakfast was served up, and when they rose from the table they found their horses ready, as much refreshed as they were themselves. Charmed with the manners and politeness of Fargues, and grateful for his kind entertainment, they made him many offers of service, and set out for Saint Germain. Their losing their way had been one piece of news; their return, and what had become of them during the night, was another.

"These gentlemen were the flower of the court and the pink of gallantry, and they were at that time in close intimacy with the king. They related to him their adventure, the extraordinary reception they had met with, and praised in a very high degree the host, his cheer, and his house. The king asked his name, and as soon as he heard it, said, '*How? is Fargues so near Saint Germain?*' The gentlemen redoubled their praises, and the monarch made no further remark. He went directly to the apartments of the queen-mother, and told what had occurred; both felt that Fargues was very bold to dwell so near the court, and thought it very extraordinary that they had only learned by this hunting adventure of his having lived there so long.

"Fargues had made himself notorious in all the commotions of Paris against the court and Cardinal Mazarin. If he had not been beheaded, it was not from any want of inclination to take special vengeance upon him, but he had been protected by his party, and was formally included in the amnesty. The hatred which he had incurred, and to which he thought he must have fallen a victim, made him resolve to quit Paris for ever, in order that he might avoid all strife, and so withdraw to his own house without observation; till that time he had remained quite unknown. Cardinal Mazarin was dead, and no one was questioned about past events, but as he had attracted much attention, he was afraid lest some new action should be raised against him, and on that account he lived very retired, at peace with all his neighbours, and quite at ease about former troubles, trusting to the amnesty and to the length of time that had elapsed. The king and the queen-mother, who had only pardoned him from necessity, sent for the first president, Lamoignon, and commissioned him secretly to sift the life and conduct of Fargues, to examine carefully whether or not means might be found to punish his former insolence, and to make him repent of bearding the court

in the enjoyment of wealth and tranquillity. They told him of the hunting adventure, which had made them acquainted with his place of abode, and showed to Lamoignon extreme anxiety that he might find legal means of ruining him.

"Lamoignon, avaricious and a good courtier, resolved to gratify his employers, and turn the transaction to his own advantage. He made his inquiries, gave an account of them, and was so successful as to discover a way of implicating Fargues in a murder committed at Paris when the disturbances were at their height. Upon which, he issued privately a summons against him; and one morning sent constables to arrest him, and bring him into the prison of the Conciergerie. Fargues, who from the time that the amnesty was passed, felt sure of having done nothing blameworthy, was quite astonished; but he was much more so, when he learned from the examination the nature of the crime of which he was accused. He met his accusation with a very powerful defence, and further alleged that the murder in question, having been committed in the heat of the disturbances, and of the revolt of Paris, in Paris itself, the amnesty, which had followed these disturbances, blotted out the remembrance of everything that had passed in such times of confusion, and covered each circumstance, which could not have been expressed in detail regarding each individual, according to the spirit, privilege, custom, and effect of amnesties, not called in question till the present moment. The distinguished courtiers, who had been so well entertained at the unhappy man's house, made every effort in his favour with the judges and the king, but all in vain. Fargues was immediately beheaded, and his confiscated estate given as a reward to the first president. It was very much to his taste; and became the portion of his second son. There is scarcely a league between Basville and Courson. Thus the father-in-law and the son-in-law were successively enriched in the same office—the one with the blood of the innocent, the other with the deposit which his friend had intrusted him to keep." *

We have quoted one of the most suggestive *morceaux* in Saint-Simon's Memoirs; a thousand others occur to us, which might equally be introduced did space allow us to do so. The celebrated scene, in which the author describes the death of the Dauphin, is extremely curious, on account of the insight it gives us into the feelings of the court, and the true, though melancholy, illustration it supplies of selfishness, duplicity, and ingratitude. And here we would notice the difficulty which a translator must necessarily have to overcome, in endeavouring to give a correct version of the Memoirs we are now reviewing. Fancy a French rendering of "Tristram Shandy," or of "Hudibras,"—the task is not a whit more arduous. Saint-Simon's style is so extraordinary, the liberty which he takes with the grammar so unprecedented, his combinations of words,

* Cf. Hachette's edit.

his metaphors, his similes so unusual, that no translation can give an adequate idea of the effects they produce. It is impossible to name a writer, who has enjoyed so great a command over the language, or as M. Vinet picturesquely says, subjected more entirely to the bit and spur the restive courser which so many have in vain attempted to master. If you would find out the whole resources of the French syntax, its richness and its power, read Saint-Simon. In his singular dialect, the proportion of what is conventional, acknowledged, and strictly regular, appears as nothing when compared to that which is free and original. We open at random a volume or two of the Memoirs, and the following unaccountable sentences force themselves upon our notice: "Monseigneur, tout livré à la matière et à autrui . . . On a vu l'incroyable succès, et par quels degrés rapides une infernale cabale effaça ce prince . . . Le plus grand nombre, c'est à dire les sots, tiraient des soupirs de leurs talons . . . Et qui montraient bien à leur air de quelle boutique ils étaient balayeurs," &c., &c. There is not a page which is not thickly studded with expressions of the like nature—expressions which must be the plague of translators, and almost drive them to throw into the fire, out of sheer desperation, dictionaries, vocabularies, and grammars. Of course, in such a language, obscurity and incorrectness cannot but be frequent; nay, without going any further, the sentences we have just now quoted, are striking instances to that effect. Yet, for being anything but a chaste and classical style, it is not the less the style of a man of genius.

The seventeenth century was fond of portrait-writing. At a certain epoch, there was a positive mania for portraits; and the fashionable authors of the day spent their time in describing, generally under fictitious names, occasionally under their own *cognomina*, the beauties and heroes who assembled in the *salons* of Madame de Rambouillet, Mademoiselle de Scudery, or Madame de Sévigné. All that was very well as a matter of amusement, and we doubt not that the fair ladies loved to be reminded that their eyes were sparkling, their hands well-proportioned, and their profile of a classical cast; but pray, let us never mention the portraits contained in the Grand Cyrus, or in the Clélie, with Saint-Simon's inimitable full-lengths. There is the character of the Archbishop of Cambrai, for instance. "No one," says M. Vinet, "has judged Fénélon with so much severity, nor praised him with such evident pleasure."

We find some slight degree of unfairness in the following:—

"Such was Villars, whose successes in war and at court, will procure for him hereafter a great name in history, when time shall have

made us lose sight of the man himself, and when oblivion shall have effaced what is scarcely known but to his contemporaries. The reputation which an unceasing good luck has produced for him for the time to come, has frequently disgusted me with history; and I have found a great number of people of this opinion. The mother of Villars always used to say to him: '*My son, speak always of yourself to the king, and never speak of yourself to others.*' He profited well by the first part of this great lesson, but not by the last, for he never ceased to stun and weary out everybody with praises of himself."

An instance will show that Saint-Simon did not spare even the ladies:—

"This Princess d'Harcourt was a character whom it is good to make known, with a view to give a little deeper insight into a court which did not hesitate to receive such persons. She was then a large, fat creature, very active, with a complexion of a milk-soup colour, with thick, filthy lips, and flaxen hair, which was always untidy and trailing about like the rest of her dress; slovenly, nasty, ever intriguing, designing, encroaching, constantly quarrelling, and humbled to the dust, or exalted to the skies, according to the condition of the parties with whom she had to do. She was a fair-haired fury, and, what is more, a harpy. She had that animal's effrontery, wickedness, deceit, and violence; she had its covetousness and greed. . . . She transacted business on all hands, and ran as far for a hundred livres as for a hundred thousand. The comptrollers-general did not easily get rid of her, and so far as she could, she deceived men of business to filch the more out of them. Her boldness in cheating at play was inconceivable, and tried, too, openly. You surprised her in the very act,—she railed at you, and put the money in her pocket. As the result was never different, she was considered as a kind of fishwoman, with whom no one wished to commit himself; even in the drawing-room, at Marli, at the game of lansquenet, in presence of Monseigneur, and of the Duchess of Burgundy. At other games, ombre, for instance, &c., she was avoided; but that was not always possible. As there, too, she cheated as much as she could, she never failed to say, at the end of the rounds, that she allowed what might not have been fair play; and she asked that it might also be allowed to her, making sure of it, at the same time, without waiting to receive an answer. She made a great profession of religion, and thus reckoned on quietiug her conscience, because, said she, in play there is always some mistake. She went to all the religious services, and constantly took the sacrament, very often after having been engaged in play till four o'clock in the morning."

The question will naturally arise, in the face of such strongly marked delineations, is Saint-Simon always to be trusted, and must we consider him as an impartial writer, notwithstanding the promise he makes "de ne rien exposer dans ses Mémoires

qui n'ait passé par ses mains ou sous ses yeux, ou qui ne soit tiré des sources le plus certaines." Some persons would, perhaps, say that it is too much to expect from human nature that stoic equanimity which would make us indifferent to whatever is calculated to affect our interest or our happiness. Saint-Simon, at all events, is by no means proof against the suggestions of prejudice, and especially when the dignity of the peerage is at stake, or the pretensions of the Duchesse du Maine, or again, the question of removing the stain of illegitimacy from the natural children of Louis XIV. Then he positively loses his temper, oversteps every limit of moderation and propriety, and expresses himself in terms the very violence of which is sufficient to make us reject his opinion. As we have, in the foregoing part of this article, given a favourable opinion of the Memoirs of Saint-Simon, it is only fair that we should also prove, by a quotation or two, that his veracity is not always to be accepted without close scrutiny.

In the first volume, under the date 1694, the noble author relates, as an act of treachery, an intrigue of which the cabinet minister Barbésieux was guilty, who, in order to ruin Marshal de Noailles, then commanding the army in Catalonia, had bribed a confidential officer named Genlis, sent to Louis XIV. with some despatches by Noailles himself. According to Saint-Simon's narrative, the marshal complying with the fondest desires of the king, was extremely anxious to besiege Barcelona, and his object in sending Genlis to court was that the final measures should be taken with reference to the carrying out of that plan. Thereupon the Memoirs assert that Genlis, gained over by Barbésieux, told the king the very reverse of what he had been commissioned to say, and that thus "the siege of Barcelona had been entirely abandoned when it was on the point of being undertaken, with all the most reasonable probability of certain success."* An accusation such as this is extremely serious, and one would suppose that Saint-Simon would not have brought it forward had he not had in his possession proofs substantial and numerous enough to establish it satisfactorily. What, then, will the reader think when he hears that there is not a word of truth in the whole matter, and that neither Genlis nor Barbésieux were guilty of the deeds ascribed to them! It so happens that, amongst the MS. papers of the Noailles family preserved at the public library of the Louvre, there are several letters from Catinat to the marshal—letters in which the very question of the siege of Barcelona is discussed. Now, these letters and the answers to them prove

* Vol. i. p. 227.

that the Duc de Noailles, far from entertaining any thought of beginning operations against Barcelona, complained bitterly to his colleague that he found it impossible either to undertake the slightest thing, or to make the king listen to reason.*

The second incident which we are about to relate, is still more interesting for us, on account of the circumstance that the English government had something to do with it. Saint-Simon describes with detail the indignation which Louis XIV. and the whole court of Versailles felt when the Duke of Orleans, who had been sent to Spain with the French army, was accused of aiming at securing his own election as king of that country instead of Philip V. At one time the charges brought forward against the duke were so great that it was seriously intended to commence legal proceedings. If we had nothing but Saint-Simon's narrative to enlighten us respecting the real importance of that affair, knowing the partiality he always entertained towards the Duke of Orleans, we might even then think that there was ample reason to suspect the prince of ambitious designs. Saint-Simon is not so plain-spoken as he generally was; he evidently attempts to soften down the matter, to "pooh-pooh" it, if we may so say, and to justify designs which could not be denied, on the plea that, after all,—

"Si Philippe V. tomboit de lui même, sans aucune espérance de retour... il ne lui causeroit aucun tort, et feroit un bien au roi et à la France de conserver l'Espagne dans sa maison, qui ne lui seroit pas moins avantageux qu'à lui même."

After the evasive and very weak explanation of Saint-Simon, let us turn to Lord Mahon's History of the War of the Succession, and then we shall find the whole matter clearly and satisfactorily accounted for. The Duke of Orleans *did spontaneously* entertain the design of supplanting Philip V. on the throne of Spain, and when he saw that Stanhope, in the name of the English government, declined abetting his ambitious views, he professed to be satisfied with another arrangement suggested by Stanhope himself, to the effect that, as a price of his co-operation with the allies against Louis XIV. and Philip V., he should be guaranteed the possession of an independent state, composed of Navarre and of the southern provinces of France. We shall not quote the correspondence given by Lord Mahon in a work which the reader may easily refer to; but we may merely add that, through the active intervention of the Princesse des Ursins, the agents of the Duke of Orleans in Spain were arrested, and

* Cf. in the Revue Contemporaine for August 15, 1856, an interesting article by M. Lud. Lalanne.

although the papers found in their possession do not seem to have led to any important disclosure, yet the duke, suddenly recalled to France, was ever afterwards suspected, and fell into a disgrace which ended only with the life of Louis XIV.*

Saint-Simon's endeavour to exculpate the Duke of Orleans in this instance is somewhat amusing; indeed, it has often been a matter of surprise that a man possessed of so clear an idea of religion and virtue should have uniformly given his support to a prince whose licentiousness was proverbial, and who sanctioned by his example every infraction of the laws of common morality. But we must not forget that, despicable as was the conduct of the Duke of Orleans in private life, his political character was that of a man of honour;† and no one blamed him more faithfully for his loose principles, did more to check him and to persuade him, than Saint-Simon himself. It was our author who employed the influence he enjoyed for the purpose of prevailing upon the duke, then regent, to break off his scandalous intrigue with Mademoiselle de Séry; and if the infamous Abbé Dubois had not succeeded in gaining the confidence of a prince, always too easily led astray by bad example, the devoted friendship of Saint-Simon would very likely have brought about still happier results. It is certainly much to the praise of the historian that, although for a considerable time, he possessed the esteem and affection of the regent to a far greater extent than any other individual in France, the only favour he ever solicited was his appointment to the post of ambassador at the court of Madrid, —a situation which, besides, he was fully entitled to. Governor of the young King Louis XV., captain of the body guard, keeper of the seals, he might have filled every one of these important positions; they were all offered to him, and it was the wonder of the whole court that he should let the best opportunities slip of making his fortune. When the financial speculations of Law produced such extraordinary revolutions in the exchequer, both of the state and of private individuals, the regent on several occasions entreated Saint-Simon to *allow* a few millions to be secured for him; all to no purpose, the historian resisted every temptation, he remained incorruptible, and thus preserved the right of giving freely his opinions on the enormities and the scandalous transactions which were being openly perpetrated under his notice. On the death of the regent, he withdrew entirely from public affairs, and it was only a few years after

* Cf. M. Cheruel's article on Saint-Simon et Chavigny, in the Revue Contemporaine for January 15, 1857.

† Lord Mahon.

that he received the *cordon bleu* as a kind of acknowledgment of his services.

Son of a favourite *gentilhomme* of Louis XIII, Saint-Simon, by his position and his education, had the best opportunity of observing the march of government, and of reading the intrigues and petty transactions which not only constitute the life of a court, but even also determine in many cases the annals of a nation. We know what excellent use he made of the circumstances amidst which he was placed. His Memoirs beginning with the year 1693, bring us down to 1723, and thus include the most eventful period in the history of the French monarchy. When we think, for a moment, of the circumstances which took place within that interval,—the development of the policy of Louis XIV., the persecution of the Protestants and the Jansenists, Marlborough's campaigns, the gloomy catastrophes which decimated the royal family, Law's system, the regency, and the orgies of the Palais Royal,—when we take all this in consideration, we cannot much wonder at finding severity, nay, sometimes harshness, in the reminiscences of a writer who was a deeply religious man, the intimate friend of the Abbé de Rancé, and who would not take up the pen to write the memoirs of his own life before he had secured the approval of his conscience and of his spiritual advisers. The portrait which Saint-Simon has left us of the Duke of Burgundy is one of the most remarkable portions of his Memoirs, because it illustrates in a vivid manner the power of the grace of God in converting the soul.

"This prince, the indubitable and afterwards the presumptive heir to the crown, was born an object of terror, and his early youth made people tremble; hard-hearted, and giving way to the highest transports of passion, even against inanimate objects; impetuous with rage, incapable of bearing the slightest resistance, even from time and the elements, without getting into such a fury that his attendants were afraid lest he should do to himself some great bodily injury; excessively obstinate, and to the last degree eager in the pursuit of every kind of pleasure. He loved wine and good living, was passionately fond of hunting, of music, and of gambling; when at play, he could not bear to lose, hence the danger of engaging in any game with him was extreme. In short, he was the slave of every passion, and carried away by all kinds of pleasure; he was often fierce, and naturally disposed to cruelty; he was cutting in his jests, and turned people into ridicule with an accuracy that was overwhelming. From the height of heaven, he looked upon men as atoms to whom he bore no resemblance, whoever they might be. His brothers scarcely appeared to him to occupy an intermediate place between himself and the human race, although it had always

been intended that the three should be educated together, on the principle of perfect equality. His wit and sagacity were uniformly brilliant; and even in the midst of his rage, his answers were astonishing. His reasonings were always directed to the exact and the profound, even in the transports of his passion."

Such, in his natural state, was the prince who, according to the ordinary course of events, seemed destined to rule over France, and to continue the work of absolutism so completely established by the strong hand of Louis XIV. What source of anxiety must that young duke have been at first, whose violent passions and fiery temper, finding too often their gratifications in the salons of Versailles or Marli, would probably ripen into the vices of a Nero!

"But God, who is the master of all hearts, and whose Holy Spirit breathes where He wills, performed on this prince a work of conversion, and between the eighteenth and twentieth year of his age, the change was accomplished. From this abyss went forth a prince affable, gentle, humane, temperate, patient, modest, penitent, and as far as was suitable to his condition, and even beyond it, humble and severe to himself. Quite devoted to his duties, and understanding them to be immense, his only care henceforth was how he should conciliate the duties of a son and subject with those to which he saw himself destined. The shortness of the day was all his regret; he placed his whole strength and consolation in prayer, and sought his preservation in the reading of pious books. His taste for abstract science, and his readiness in understanding it, took up at first much of a time which, he perceived, must be devoted to the obtaining of information about things connected with his condition. . . . Being a novice in the exercises of devotion, and apprehensive of his weakness with respect to pleasure, he was inclined at first to seek solitude. Watchfulness over himself—for in his case he allowed no excuse, and thought that nothing should be excused—induced him to withdraw into his closet as an asylum not to be entered by any person whatever. How strange is the world! It would have detested him had he continued in his first condition, and it was tempted to despise him in the second. The prince felt this, he bore it, and fastened with joy this sort of opprobrium to the cross of his Saviour, that he might be ashamed at the bitter remembrance of his former pride. He met with what was still more painful—the dull and heavy looks of his nearest relations."

We shall not indulge any further in quotation from Saint-Simon. We might have seen Louis XIV. with his outside devotions and regularity (*sa dévotion et sa régularité d'écorce*) offended at the manifestations of a genuine piety which formed so perfect a contrast to the gilded corruptions of the court. We might have seen the charms of the Duchess of Burgundy,

the unbridled impudence (*les importunités effrénées*) of the ladies about her, the jokes of the king, and the remonstrances of Madame de Maintenon (*la dévote fée*)—everything, in short, employed for the purpose of quenching the religious fervour of the young duke. These base, abominable, and infernal machinations were of no avail, and at last the hand of God punished those who had devised them, by removing from the midst of a profligate court the only prince in the whole royal family calculated to wear the crown. When an honest man has to witness and to relate scenes sad as the one we have just been relating, it is not much to be wondered at that his pen should sometimes be dipped in "gall and wormwood;" like Molière's Alceste, he entertains

"Ces haines vigoureuses
Que doit donner le vice aux âmes vertueuses."

With all his defects Saint-Simon is *the* great authority for the history of the reign of Louis XIV., and of the Regency. Time has rather added to, than detracted from, the reputation his Memoirs so justly enjoy; and to sum up this short review with the opinion of one of the most competent critics: "C'est la plume la plus fière, la plus libre, la plus honnête, la plus vigoureusement trempée, et la plus éblouissante; et ce duc et pair. . . . se trouve être aujourd'hui, entre Molière et Bossuet (un peu au dessous je le sais, mais entre les deux certainment), une des premières gloires de la France." *

ART. III.—MODERN JUDAISM.

1. *The Jewish Faith: its Spiritual Consolation, Moral Guidance, and Immortal Hope. With a Brief Notice of the Reasons for many of its Ordinances and Prohibitions.* By Grace Aguilar. London: Groombridge & Sons. 5607 (1846).
2. *Shema Yisrael, the Spirit of Judaism.* By Grace Aguilar. Edited by Isaac Leeser. 2nd edit. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society. 5609.
3. *The Jewish Chronicle and Hebrew Observer. A Weekly Newspaper.* London: Published and Printed by Dr. A. Benisch.
4. *Monatsschrift für Geschichte und Wissenschaft des Judenthums. Unter Mitwirkung mehrerer Gelehrten, herausgegeben vom*

* Sainte-Beuve, Causeries du Lundi.

Oberrabbiner. Dr. Z. Frankel. (*Monthly Journal for the History and Science of Judaism.* Edited by Rabbi Dr. Z. Frankel, assisted by other *savans.*) Leipsic: H. Hunger.

5. *Joseph the Jew: a Tale Founded on Facts.* By the Author of "Mary Mathieson." Edinburgh: W. Oliphant & Sons. 1857.

THE history of man's opinions is the history of man. Viewed in the light of eternal truth, the one embodies and explains the other. Historical facts are Divine hieroglyphics. The mere annalist may copy them, but he only who has studied their meaning and mastered their language can understand them. History would be an insoluble riddle, leaving the student a prey alternately to a mad calculation of chances, or to the despair of fatalism, were it not that we believed in the deep bearing of facts, in the solemn import of events, in the great purposes to which nations are individually subservient, and in the combination of all towards truly Divine ends. A man is born; he lives and dies. He is not a chance-bud on the great tree of life; he is meant to serve some great moral purpose,—he embodies some great moral idea. And, despite the egotism of modern society, the hypocrisy, callousness, and selfishness of the many, this great idea *is* embodied, and this moral purpose *shall be* accomplished; for "the Lord reigneth." Nations are born; they live and die. Their birth constitutes an era, their life weaves the texture of events, their death marks a revolution in history. When they have served their purpose they are either absorbed in the great family of peoples, whose education and destiny they have advanced another stage, or they fall and perish. In this great historical development even the wrongs and sins, the faults and foibles of mankind, are in the providence of God made subservient to His own bright and holy purposes. To study history without religion is, therefore, to be alike ignorant, unthinking, and unfeeling. As at first when the works of His hand sprung from His creative Word, so still does His working proclaim His presence and declare His glory. We believe in God; therefore, we believe in man. History is not a skeleton; it is an organism teeming with life, and that life is Divine.

One by one have the nations of antiquity been gathered to their fathers. Each in its history had embodied its own idea, subserved its own purpose,—had sprung, blossomed, borne fruit, and then withered. Not all the efforts of genius or of power could arrest its course, or stay its termination. Each sunk into clay when the spirit which had animated it had fled. The great flood of popular migrations which marked the close of the Roman Empire, covered the face of the ancient world, and

all that formerly had breath perished in its waters. And once again is the world becoming old, and another flood is threatening to overwhelm it. It is not only the moral and intellectual state of the nations, but even their physical and political aspect which impress this feeling upon us. The French Revolution only destroyed the political Babel of modern times, and scattered the proud boasters. But the immorality, the hollowness, unreality, and selfishness of men, threaten us speedily with a storm which only the ark will be able to outride. But this, not till every purpose has been accomplished, and every idea which history was to embody has been evolved.

Two institutions only and *one* nation have survived the wreck of the past. These institutions are the Church and the Synagogue; that nation is Israel. Yet are their principles and their history vastly different. The Church embodies the principle of life. Modern society, modern history, modern art and science, are essentially hers,—what is good and lasting in the past and present she claims as her offspring, and she points to the future where all shall be good and lasting, and all shall be hers. It was Christianity which thinned the forests, tilled the ground, built the cities, instituted the schools, developed the intellect, raised the moral feelings, knit the bonds of society, founded home, taught duty, instilled hope, gave faith and love, —and in heart and life, in the individual and in the nation, ever pointed onwards and upwards. Christianity needs no apologetics; all history is its great Amen. Man's logic has always appeared to us small indeed, and that in proportion as he esteemed it great. The arguments of infidelity and the supposed inductions of its science are like the wailing of a babe in presence of a mighty cataract. Natures may be differently constituted. We interfere not with any man; we only state it as our own conviction, that Christianity needs no argumentative proof—*it is a fact.* Your apologetics are like lighting a candle in bright sunlight—it will not, it cannot, illumine a world. Christianity needs no confirmation. To the Christian, it is an *internal* fact; to every thinking observer, to the student of history, it is an *external* fact, mysterious indeed, yet real and eternal. We care not at present *how* you choose to explain, or whether you do not choose to explain it at all, yet if God has hewn anything on the rocks of time, graven anything in the events of history, it is that Christianity is real and true.

Christianity is true, and hence living. Its vitality has become that of the world—it lives, and therefore gives life; it forms the centre of all influence, the source of all genuine and lasting

development. On the other hand, it cannot be said that Judaism, in the proper acceptation of the term, has within it the germ of vitality. The Synagogue continues to *exist*, but Judaism does not *live*. Let it be understood—and we meantime merely state it—that we draw a broad line of distinction between Judaism and the religion of the Old Testament. Of the former we assert, that if ever it possessed a distinctive vitality it has long ere this ceased. Eighteen hundred years and more have now elapsed since the nation was scattered,—since throughout the known globe Moses's seat rose in every place, and the messengers from another land, and the representatives of another race mingled as strangers among the Gentiles. The same traditions are still held, the same formularies are still used, the sons meet, they say and think what their fathers had said and thought; but their influence on the age and on the men around them is hopelessly and helplessly gone. We lately stood in one of the oldest of these synagogues, the way to which led through the narrow street where their fathers and forefathers had lived and suffered. A low portico, adorned with the peculiarly eastern *bas-reliefs*, led into the interior—cold, damp, dark. Before the "holy place" two lamps had burned for centuries in remembrance of two who by their noble self-devotion had preserved the community. We had visited the oldest Jewish community of Germany—we had stood before the chair from which one of their greatest rabbins had taught. But what is the truth of which these men have been the martyrs, what is the life of which they were the bearers, where the influence which they have propagated? The people clung to an idea, the rabbins wrote and disputed, the men continued the old forms and suffered for and with them; but where are the *results*, and where is the *evidence* of their vitality? A principle which does not *give life* does not *live;* and so far as the world is concerned, Judaism has been buried eighteen hundred years ago and more. Its professors have ever since gone about in the world as mutes and mourners, and every successive year the rabbins have preached its funeral sermon.

Let it not be said that the circumstance to which we have referred is due to the relentless persecutions of the Middle Ages, or to the political disadvantages under which, in part, they still labour. It is the characteristic mark of a spiritual life-principle that outward circumstances do not overcome it, but the reverse. Never had Christianity exercised a deeper influence on mankind, never had the leaven of the Gospel acted more powerfully on the whole lump of society than when

its humble followers were most persecuted, and the powers of the earth had conspired to crush and annihilate it. Besides, if Judaism has a Divine mission, what is it? Let the history of the last eighteen centuries answer. We will not be drawn from the domain of fact into that of speculation and disputation. *They* believe in the unity of God—so do *we*. But if, as some would maintain, their mission consists in presenting this truth in a manner different from ours, and, as they assert, in the only correct manner, then where, we again ask, are the results of this high and holy vocation, and what is the influence which, in *this* or in *any* other respect, they have exercised on the *life* of the world? Eighteen centuries send back the answer—*None.*

The time was when Israel had its mission, and that the highest and the holiest. The depositaries of the Divine law, the witnesses of Divine power and grace, prophets and sons of prophets, it was theirs to enlighten the world. From them proceeded all spiritual influence. Separated and hedged about in order to be kept pure and uncontaminate from heathen defilement, God had set them apart to be His messengers to the nations. Up to a certain point in their history that *influence* continued, and then it ceased. Is it not to read history correctly when we add, up to a certain period their *mission* continued, and then it passed from them? That period was the death of Jesus. After that, He that had opened closed their temple; He that instituted sacrifices abrogated them; He that had given Palestine took it away; He that had sent them forth missionaries employed them no longer. Let us not *dispute*, let us look at this *historical fact:* their place was henceforth occupied by the Church, by the despised Nazarenes, by the emissaries of that cross which was a stumbling-block and foolishness. Cheerfully do we grant that the religion of the New Testament is none other than the development and the realization of that of the Old. But this very circumstance only proves that what was *de facto*, was *de jure* also, and that those who leavened the world were the real successors of the prophets, on whom fell their mantle, and devolved their mission. Once more, then, history is the clearest evidence of Christianity.

But, though their mission is gone, the Jewish people still continue, and will, we believe, continue to the end of history. They have survived the horrible persecutions of the Middle Ages; they are neither fewer in numbers, nor weaker in point of intelligence or of enthusiasm, than they were when most favoured. It is interesting and instructive to study the records of their intellectual life. A series of thinkers the most acute,

—of men the most deeply versed in medical, philosophical, mathematical, and other lore,—a multitude of martyrs the most noble, taken from all ranks, from every age, and from each sex, —a singular mental versatility, energy, and depth, moral strength, fortitude, and true heroism, in eminent degree, meet us everywhere. Even since their dispersion, Europe and the world owes much to them. Among the greatest statesmen, the most eloquent writers, the most inspired poets, the most gifted artists, we discover the names and the descendants of Hebrews. Nor are we disposed to view their mercantile pre-occupations, as is too frequently done, in the light of a reproach. Irrespective of the fact that their social circumstances forced them to resort to it, and that comparing the proportional numbers of Jews and of Gentiles engaged, the former conduct themselves with equal, if not greater, virtue and uprightness, commerce is not in itself a mean thing. More, perhaps, than anything else, it connects nation with nation, man with man; it spans distances, it breaks down prejudices, it enlarges the horizon, it is the pioneer of civilization. Still, although they are more numerous, as intelligent, and in possession of as many elements of moral strength and enthusiasm, than at any previous period, Judaism has continued a mere name, not a reality. What in their civilization was *Jewish*, or *distinctively religious*, has left no impress on the world, and what has left its impress is *not Jewish*, or distinctively religious. Since the destruction of Jerusalem, Judaism has played no part in the history of the world, and so far as men generally are concerned, it has been dead.

The reason of all this is evident. A little reflection will convince us that the form in which religion appeared first under the Old Testament was national and preparatory. The truth of God which underlaid this dispensation was, indeed, eternal, and as the very idea of revealed religion implies, meant to apply to all nations. But would it have been possible, or was it intended that all nations should become proselytes to the Jewish faith? It was characteristic of that dispensation, that it shut out its professors from intermingling with other nations, that it remained confined to Palestine, and that its ministrations were performed by an Aaronic priesthood. All these conditions are so thoroughly opposed to the idea of its universal spread, that we cannot believe any thinking person will maintain that Judaism was ever intended to be the religion of the world. Now, when Jerusalem is destroyed, and the land laid waste, the religion of the Old Testament has become an impossibility. We maintain, on Biblical grounds, that sacrifices are the central point of Judaism. Let it not be said that other rites may be substituted in their room. The Law of

Moses, which is the text-book of Judaism, does not anywhere hint at this, nor do the statements of some of the prophets, as to the profitlessness of sacrifices without faith and obedience, imply either that sacrifices were either in themselves unimportant, or that they were secondary. Such declarations only showed that the non-believing and unrepentant, to whom sacrifices were a mere form by which to propitiate the Deity, had ignored and misunderstood the spiritual import of these rites. They indicate the spirituality, but not the future abrogation, of sacrifices. If, then, sacrifices formed the central part of the Mosaic dispensation (and we challenge contradiction on this point), their necessary cessation has rendered, not only the Judaizing of the world, but even the continuance of *Mosaic* Judaism, an impossibility.

But we are arguing a point which probably few, even of the most enthusiastic Jews, will care to maintain. *Ancient* Judaism was merely national and temporary in its form, though eternal and universal in its truths. But mankind cannot be converted to a national or temporary faith. Indeed, the latter must—if Divine—by-and-bye enlarge, so as to embrace the world, or else the spirit will rise from it, and leave it a meaningless compound of empty ceremonial. Christianity professes to be that enlargement of the form, that development of the religion of the Old Testament, which the prophets predicted, and which was designed to embrace and to transform mankind. Judaism denies this claim, and without condescending to enter on the correspondence between Old Testament prophecy (as in Isaiah, Daniel, Zechariah, &c.), and New Testament fact, points to certain doctrines, such as that of the Trinity, as different from the teaching of the Old Testament. We will not here enter upon a discussion. We believe that the Christian doctrines of sin, of the vicarious atonement, and even of distinct Divine personalities, are clearly deducible from many passages in the prophets. We further believe that as the new dispensation is an enlargement and development of the former, much may there be expected in explicit and clear terms, that formerly had been merely hinted at or implied. Lastly, we believe, that the fundamental premises of essential agreement between the Old and New Testament being once proved, some things, transcending man's intellect, must be left to faith. And are there not such things in the Old Testament also? Is not the sacrifice of Isaac, the destruction of the Canaanites, and even the purely ceremonial character of Mosaism, only intelligible through faith? What were so many statements, injunctions, and prophecies to the age in which they were given, but matters of faith? But we have said we will not

argue these points. Our former assertion, that Christianity is an enlargement of the Old Testament from a national into a universal religion, that development of the Old Testament which the prophets had predicted, and which was meant to embrace and to transform mankind, we prove by an appeal to *actual fact*. History testifies that these conditions have been fulfilled in Christianity, and that Judaism has not displayed any vitality since the appearance of her younger sister.

If the future mission of Christianity and its results were at all doubtful, or if the period of Israel's rejection were not what it has been, or could be accounted for on any other ground, *some* doubt might still be cast on our conclusions. But what are the facts of the case? We connect the civilization of the world, the taming of wild nationalities, the progress of arts and sciences, and the universal prevalence of peace and happiness, with a general diffusion of Christian principles. We could not connect them with Judaism, even with the Old Testament form of the truth. For were it to prevail, all mankind would have to be subject to the Jews, to turn to Jerusalem, and to the Aaronic priesthood. The universal brotherhood would change into a spiritual aristocracy, beside which all the nations would stand as inferior castes; religion would only be possible in Palestine; the world would be the outer court of the Gentiles, and the Jewish nation the holiest of all, within the veil. Again, we see that Christianity is continually rising to deeper consciousness of its mission and nearing its goal. Even the sneers of infidel superficiality, which assailed it fifty years ago, are now almost entirely silenced. On the other hand, eighteen long centuries have passed over Israel, without improving its position. We are at a loss to account for the insensibility of thinking Israelities as to these facts. No doubt, the destruction of Jerusalem virtually abrogated Mosaism, by making the religion of the Pentateuch impossible. Why, then, if Judaism be truth, did He, whose arm cleft the Red Sea, whose breath slew the army of Sennacherib, allow that event to take place? It is sheer ignorant trifling with the question, to turn round and to say, that the supremacy of the Roman power and the divisions of the East, and not national sin, were its cause. Else why did the providence of God allow all this? Why did the God of Israel so arrange and order the relation of events? Further, why has this fearful desolation continued ever since that period? Is it said that some grievous and yet unrepented sin hangs over the nation as a dark cloud of judgment,—then what is it? Surely, its character must be as palpable as its judgment. The Synagogue professes that modern Judaism is still the religion of the Old Testament, for the sake of

which He did all the wonders, and spake all the words recorded in the Bible. The Synagogue professes, that while the Gentiles enjoy partial rays of the truth, the Jews alone are the depositaries of the *whole* truth. Granting this for the sake of argument, what we repeat is, their great, their eighteen centuries' national sin, which has put an arrest equally on the progress and the existence of Judaism. No grievous idolatry marked the period of their downfall. On the contrary, never had the rites of religion been more zealously or jealously performed. And ever since that period for centuries has each commandment been painfully studied and punctiliously observed; idolatry has not tarnished their religious history, nor has sinful compromise been made. Why then has He who would have spared even Sodom for ten righteous men, not only left His people for eighteen centuries to be a byword and a derision, but in His providence rendered their religion impossible? It is plain that either the Bible is not the Word of God, or else that modern Judaism cannot be the religion of the Bible.

The attentive student of history has only the choice between the grossest fatalism and the acknowledgment of Christianity; and this conclusion has abundant confirmation. It is altogether erroneous to suppose that during the course of these eighteen centuries, the Synagogue has shown any tendency towards progress. It has remained stationary, if not retrograded. The observances are exactly the same, the interpretations are the same, the commandments and doctrines are the same, the very language of their services is the same,—dead to most, living but to few indeed. And what is this teaching but an ossification of the Old Testament, a mere development of the formalism, without any spirituality? We presume we need not remind our readers that Talmudism—we mean the tendency as embodied in the Scribes and Pharisees—is professedly of Divine origin. According to its own testimony, it sprung from Mount Sinai, and was handed down in an unbroken line of tradition. But this Talmudism has only to do with the outward man, with the letter of the commandment. Leaving, meantime, out of sight all the superstitions and follies occasionally occurring in the Hagada, and in the Talmud, the entire Mishna* contains, with

* The Mishna contains the text of the traditional law; the two Talmuds the interpretation of it; the Hagada, religious opinions and stories interwoven into the Bible text. For full information on all these points we refer to a volume on which a critique appeared in this Journal, July, 1856: "The History of the Jewish Nation, after the Destruction of Jerusalem, under Titus," by the Rev. Dr. Edersheim. (Edinburgh: Constable & Co.) We are happy to find that this valuable work has already reached a second edition; and a further acquaintance with its contents only confirms the

the exception of the Pirke Aboth ("Sayings of the Fathers" —traditionary apophthegmata), scarce one sentence of spiritual truth. It is simply an ossified formalism, or mere canon-law. And yet we have made large deductions. We have kept out of consideration the Talmud, the Hagada, and all the writings of later rabbins,—and what these occasionally contain only the initiated know. We have taken modern Judaism at its source, where hence it is most pure. But seriously, is this service without sacrifices, this system of externalism, this "tithing of mint, anise, and cummin," this punctilious "washing the outside of cups and platters," this bondage to "touch not, taste not, handle not," the religion of the Bible? Did prophets predict that nations were to come to *this* light, and to *this* brightness—was this to spread universal peace and happiness—is it Divine, can it be truth, can it be eternal? If we really ask ourselves what is rabbinical Judaism, and who are the genuine representatives of the Synagogue, we may not go for an answer to those who have imbibed Gentile lore, or adopted Gentile manners. We look for the manifestations of Talmudism among those whom probably most British Jews would ridicule as ignorant bigots. But will it be said that modern civilization, that Europe and the world are to be cast in the mould of genuine Rabbinism, as represented, for example, by the Jews of Poland or of Turkey? Yet such must be the case, if orthodox modern Judaism is the religion of the Old Testament, and if the professions of the Synagogue are correct.

These conclusions cannot, we believe, be evaded. We are aware that an attempt has lately been made to draw a line of distinction between the duty of those who are born Gentiles and of those who are born Jews in reference to external observances. On the one hand, it is asserted that the Apostles taught the Gentiles Jewish truth in a modified form, and that Christians know in consequence part of, though not the whole, truth. On the other hand, it is held that the ceremonial law is not binding on the Gentiles, but only on the Jews. It is an old principle of Rabbinism that the pious of all nations have share in the world to come. But we can neither agree in one or other of these propositions. Every impartial thinker must allow that if Judaism is really truth, then Christianity is a gross perversion and a horrible blasphemy. Putting aside the statement, which we

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opinion we have already given, that "if the second and closing volume shall equal the first, the work must become the standard manual upon the subject, and an indispensable addition to every moderately furnished theological library." Indeed, we know of no volume that contains an equal mass of information, so admirably condensed and so luminously arranged.—ED.

cannot but regard as silly and puerile in the extreme, that Jesus had not claimed to be the Messiah, and that the peculiar doctrines of Christianity had originated with the fanatical Pharisee, Saul of Tarsus, how stands the case? If modern Judaism is correct in its propositions, Christianity is farther from the truth than Mohammedanism, and the Sanhedrim were right in their condemnation of Jesus and his apostles; the Gospels are a mere invention, and the Epistles a most presumptuous trifling on the part of religious deceivers. Between the absolute truth and the absolute falsehood of Christianity, between the Messiahship and the presumption of Jesus, between the Divine commission and the deception of the Apostles, there cannot be a medium. In favour of which of these alternatives lies the presumption, ay, and the weight of external, internal, and historical proof? Again, if the externalism of the Synagogue is a correct interpretation of the Bible, and is itself of Divine origin, why should it be binding on the conscience of the Jew and not on that of the Christian? Why should a series of Divine ordinances be absolutely necessary for one, and equally needless for another nation, or how should the mere accident of birth and education make so vast a difference? Surely, if it is matter of such indifference to the Christian, it cannot be eternally obligatory on the Jew. Or are pious Christians saved, no matter what their religion? If so, then all religion is either needless —save for the moral purposes which religiousness in general is thought to serve—or else Christians are safe in the inverse ratio of their devoutness. Under the first supposition *every* religion is mere matter of indifference; under the second, missions and proselytizing on the part of the Jews are highest and holiest duties.

Latterly, the parties in the Synagogue have undergone considerable modification, or, rather, a new party has sprung up, which seems destined to swallow up the others. Formerly, there were those who believed in traditionalism, and those who rejected it. The first constituted the orthodox, who, punctilious in the extreme, observed all the ordinances of Rabbinism. The others were Israelites merely in name, and even the name most of them hated and dreaded; it was their misfortune, not their choice, to be connected with the Synagogue. They would not become Christians because they wanted conviction, and because they were afraid of the scorn and the prejudice which too often —and in their case justly—attaches to proselytes. Education, circumstances, and secret misgivings, brought them occasionally to the Synagogue, and perhaps made their death-bed Jewish, but to all intents and purposes they were Deists, not Hebrews. Such persons would acknowledge the beauty of the character of

Jesus—whom in consistency they should have condemned—very much as they would have praised Mohammed, Confucius, or Zoroaster. Their creed was that of indifferentism; their Judaism below zero. But matters are changing. It is a fact that, with approaching civilization and the progress of education, old Rabbinism is vanishing; it is equally true that, as from the Church so from the Synagogue, gross Rationalism is receding. An attempt is now made to combine the two heterogeneous elements into a new party. The greatest respect is professed for Rabbinism and its ordinances, but only so much is brought forward as is compatible with modern progress; other things are either retained temporarily or silently dropped. Gentile science is studied along with Jewish, and an amalgam of old orthodoxy and modern ideas is assayed. But what is the foundation of this new attempt? No doubt, if Rabbinism be of Divine origin, old orthodoxy *alone* was in the right; and, if not, the whole fabric of modern Judaism crumbles into dust. Represented as this new party is, both on the Continent and in Britain, by men of the greatest intelligence and learning, its members would repudiate the title of innovators, even as they would refuse to identify themselves with the old orthodox school. Their latest movement has been the establishment at Breslau of a seminary for training rabbins and teachers. At the head of this institution are Drs. Frankel, Grätz, and Bernays,—all men well known to students of Jewish literature. Gentile learning is here combined with Jewish lore, and old orthodoxy derives a new cultivation and new weapons from modern science and modern ideas. The organ of the party is the *Monatsschrift* of which we have mentioned the title at the head of this article. If we are right in our supposition, the conductors of the *Jewish Chronicle* sympathize with this movement, only that of course passing events, and the interests of the Jewish people, engage chief attention, while, occasionally, a "smart," but sometimes bitter, antagonism to what are wittily called the "conversionists," appears in its columns. A very different spirit breathes in the pages of the late Miss Aguilar,—so pure, so elevated, so spiritual, that we cannot but regard her writings as a token for good. It was our intention, when we began, to notice her works in the present article, but our limits will not permit. But we shall take an early opportunity of paying our heartfelt tribute of admiration and respect to this distinguished daughter of Israel, of whom it may be said, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou hast excelled them all."

As Miss Aguilar claims our sympathy by her beautiful and elevated spirituality, so the writers of the *Monatsschrift* and

the conductors of the *Chronicle* command our respectful attention by their learning and ability. The *Monatsschrift* is scientific in its form. It records not only the present state of the Jews in various countries, but their past history; and devotes special attention to the past and present literature of the people. Very frequently most interesting historical and literary notices occur in its columns. We have already adverted to the tendency which it represents, and the spirit which it breathes. Tho controversial element appears but very rarely, but when it does, we grieve to say, rather in the form of sneers than of the thoughtful inquiry which such a subject demands and deserves. The *Jewish Chronicle* is conducted with considerable ability and spirit. Its editor, Dr. Benisch, is well known for several works, which, in part, we have already favourably introduced to our readers. The *Jewish Chronicle* is intended to advocate the political interests of Israel, and in general to represent that community. Some of its columns are devoted to religious subjects. The leading articles are generally clever and telling. The only objection we have to offer is, that it indulges too much in a spirit of Jew-glorification, which occasionally prevents it from taking an impartial and a liberal view of things. Of course, we are prepared for opposition to Christianity, but we are equally surprised and displeased at its onslaught upon what are termed "conversionists," upon converts, and, in short, upon everything which tends in the direction of the Church. Were this the place for it, we should have no difficulty in extracting from its columns language which all must feel to be unbecoming, and arguments which a little consideration must prove to be pointless. Lately, we were not a little struck by its disclaimer of all attempts at proselytizing, and still more so when told *ex cathedrâ* that this was the spirit of Judaism. The readers of the New Testament know, and the students of Jewish history and literature can testify, that such is not the case. Besides, it would reflect little to the credit of any faith that it confessed itself non-proselytizing, while in that of the Jewish it must indicate either a surrender or a virtual denial of the many prophecies which bear on the conversion of the nations. But if religious controversy is necessary when Jews or Christians are in earnest, is it not possible to conduct our controversy in a right spirit? Jews and Christians, each party is convinced of the truth of its religion, and ready to defend it by appropriate arguments. Can we not give each other credit for honesty and sincerity, respect and love each other, and yet all the while express our differences? There is, indeed, we well know, a kind of controversy which only engenders bitterness, and leads to no other result than self-glorification; but where the

object is truth, where mutual respect is entertained, and where the subject is the most grave and important, there is surely no need for the acerbities and the meannesses which characterize the low debater rather than the thinker. Nor do we despair that the time may yet be at hand when bigotry, prejudice, and ignorance shall give place to a better acquaintance, to a higher appreciation, and to a closer intercourse with each other. But the first and main condition of this desirable state is mutual respect and confidence. Jews and Christians must give up sneering, misunderstanding, misjudging, and suspecting each other. Heart and hand must be opened, if cordiality and mutual recognition is, as we all wish and pray, to take the place of former isolation.

In order to do this, the Jews need not abate one iota of their religious convictions, nor the Christians one particle of their missionary zeal. Surely it were but an indifferent beginning of mutual respect, if we were called upon to dissimulate or to depress our religious convictions. We, at any rate, feel it quite consistent with genuine esteem and affection for Israel, and with an unceasing desire to benefit them in every way, and to remove the last particle of civil inequality, to preserve our own religious belief, and even to increase our support of missionary efforts. This is also the spirit of the little volume entitled, "Joseph the Jew," to which we have referred in the heading of this article. Although not free from defects which indicate a want of sufficient intimacy with the social habits of the Jews, the interest is not only sustained throughout the narrative, which details the conversion of a Jewish family to Christianity, but the tone is elevated and full of affection towards Israel.

If, in conclusion, we may be allowed to turn to Christians, we would say—Much of the past remains to be repaired, much in the present remains to be done. The persecutions of the past have not only had their consequences upon the Jews, but have estranged them from us, and us from them. To repair for past injustice and cruelty is but to discharge a debt. Let it be remembered, that to them, as the source, the world owes its religious training, its history and civilization, and mankind its life and its hope. And still Israel is a noble people. True, we believe they have rejected the Messiah, and forsaken the spiritualism of the Old Testament for the externalism of tradition. But yet they have within them much that is holy, much that is vigorous, both in an intellectual and a moral respect. They are, and they know themselves to be, a people whose present is pregnant. A very superficial study of the Old Testament and of their history will convince every one that "the bringing in of Israel will yet be as life from the dead." Their very faults and their failings

indicate elements of strength, even as their punishments indicate elements of mercy.

We have stated that our respect and affection for the Jewish people will only increase our support of missionary efforts. Churchmen and Dissenters have each their separate missions, which severally claim and deserve our support. We do not commit ourselves to an implicit approval of all their past doings, nor do we say that we believe their present plans are always the best. On the latter point, especially, let us indicate an error but too common. Every professing convert is not necessarily suited for becoming a missionary. In all ordinary cases, previous education and habits are required. Indeed, we believe this to be the most delicate and important branch of ministerial labour. In all ordinary cases, then, let none be employed who are not thoroughly qualified by education and character. Let every suspicious movement be avoided,—let controversy be carried on with all openness and fairness,—let the missionary be such as to command the respect and the affection of all thinking and unprejudiced persons; above all, let none be admitted to a profession of Christianity whose conversion is not, so far as we can ascertain, the result of conviction. We have no fear of success if this plan were faithfully carried out, and if Christians were respectfully, but believingly, to employ the agency of the pulpit, of the press, and of visitation. For a time, indeed, the numbers baptized might be fewer, and yet the result would immediately be greater, and eventually we should secure confidence, and thereby reach the *optimatum* of closer and more affectionate intercourse. Besides, who cares for the number of baptized persons? We wish to see *Israelites indeed*, not Christians in name. Of the latter we have sufficient already, if not too many. And let it be distinctly understood that individual Christians have much in their power, not only by following, so far as possible, the advice we have offered as to intercourse with the Jews, and by supporting missionary societies, but by not demanding number-results from missionary operations, and particularly, by not either twaddling about or lionizing in drawing-rooms all who pretend to be converts, nor, on the other hand, coldly, harshly, and unjustly suspecting and treating them. Let common respect be shown, and let common prudence be exercised, and we believe there will be fewer marvellous cases for religious charlatanry, but also less deception, less sorrow to the heart of the Christian, and less contempt upon the cause of truth.

ART. IV.—CHRISTIANITY AND OUR ERA.

Christianity and Our Era: A Book for the Times. By George Gilfillan. 8vo., 478 pp. Edinburgh: James Hogg. London: Groombridge & Sons. 1857.

IT is possible with the best intentions, sincere piety, and considerable eloquence and talent, to do little good and great harm; or even to do much good, and yet more harm. We fear lest this may be the case with the volume before us. Of the excellence of the writer's intentions there can be no doubt. His talent and eloquence are as incontestably displayed in these pages as in his other works. With many of his sentiments every devout Christian must cordially agree. But the spirit and tone of the volume strikes us as being very exaggerated, morbid, and therefore mischievous; and its main conclusion we are compelled to regard as erroneous in substance, and presented in a form more likely to disgust intelligent sceptics than to make or confirm intelligent believers. The faults of the volume appear to us so serious and glaring, that we are conscious of the danger of underrating much in it that is worthy of admiration—a danger against which we shall endeavour to guard. The author, however, has left himself very little room to complain if his critics should slide into the high *ex cathedrâ* strain. His views are laid down with most oracular authority, and those of his opponents satirized, and now and then caricatured, with contemptuous severity. One seldom meets with an author on more thoroughly good terms with himself, or who cherishes a more pleasing conviction that his readers will accept "we hold," "we contend," and similar formulæ, as satisfactory and conclusive arguments: unanswerable arguments they certainly are; for when an author tells us that such and such is his opinion, who has any right to assert that it is not?

The work consists, as to its subject-matter, of two parts: a review of the present condition and prospects of Christianity; and an argument for the pre-millennial advent of our Saviour. The former part is laid as the basis of the latter; the fundamental idea of the book being, that both the church and the world are so hopelessly bad, and so steadily growing worse, that a supernatural intervention and new dispensation are needed in order to fulfil God's promises and purposes of mercy; and may shortly be looked for. The volume may be characterized as a religious work of imagination, founded on facts, and terminating in fancies.

The author thus strikes the key-note of his vaticinations and denunciations:—

"That the times in which we live have assumed a dubious and portentous aspect on the subject of religion, is a fact generally admitted. There are, indeed, still a few who persist in closing their eyes to the danger by which we are environed, and in crying out 'Peace, peace, where there is no peace.' These men, while listening to the loud masonry of rising churches, to the plaudits of May-meetings, and to the far-borne hum of sabbath or missionary schools, have no ears for the roar of the fountains of the great deep of thought which are breaking up around them, or to the noise of 'the multitudes—the multitudes' rapidly convening in the Valley of Decision. But he who can abstract himself from nearer and more clamorous sounds, and from the pleasing but partial prospects immediately under his eye, becomes aware of many and complicated dangers, which seem deepening into a crisis, darkening into a noon of night, above the head of all the churches of Christ. Every one remembers the remarkable passage in Lord Chesterfield's 'Letters,' written in France before the Revolution, where he expresses his conviction that he is surrounded by all the tokens and symbols of a falling empire. But it now implies no pretensions to prophetic insight for any one to declare that he lives amid the auguries of a coming religious convulsion, to equal which we must travel back twenty centuries, and which, like that succeeding the death of Christ, has bearings, and promises—consequences, of transcendent importance and unending interest."

We cannot help remarking, by the way, that in the interpretation here given (perhaps unwittingly) of the prophetic picture of "*multitudes in the valley of decision*," the author has furnished an example, indicating how much more natural is the symbolic interpretation of prophetic visions than the literal, upon which he so strenuously insists. He would think it very ridiculous if any one, after reading this passage, were to open his window, and listen attentively for the "roar of the great fountains," or anxiously look up to the sky for symptoms of the "darkening noon of night." Yet this, ridiculous as it may be, would be in accordance with the interpretation adopted in Mr. Gilfillan's closing chapter, where the valley of decision becomes the literal "valley of Jezreel, surrounding Megiddo," and the closing scenes of the great contest between the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of darkness are degraded into a literal conflict of physical force, in which the saints (having forgotten, we presume, their Master's warning, that "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword") are getting decidedly the worst of it; and are saved by the sudden appearance of One whom Mr. Gilfillan presumes to call, in heathenish phrase, "*our Apollo*," and to compare to Jove putting an end to the battle of the giants.

We must do Mr. Gilfillan the justice to say that he by no

means adheres rigidly to the literal interpretation when it is more suitable to his views to discard it. Thus he does not think "that the millenarian sacrifices much," by admitting that the binding of Satan "may not be literal, and may not quite confine the enemy to hell" (though St. John describes him as *shut up*, and *sealed*, in the bottomless pit) "if it be admitted to amount to a prodigious limitation of Satan's power, and to his total defeat in the great Armageddon battle." So, again, although the Jerusalem of prophecy must be the literal Jerusalem, and Antichrist must be a literal person, St. Peter's plain prose description of the burning of the world, and dissolution of the visible firmament, is softened into "certain extraordinary physical changes—changes real and literal in the main, although here, perhaps, hyperbolically stated;" and the "new heavens and new earth" are, "in other words, the millennium."

If there are two subjects in the compass of human thought which it becomes us to approach in a calm, dispassionate, reverend spirit, anxiously on our guard against substituting imagination for judgment, or our preconceived fancies for infallible truth, one of these is the religious condition of the human race, and the other is the interpretation of the word of God. The want of this sober, humble, chastened spirit we consider the fundamental defect of the present volume. The opening passage which we have just cited, is about the quietest in the book; yet, at the very outset, a certain exaggerated tone betrays that craving after excitement and imaginative impression, that love of melodramatic effect and theatric glare, which infect at once the author's style and his exegesis. In treating subjects so lofty, difficult, and mysterious, one would like to see an author advancing with bared sole and noiseless footfall, not with the buskined strut and stamp of high tragedy. No doubt the history of our world may be reverently thought of as, in a certain sense, a divine drama; to a great extent, too, a solemn tragedy, "purifying the soul with pity and terror." But it is not a melodrama. It is designed to impress, not the senses and imagination, but the reason and the heart. It is not a show, but a reality; not a display of Divine skill and genius, but an actual unfolding of Divine character—a progressive exercise of Divine government. Consequently, whatever mistakes we may make as to the grand catastrophe, we may be quite sure it will be something more than we are presented with in the extraordinary chapter at the close of this volume, a tremendous and magnificent stage-effect.

Mr. Gilfillan's style, considering the subjects he is dealing with, appears to us to sin grievously against good taste. The

book is virtually a sermon, on a grand scale. We can think of few things more to be deprecated than that our young preachers should adopt the style of it as a model. If, indeed, it were the style of a young author, in his early college essays, it would be full of promise. It reminds one of Southey's remark to a young poet, that he thought he could never put his embroidery too thick. It stands stiff with gold thread and jewels, some real, and some paste, but all glittering. Every page almost blazes with fireworks. Every sentence almost is feathered with a metaphor, encumbered with a simile, or painfully sharpened to a point. Every now and then, a golden sentence, a glowing and happy figure, a striking and original thought, prevent one from laying down the book; but their brilliancy is almost lost in the wearisome glare that surrounds them. One cannot say that the author has a great command of language and fancy; but rather, that language and fancy have a great command of him. Throughout, there is a lack of self-restraint, proportion, and repose; while in the most brilliant passages—very brilliant some of them are—the author's model seems to have been his own picture of Ezekiel, "pursuing his lonely way through the upper ether, and *uttering his poetic scream*, softened by distance, and returned by the echoes in song!"

Chapter I., "A General View of the Present State of Christianity;" and Chapter II., "The Attitude of our Present Christianity to the principal energies at work in that Age," contain, it must be admitted, a great deal of melancholy truth. But it is one-sided truth. If the causes for grief and alarm are not actually exaggerated, the effect of exaggeration is produced by overlooking or underestimating the counterbalancing causes of thankfulness and hope. A picture which sedulously copies all the shades in a landscape, but omits or tones down its lights, is not a true picture. Moreover, as the writer's object is to show, not only how bad we are, but how fast we are getting worse, the constant fallacy pervades his representations, that imperfection proves deterioration. He takes for granted that it has not been always thus, and that former times were better than these. But where is the proof of this assumption? Doubtless, no intelligent Christian who takes his idea of what the church of Christ ought to be, and is to be, from the Bible, can survey without surprise, grief, and lamentation what it has been, and still is. But when has this not been the case? Where are those better times, whose continued lustre deepens the darkness of our own? Sixty years ago, when Nonconformists were hooted at in the streets as they went to meeting; when preachers were pelted with

curses out of villages where now trim chapels are filled with attentive hearers; and when Sunday-schools were but in their infancy? Or a hundred and twenty years ago, when Watts and Doddridge bewailed the decay of religion; when Arianism crept like a pestilence from pulpit to pulpit among the Dissenters, and the preachers in the Establishment gave their hearers stones for bread—a petrified code of ethics, for a living gospel; and when popular education, Christian missions, the distribution of the Scriptures to every cottage, and their translation into every tongue, were as yet undreamed of? Or still earlier, when Baxter sounded his alarm-trumpet to careless, ungodly ministry? Or when the pilgrims of the "May Flower" despaired of their country, and sought an asylum for religion and freedom in another hemisphere? Or when Queen Elizabeth was unfrocking bishops, and putting down Puritan prophesyings? Or amid the controversies, heresies, and corruptions of the first three centuries; or the long ages of spiritual night that preceded the stormy sun-rise and soon-clouded day of the Reformation?

The fact is, that in looking back on the past, our eye rests on the mountain-tops that peer above the clouds, and catch the sunshine. The dreary morasses and sandy wastes that intervene, are hidden; while to the men whose path lay through them, *these* were the prominent features of the landscape; and the fog and the dust that rose from them often hid the mountain-tops from view. Thus, for instance, in Mr. Gilfillan's lamentation over the decline of the pulpit, it is to such men as Knox, Baxter, Bunyan, Owen, Howe, that his thoughts turn. Where have we such preachers now? But does any one believe that these men were samples of the average preaching of their day? Or, that if they arose now, they would be less useful, less popular than then? Or that the *average* of preaching is not higher, and its usefulness, on the whole, greater now than then? Paint as darkly as we may the portrait of the church of our own age, and even admitting all that Mr. Gilfillan says in its disparagement to be just, it still remains true that never, not even in the Apostles' time, was the Gospel preached by so many tongues, and in so many lands and languages. Never before did Christianity so plainly assert its intention to subdue the world, or bring its guns so fully to bear (though as yet, it is true, with but imperfect effect) upon almost every form of error, vice, and wrong, throughout the world. What is still more important to notice, because more easily overlooked, is, that never before have the principles of Christianity so deeply and widely imbued worldly society. Far outside of the enclosure of the church, Christian truth and

Christian morals are influencing, more or less decisively, the opinions and consciences of men. The very usefulness and success of the church in this indirect manner, hinder our appreciation of its progress. Its pace seems diminished in proportion as it imparts to the world a motion in its own direction. If it do but stand still, it will seem to retrograde. It must be constantly raising the practical standard of life and thought amongst its members (the ideal standard cannot be raised higher than the New Testament has fixed it), if they are still to "shine as lights in the world." It is conceivable, though perhaps not possible, that the highest triumph of the church, as a moral teacher, might prove its greatest danger as a spiritual fellowship; that the level of conventional morality might rise so high as to leave no room for church discipline, and to reduce to a purely spiritual and invisible line of demarcation the separation between the church and the world.

We have not space to follow Mr. Gilfillan into his discussions of the "Causes of the Decline of Christianity," the "Present State of the Evidences for Christianity," "Substitutes for Christianity," "Scepticism," "Modern Plans for the Increase of the Power of Christianity;" or into the arguments, prophecies, and dreams of the last five chapters, in which he expounds and defends his views of the Second Advent of our Lord. There is a great deal of brilliant poetic prose, bitter satire, scornful ridicule, telling rhetoric, epigrammatic point, sound and suggestive thought; a great deal also of unsupported, dogmatizing, questionable exegesis, extravagant imagination, and repulsive bad taste. In the chapter on the evidences, the author is perplexed between his wish to show the infidel that they are sufficient, and his wish to show the anti-millenarian that they are insufficient. His comment on our Saviour's words to Thomas shows how far one idea will take a man; for it reads very much like setting the Scripture to rights:—

"The mind," says Mr. Gilfillan, "even when willing to believe, even when in a manner convinced, breathes the irrepressible wish, generally in the shape of a sigh, 'Oh! that we had been there to see, hear, and handle.' 'Doubting Thomases,' it will be said; but let it be remembered that Thomas *was* convinced when he got the evidence he required, and that many more in that age were. 'More blessed,' indeed, those who believe without sight; but, perhaps, these are as scarce as they are supremely blessed. In general, 'faith cometh by seeing as well as by hearing.'"—P. 73.

What this last sentence means, we do not know. But for our parts, we believe that our Lord understood and meant what He was saying, when he declared the position of those who have *not*

seen, to be more favourable than that of His personal disciples, just because faith, unsustained by the impressions of the senses, is subjected to a severer discipline, and learns to gaze on things unseen with a more piercing vision, and to soar heavenward with a freer, bolder wing. That the evidences of Christianity are sufficient to convince any candid inquirer, Mr. Gilfillan, of course, does not deny. That they do not amount to actual demonstration, of which he seems to complain, is necessary to their influence as a moral discipline. Demonstration compels the intellect, and leaves the will no room to act. No man is either more or less virtuous for believing a proposition in Euclid on seeing the proof. The Saviour's presence and miracles did not furnish demonstrative evidence to those who "both saw and hated both Him and His Father." "He casteth out devils," said they, "by Beelzebub." His second coming will, no doubt, be in such wise as shall leave no room for unbelief; but this very fact implies that it will afford no scope for faith, and that the work which faith has to do, in saving men's souls, will then be ended. The belief which is compelled by actual sight is but the reluctant and trembling belief of devils, which can work no change in the ungodly heart.

The same weak craving after sensuous impressions and imaginative excitement, and the same defective insight into the real philosophy of the application of the Gospel to human nature, which inspires the author's views concerning miracles and faith, appear to lie at the bottom of Millenarianism. Mr. Gilfillan has thought fit to apply to those who do not accept the Millenarian hypothesis, an expression used by Robert Hall, of Socinianism; it is, he says, "thinking meanly of [the second coming of] Christ." To us, it appears that the charge may be easily retorted. We can imagine few things more likely to make this great hope of the church ridiculous in the eyes of infidels, than such representations as are contained in the closing chapter of this book. Compare the two views. To Mr. Gilfillan, it seems that the coming of the Lord loses nearly all its interest and moral value unless he can fancy it may be in his own little life-time, next year, next week, to-morrow. To us, it appears an event of such transcendent importance and unparalleled interest, that the lapse of a few thousand years, the intervention of a few scores, more or less, of generations, is a comparatively insignificant consideration. On the view which we hold, in common, we hope, with the large majority of intelligent Christians, the Lord Jesus, while gladdening with His personal presence the vast body of His church in the heavenly world, is carrying on His kingdom as truly and actively on earth as if visibly sojourning here. By His truth, by His spirit, and by

His providence, through the agency of His disciples, and in answer to their prayers, He will complete what He has undertaken,—the putting down of tyranny, human or diabolic; the extermination of false religion, injustice, vice, ignorance, and all their consequent evils, and the union of the whole human race under His spiritual dominion. At last, when, after all this triumph and prosperity, a crisis shall nevertheless arise (we need not here inquire *how*) that can be met by no less decisive measures, the personal return of the Lord will take place, when He will bring human history to a close, will render all generations contemporary, will institute a universal tribunal of judgments, will destroy by fire every trace of man's past presence on this globe; and having put down and punished rebellion for ever, will inaugurate the final and perfect state of redeemed humanity.

This is what Mr. Gilfillan calls thinking meanly of the Second Advent. Let us see what he considers thinking gloriously of it. Christianity, according to him, is declining, and the church, as well as the world, sinking from bad to worse. "God never intended the Gospel to convert the whole world." (P. 393.) The Gospel is a failure, and the church is a failure. Christ's kingdom, though spiritual, cannot be set up by spiritual means. His dying love, His divine truth, His holy spirit, His toiling and praying church, are powerless to destroy the kingdom of the devil on earth, without the terrors of judgment, miraculous impressions on the senses, and the personal appearance of Christ. The devil manages to rule his kingdom very successfully without either miracle or personal manifestation. The Redeemer, according to the Millenarian doctrine, cannot vanquish this great adversary by such means as He has hitherto employed, and "never meant" to do so. The sublime, divine idea of the Gospel, that truth and love, attended by the energy and personal influence of the spirit of God, are able to renovate human nature, is only, it seems, a temporary expedient, or an unsuccessful experiment; the more direct and simple means of terror and amazement, and impressions on the senses, must be put in exercise. The world is to be converted only by that terrible manifestation of justice, of which our Lord Himself has told us, that it will turn His word from the means of salvation to the witness of guilt: "The word that I have spoken, that shall judge him in the last day." Are such views as these calculated to honour Christ?

If our space were not exhausted, we should be tempted to extract a page or two from Mr. Gilfillan's attempt to depict the scenes of the Last Day, including his puerile literalization of the symbols of prophetic vision, with improvements of his own

invention; and his picture of "ARMILLUS, the incarnate Antichrist, riding on a coal-black charger, and *knocking down the walls of Jerusalem with his iron mace!*" But perhaps the less said the better, of representations which seem only adapted to excite weak brains, to substitute imagination for faith, and to confirm the scepticism of intelligent infidels.

ART. V.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LUTFULLAH.

Autobiography of Lutfullah, a Mohammedan Gentleman; and his Transactions with his Fellow-creatures. Edited by Edward B. Eastwick, F.R.S., F.S.A. Smith, Elder, & Co.

AN autobiography of a Mohammedan gentleman!—the title is remarkable, but still more so are the contents of this interesting volume, a treasure as well as a rarity in literature. Lutfullah has not lived in vain among his kind, but has derived a rich store of knowledge, with that wisdom which is charity, from his singular experiences and "transactions with his fellow-creatures," the results of which he acquaints us with in this record of his personal history—a history of dramatic movement and variety. Adventure, incident, anecdote, glimpses of the picturesque, remark and reflection of no common order,—these are the characteristics of his biography, containing all of charm which we have met with in books of travel, sifted of repetition and monotony, and presenting us with what we have vainly sought in countless tourists and "six months' sojourners,"—a picture unrivalled in its truth and accuracy of Eastern life and manners, richly tinted with true oriental colouring: this constitutes its value, its novelty, and its fascination. A thorough Moslem by birth and by preference, Lutfullah is nevertheless in a manner Anglicized by enlarged study and contact with European influences. This fact renders peculiarly interesting and instructive the declaration of his opinions relative to the creeds and customs of his race; for sufficiently liberalized to express reverence for institutions which he would not, through the idiosyncracy of birthright, adopt, his convictions come with emphasis, as gradually developed under circumstances affording peculiar facilities for observation and comparison; and the result of his matured contemplation, from a double point of view, while it lends

additional significance to his conclusions, is to render him an interpreter, as it were, between the European and Mohammedan modes of thought. On the domestic institutions of Europe, costume, marriage, the seclusion of women, &c., the Munshi has much to say, deferentially, yet with all freedom. A sore scandal, doubtless, in the sight of true believers, is the unrestrained social communion of Englishmen and women in the East. On this subject he expresses his convictions with some little severity:—

"The English allow their women to remain uncontrolled in life, and permit them to enjoy the society of men in public and in private. Poor creatures! naturally weak, how many of them fall victims to the brutal intrigues of men. How many families of high name have been ruined by this unreasonable license." Again: "Virtue and vice are two sisters, the former fair and the latter black, and no nation has ever been uninfluenced by the two ladies. But the limits and restraints prescribed by Mohammedan law and usage in domestic affairs, I am bound to say, at all events, prevents increase in vice and decrease in virtue. The time of the Mohammedan ladies being occupied in needlework, and the performance of religious duties five times a day, in looking over their kitchens and other household affairs, they have no leisure to think of admirers. Their marriages are arranged by their parents, who are their best friends, and whose experience in worldly affairs must be greater than theirs. Opportunities are in general afforded to the bride to see her would-be husband from a loop-hole or a window before she is married to him; and no matrimonial contract is considered binding unless the lawfully attested consent of both parties is first obtained and taken down by the law officer appointed by the government to solemnize the marriage. Thus many bitter feuds and lasting animosities, which poison the minds of contending rivals, are avoided, and marriage beds are not only free from contamination, but from the dread of it. In short, seclusion secures women from those delusions and temptations which irritate the mind with fleeting joys, leaving behind the permanent sting of bitter remorse; while never having tasted the universal triumph and dominion which beauty gives in the circles of Europe, the pang of lost power is not added to the painful sensation of fading charms."—Pp. 339, 340.

Though himself a monogamist, Lutfullah is a champion of the Eastern law of polygamy, very philosophically judging according to the principle of probabilities that, "from among a number of wives, a man is sure to find *one* who gives him every satisfaction!" With equal earnestness and sincerity does Lutfullah discourse concerning a variety of social problems, and amidst other questions, arises the important one of costume. Apropos of this he prefers the graceful folds of an Asiatic's

ample drapery to the unattractive uniformity of English male attire.

"Our convenient long coat," he declares, "gracefully put on, commands respect, and the same will serve as a bed if we chance to have no other. Our *dopatta*, or waist band, is a ozone on respectable occasions; it is a sheet to cover one at night if required, or can be erected as a small tent to protect one from the burning sun. The turban is a most useful part of Asiatic atttire, far superior to the European hat in every respect; it is a handsome ornament to the head, and repulses the severity of the sun; the hat, on the contrary, attracts it. The turban is the best means to save the life of a thirsty traveller in the deserts and jungles when there is no water to be had except in deep wells. In such a crisis it can be drawn by the aid of the turban with great ease."—P. 125.

These conclusions in favour of Mohammedanism, even from the friend, associate, and admirer of Englishmen, and after lengthened acquaintance with English habits, is striking evidence how deeply rooted in the Moslem is attachment to the laws and manners of his native land. But the fervour of Moslem piety is apparently abating, since the reliable pen of Lutfullah bears a testimony against his brethren in the faith, which takes the form of the following sorrowful exhortation:—

"True believers are prohibited from making use of any inebriating thing, and from receiving or paying interest on money. These and many other religious duties are, I am sorry to find, very loosely attended to by the Moslems of this time in the world. Prayers and fasts are observed by very few of the religious character only, and the prescribed charities by one among a thousand of the rich. Pilgrimage is performed by very few people of affluence; it is resorted to in general by the poor wretches who either find or render themselves useless to the world."—P. 44.

Interesting as we regard these disclosures and opinions of Lutfullah, scarcely less so are the curious adventures of his eventful and somewhat chequered career. The descendant of a sacred race, his genealogy is duly recorded, with especial mention of a certain ancestor, Kamaluddin, who had the honour to be buried by the Sultan Mahmùd in a splendid mausoleum. A Hindù temple, metamorphosed into a mosque, with three hundred acres of land attached, became the property of his posterity; but an invasion of the ruthless Mahrattas did not permit a peaceful enjoyment of it for long. The result was that a remnant of the family possessions only remained when Lutfullah was presented to the world as a candidate for a share in the fortunes of his race. His birth was hailed with so much joy that he received the name of Lutfullah, meaning the

"favour of God." To cloud still more the auspices of his childhood, he was early left an orphan on the paternal side. A famine darkened the land, and the family were threatened with complete destitution. An attack of the Pindarees succeeded to that of the Mahrattas. The approach of these desperadoes filled all hearts with dismay; jewels, money, and all of value were buried in the earth; but the wretched inhabitants who could not escape, became victims of the most savage cruelty. Various modes of torture were resorted to by the barbarous Pindarees, who, pinioning their captives, exposed them to the burning sun, pounding or pinching between the lock of a gun, or made them stand with a stone of immense weight on the head, first inserting a gravel-stone, which gradually forced its way through the skull to the brain, or filling a horse's grain-bag with ashes and red pepper, tied it over the sufferer's face, frequently till suffocation ensued. The occurrence of such calamities might have sobered the spirits of a less juvenile witness, but in no way damped the prankish pleasures of Lutfullah's childhood; one of these was the setting fire to the beard of a venerable sheikh, for which he received chastisement from the ladies and from his schoolmaster. Upon the latter Lutfullah wreaked his revenge by administering secretly a terrible purgative to him; and in order to terrify the ladies, it became a favourite diversion with him to catch frogs and put them into their work-baskets, after which he would watch maliciously for the moment when the lid being uplifted, the animal would spring out, and the result was a scream or a faint. The result of such mischievous experiments was, to use the words of the Munshi, to find "the tear of sorrow in one eye, and the light of satisfaction in the other." Notwithstanding, his education prospered, and it was well that it did, for he was destined ere long to rely on his own resources. His mother, at twenty-seven years of age, "still beautiful," married again—this time a subahdar, a courtier of rank in the retinue of a native prince.

On the birth of a foster-brother, Lutfullah's star began to pale, and his transient enjoyment of prosperity was exchanged for a degrading servitude as an underling of the subahdar's heir. His ardent spirit revolted, and he effected his escape. Through the medium of subsequent experiences, avenues of observation were opened to him, through which he became possessed of the fund of varied and interesting knowledge with which the singular and acceptable volume of his autobiography abounds. Strange adventures befel him in the wanderings which succeeded his flight, when existing precariously on chance hospitality, or fruits and berries plucked by the way, exposed

to hairbreadth escapes from the venom of snakes or the machinations of villains, he, nevertheless, enjoyed morning rambles in the dew, ablutions in the limpid spring, noontide prayers in the jungles, under the shade of lofty trees, on emerald carpets of verdure, wheron, after his devotion, he enjoyed a serene repose. He had the good fortune not to fall a victim to that scourge of travellers, the garotters of the East—the famed society of Thugs. The audacity and recklessness of these Indian stranglers are equalled only by their duplicity and cunning; and many are the stratagems employed by the miscreants to betray unsuspecting pilgrims to their destruction, sometimes by acting the part of mendicants, or by proffering their services as guides. Every artifice is used to inveigle the traveller to some lonely spot, and to throw him off his guard, when the fatal long-knotted silk handkerchief is flung around his neck—one pull of which brings him senseless to the earth. His body, after being searched and plundered, is generally interred on the very spot, marked by the commission of the crime. Falling in with one of these sanguinary footpads, Lutfullah managed to avert his threatening doom, until taking advantage of the moment when the ruffian fell asleep, to betray him, the Munshi had very soon after the satisfaction of seeing his vile companion blown from a great gun. A band of Affghan and Bheel freebooters were the next enemies who threatened him, from whom he escaped by running for more than two hours, without looking back, over precipices, rugged heights, and valleys. At length, he reached a solitude, where the charms of nature only were triumphant. The beautiful orb of the moon rose over the eastern horizon like a mountain of pure gold. A flood of radiance extended over the surrounding hills and adjacent objects. Steep sides of mountains, edged by uneven plains, covered with trees, represented palaces and mansions, with exquisite gardens before, to Lutfullah's fancy, till the influences of the clear moonlight, the refreshing breeze, redolent of the delicate fragrance of flowers and the shrubs of the forest, disposed him to balmy slumbers, and transported him in dreams to the society of fascinating houris. Once, a vision of Moslem paradise appeared to him in reality, bearing the form of a Rajpût maiden. Busily engaged in drawing water, Lutfullah begged a little, with which to quench his thirst.

"In reply, she asked me a question, with a lovely air as pretty as herself: 'Have you nobody else to quench your thirst with but me?' 'Madam,' replied I, 'I have none; but even if I had one, she could not be more than an atom before your incomparable beauty. A lamp can have no splendour before the sun.' This flattery produced a smile on her fair countenance, and she held her

pot to me very gracefully, telling me, 'Drink till thou art satiated.' Thanking her, I took both of my hands to my mouth, in the form of a cup, and she kindly poured the water in a fine stream, which I found greatly sweetened with the excellent scent of her rosy hand; and I drank until I was full. I then made a grateful bow to the beauty, who taking her pots on her head, went home."—P. 72.

At length the wanderer found his way to the English camp, whence arose mutual friendship and good services between Lutfullah and the European officers, to whom he taught the Persian and Indian tongues.

Rumour had circulated strange things concerning the foreigners, or Feringees, as the English were called, who possessed no skin, it was said, but a thin membrane covering their bodies, which made them appear abominably white.

"They were perfect in magical art, which made them successful in all their undertakings. They did not believe in our blessed Prophet, and they called themselves Christians, but would not act upon the laws of the sacred Anjíl, which holy book they had changed in several places to serve their worldly purposes. Most of them still worshipped images, and they ate everything, and particularly things forbidden by the holy Moses, and this in spite of the order of the sacred Anjíl; nay, they did not spare human flesh when driven to extremity. They had made three gods for themselves instead of one—contrary to their first commandment; and most absurd of all, they attributed to the Almighty God the having a wife and children, and by the same token, they called their prophet and themselves son and children of God. Such reports were the topic of almost all conversation, and many other things were said against them, and only one in their favour—that they were not unjust, but in the administration of justice they never deviated from the sacred book of the ancient law of Solomon."—Pp. 35, 36.

Associating for awhile with the Sindhis, the following confabulation arose respecting the English, who it was thought might become masters of their country before long:—

"'Know you not the verse of our holy book,' was remarked; 'One true believer is sufficient to defeat ten infidels?' This observation elicited in reply a profound sigh from a white-bearded Sindhi, who responded, 'My friends, your dream is somewhat too extravagant; you have never seen the tri-coloured, the white-brown, and dark devils, fighting jointly on a field of battle. Whilst in the service of H. H. the Peishwá, I was an eye-witness of their hard fights in the Dakhan. Here is an unquestionable proof,' saying this, he tucked up his sleeve, and showed a scar, which demonstrated a clear transit of a bullet through his arm. He concluded by saying, 'A man might overmatch another, or perhaps two or three, if the contest is to be decided by the sword, but these cowardly Satans have no sword, or if they have any, it is as blunt as a walking-stick.

They will kill you with rascally shots, whilst you are a mile or so off, and then what is the remedy?'"—P. 278.

The beauty of descriptive passages in this volume may be gathered from the following picture of the traveller's route from Agra to Delhi, which Lutfallah traversed after seven days' wandering, having existed meantime on ripe grain plucked in the fields:—

"Travelling from Agra to Delhi is no more than walking in gardens for pleasure, and we completed this interesting journey in a week. On the morning of the eighth day, the very splendid view of Delhi, the ancient capital of rajahs and emperors, presented itself to our eyes. The first look of this grand city reminds the reflecting traveller that this was the central seat of empire in India, whence orders and prohibitions were issued and executed throughout the whole of the provinces; that this was the place, the sight of which filled the minds of many princes of high rank with terror and awe; that the heads of many delinquent nobles and princes used to hang at the gates, in retribution for their misconduct, while others passed through in triumph."

Agra is thus described:—

"The ancient city of Agra is handsomely situated on the south-west side of the Jumna river, Jumna, one of the three sacred streams—Ganges, Jumna, and Saraswati—supposed to run under ground. The confluence of these rivers at Prág or Allahabad is called Tribeyni (three braids of hair), and is considered by them a place of great sanctity, and ablution therein is said to wash away all the sins of the performer; whereas bathing in the river Jumna, here, frees him from one-third of his sins at least. Agra assumed the title of Akbarabad from the time of the great Emperor Akbar, who greatly enlarged it, and made it his capital. The houses of this city are in general lofty, consisting of several stories, but the streets are very narrow and complicated. . . . . The fort of the city is strongly built of red stone, such as is taken out of the Gwálior quarries; the depth of the ditch is considerable; the ramparts double, with bastions situated at equal distances from one another. Amongst the famous edifices of Hindostan is Muntaz Mahall, here vulgarly called Taj Mahall. It is a most remarkable work by Indian artists, built of pure marble, decorated with mosaics. Its materials are uncommonly rich, its design chaste, and its effect most brilliant attended by solemnity. In beauty, it surpasses all the edifices of India; and in solemnity, those of the whole of Asia. The founder of this wondrous building was Shah Jahan the Great, who erected it for his favourite queen, Muntaz Mahall Begam, who was an able woman, and at the same time, queen of the beauties of her time; it is her mausolemn."—Pp. 89, 90.

Pages might be occupied with extracts equally charming from

Lutfullah's engaging volume, delightfully varied with the record of his adversities, his labours, his enjoyments, and his reflections. Not the least interesting passages are those elicited by his journey to England. In London, he visited the Opera and saw Prince Albert. He descants amusingly on the customs of the capital; when speaking of the palaces of the nobility, he relates:—

"In one of them, I saw two well-dressed men with ashes sprinkled over their heads, and thereby concluding some death might have occurred in the house, I told Mr. Scott that a mournful event might have been the cause of the dust on their heads; but the young man laughed at my beard, and said it was an old custom still preserved by some of powdering their hair.—P. 405.

Beauty as dazzling as that of the Rajpût maiden greeted his sight in England, to which it is to be inferred the good Munshi was not insensible, from the glowing panegyric elicited from him by a Mrs. Larking, a lady "consummate in beauty, and noble in mind," with "a fair mouth scattering pearls of eloquent phrases." He rapturously declares: "In conversing with her, I considered myself having the felicity of confabulating with one of the gazelle-eyed nymphs of paradise." Similar genuine utterances of praise or criticism are scattered throughout this unique volume, which we cordially recommend as singularly attractive and meritorious.

Art. VI.—WESTGARTH'S AUSTRALIA.

Victoria and the Australian Gold Mines in 1857; *with Notes on the Overland Route from Australia viâ Suez.* By William Westgarth, late Member of the Victoria Legislature. With Maps. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1857.

Australia is a land of promise to yet untold generations. The time will come when thousands and tens of thousands shall sit down beneath their own fig-tree and gather the rich clusters of the grape from their own vineyards; when the swelling savannahs which now stretch away in an unmeasured length and breadth of beauty and fertility, dotted here and there with the hut of the squatter, and scattered over with his flocks and herds, shall be parcelled out into homely divisions, and the hand of culture shall raise a hundredfold of grain for a swarming population; when the wilderness now peopled by the kangaroo and the bustard shall hear the hum of cities, and be enriched with the wealth of human industry; and when those fine forests of gum-trees and oak which

stand in primeval glory on untrodden plains, shall be made to contribute to the service and the riches of man. The consummation of this picture may be delayed, several ages may elapse before the Anglo-Saxon race shall have spread over its widest and wildest range; but now that the energies of this most enterprising family of the nations of the earth have been once directed to the development of the inexhaustible resources of the soil, their feet will not rest nor their determination fail until they have explored every nook and corner, and brought under their civilizing influence the most remote as well as the nearest portion of this vast island-continent.

It is true that at present very little is known of the interior; and that what little is known appears unfavourable to the idea that its vast central desert can ever be reclaimed; yet the green fringe of fertility with which its barren plateau is bordered, is broad and long enough to yield mighty states to the world, and pour into its lap the contents of an exhaustless cornucopia. Every year we witness the rapid progress of some miniature empire on its coast, which to the old eyes of Europe would seem incredible, were it not that the history of the last twenty years, so full of potent and pregnant facts, compels belief. The most surprising change, however, that has ever come over the face of any country is that, perhaps, which has taken place within the ten years just terminated, in the colony of Victoria, or, as it was then called, Port Phillip. Of this extraordinary transformation Mr. Westgarth has undertaken to be the expositor, and in following him step by step through the various stages of this development, we confess to an amount of pleasure and gratification rarely met with in the works written and published by our colonial fellow-subjects. Books of personal adventure, distorted by individual incidents, and swollen to an unnatural size by passing and egotistical comments, form the staple literary productions of our trans-oceanic authors. The volume before us, however, bears no resemblance to this class of literary productions. Mr. Westgarth has had opportunities of seeing and appreciating the resources of this rising colony, his connexion with it enables him to write with that warmth and earnestness which prove his attachment to the country, and the sincerity of his convictions, whilst, at the same time, he reviews both the past and the present condition of the colony with commendable impartiality. Nothing is so likely to mislead as those exaggerated and garbled accounts which are sometimes published with a view to disparage or laud the resources and prospects of a growing state.

"There is no country," observes Mr. Westgarth, "of which more

contradictory reports are received in Europe than Victoria. The same mail conveys to friends and kindred accounts the most promising and the most discouraging. Since the accession of wealth brought by the gold fields, this contradictory feature is particularly prominent. The truth is, that great resources do not save a country from alternations of prosperity and adversity. Among an enterprizing people they rather sharpen the edge of these extremes; for, like the common saying, that the richest people get the deepest in debt, so no amount of wealth or resources but enterprise or extravagance will surpass them, and bring in for the time a debtor account."

The advantages of a country of resources, however, is, that although it experiences depressions they do not last a long time. A person may find himself at the bottom of fortune's wheel, but he also knows that here that wheel revolves with greater velocity than in old countries, and he looks forward hopefully to the day when he shall find himself reinstated on the sunny side of life. Thus it is with emigrants. Persons of all classes and professions and branches of industry, quit Europe to seek in the antipodes an El Dorado. On their arrival, they are disappointed, perhaps, and disgusted. The openings they had fondly dreamed to find there do not exist. The avenues that really do exist lead into very different lines of industry to what they expected; and so they are at loss how to support themselves, and lay hold of the first offer or opportunity that presents itself. Scholars and servants, artists and clerks, are found in the same net; and in vain do they struggle to extricate themselves. The scholar finds learning at a discount; the servant discovers that her expectations were exaggerated; no one has time to attend to the artist; whilst the places in the commercial houses are pre-occupied. But wait a little. This is a country of resources. Presently, after submitting to what in this country is degrading occupation, the scholar hears of something just adapted for him; the artist steps into an employment that pays well, even if he has not to use the pencil and brush; the clerk has, perhaps, already found a vacant post; whilst the servant who has sobered down her ideas of colonial life, is amply satisfied with her position, being as independent as her mistress, or, perhaps, she has had the good fortune to get married to some thriving tradesman or industrious yeoman. Thus the aspect of things change; and this will always be the case in a young and fresh country, where nature is in her full vigour, and only requires the moderate labour of man to supply all his wants and enrich him with an abundant surplus.

We talk of progress, but the progress of a young colony like Victoria is something inconceivable; it is a start, as it were, out of nothing; the commencement of a new existence; the

duction of creative life where before was only a silent and
otonous vegetation. Where but yesterday stretched a
olete solitude, to-day springs up a rising and thriving
ılation; where but last year hedgeless plains and primeval
its reigned supreme, now may be seen magnificent squares,
-planned streets, custom-houses, churches, assembly halls,
other public edifices. But it is not here alone that the
ress of the colony may be seen; we must turn to its tables
tatistical information; examine its population, and see how
are employed; what are its exports and imports, and in
t ratio they increase yearly. But even if these material
ntages are on the creditor side of the account, this is not
igh. We must also learn what is the progress of a country
hose arts and those attainments which tend to soften the
ners and elevate the conduct of society.

he present population of Victoria is assumed to be about
000 souls; of whom one-third are engaged at the gold
s, one-third are at the sea-port towns, and one-third com-
e the interior town, agricultural, and pastoral population.
nearest gold fields to Melbourne, of any importance, are
e of Ballarat and Mount Alexander, distant about seventy-
or eighty miles. Bendigo is one hundred, and the Ovens
much short of two hundred. Of course, the first care of
government in a young colony like this, is to provide roads,
a large expenditure of the local funds has been made with
ew to carry out this desirable object. How far they have
ceeded the following account will show:—

Those who are incurably impressed that the Australian is an
-droughty climate should be intrusted, during the winter season,
that standard colonial lot, a dray and team of bullocks, a fair
ing of diggers' requisites, and a mission to one of the gold-fields.
ether this sceptic succeeds in getting there, whether he is per-
ently arrested in the Big Swamp, or he and his bullocks have
ppeared over the ledge of the Perpendicular Creek, he will have
equally convinced that there is at least a wet side as well as a
one to the Australian picture, and that the last is immensely
e convenient for many purposes of life and business than the
. So have those found this question who, whether miners or
r colonists, were scattered over the interior locations. Since
gold discoveries the cost of macadamized roads has ranged from
00 to £6,000 per mile; in 1853, it was nearly £8,000 per mile."
. 76.

t thus appears that the Victorian community have not
hed from the duty of constructing highways, so essential
he advance of civilization, whatever the expense might be.
s is laudable conduct on their part, and will materially assist

in developing the internal resources of the country, some idea of which we will give, as being generally interesting and useful. In the pre-gold era, wool was the staple produce of the colony, and headed the export list, whilst in the wake of this followed other items derived from live stock and squatting, such as tallow, hides, and bone. Cured meat, bark, and gum also formed at one time exporting commodities; but the trade in these did not prove profitable, and the enterprise was dropped. Vine-growing for wine-making has also attracted considerable attention, and there is no doubt but that it will, one of these days, become a lucrative object of commerce. At present, however, the gold fever still interferes with the healthy development of the country, notwithstanding the working of the mines has become a matter of much greater difficulty and cost, and has moulded itself into something like a system. Mr. Westgarth describes its present condition:—

"Gold digging at Ballarat proved to be rather an interesting process. Comparing the art now with its condition in October, 1851, I could perceive that great changes had been effected. Nothing struck me more in this difference than the business-like knowledge and decision with which miners spoke of their avocation, and the methodical and imperturbable manner in which they encountered its uncertain results. The great alteration in mode since I was last here, was the 'deep-sinking.' For some time, at first, the depths of the pits had been limited to a stratum termed the 'pipe-clay,' formed of decomposed granite or quartz materials underlying the auriferous gravel, and of great thickness. . . . 'To bottom,' as it was concisely termed, that is, in the sense of reaching this lowest base, required in some places a depth of nearly 200 feet. We heard of one pit 194 feet deep, and a mining party was spoken of that expected to have to sink for 200 feet. These long shafts became very expensive, as it was necessary also to 'slab' them, or build up their sides with split slabs so as to prevent water and material from pouring down the pit. A force of ten or twelve men was required for such a sinking, and as much as six months was sometimes occupied in exhausting such a 'claim.'"—P. 204.

Two other minerals have been already discovered in large quantity in Victoria, namely the rich tin ore of the black sand of the Ovens district, and the antimony ore near Heathcote. Already the trade in tin ore has assumed a settled form, the price of the article on the spot averaging about £40 a ton; the antimony is, however, left untouched, its value in foreign markets not paying the expense of bringing it down to the coast and exporting it. To give a clear idea of the progress of Victoria, we will venture to introduce a few figures which we will render as little tedious as possible. To commence with the

export of cattle, we find that, in 1851, for sheep alone it reached the number of 70,000; but, owing to the immigration which followed the discovery of gold, it fell considerably, there being a sufficient demand for meat at home. It has since risen, and now bears an average of 20,000 per annum. The returns of the trade in wool, upon which we have laid some stress, show that, in 1846, only six milllions and a half pounds were exported; it has, however, steadily risen until, in 1856, just ten years later, it was above 22,000,000lbs.

"The Australian wool has brought a new era," observes Mr. Westgarth, "in the woollen trade of our country. Its soft and 'kindly' qualities, if I may be allowed phrases of trade not readily transcribable, adapt it for admixture with coarser and cheaper wools, so as to produce a woollen fabric elegant and comfortable, and at a price previously impossible. It is just forty years since the present system of the public sales of wool commenced in London. The wool trade of Britain was then of small account, so far as it concerned the importation of the fine wools of other countries; and for years after it had risen to consideration, Australia had no place, or was ranked only in the etcetera of nominal contributors. The increase of British wool importation is one of the pleasant marvels of modern commerce. The comparative handful imported in the year 1817 has become the ninety millions of 1857; and the Australian contribution, which was long a blank upon the earlier pages, now considerably outweighs the collective quantity of the rest of the world."—P. 124.

Much has been written about the diggings and the gold-fields, and we shall not attempt to go over the same ground, although Mr. Westgarth conducts us there in a very agreeable manner. There are, however, incidents in its production and sale of too interesting a character altogether to be omitted whilst giving a picture of the progress of Victoria. The present gold fields, it appears, which have survived the "rushes" of the impulsive mining interest, and may be now considered as firmly established seats of industry and wealth, are Ballarat, the vicinities of Castlemaine, near Mount Alexander, Bendigo, and the Ovens. Several others have occasionally beamed forth upon the horizon, but they have not retained their repute, and have been deserted more or less by the 10,000 who had temporarily flocked to them. Such were Creswick's Creek, and Fiery Creek, which once boasted of 25,000, the other of 40,000 people. Other places of more recent account, as Mount Blackwood, and the neighbourhood of the town of Maryborough, give promise of permanent importance. Tarrengower and many other localities indicate inexhaustible resources from the auriferous quartz. The quantities of gold brought

down from the mines, under government escort, had been steadily on the increase until they reached, in 1856, the enormous sum of 2,644,337 ounces, the quantity in 1851, being 104,153 ounces. The mines of Bendigo were the least productive, yielding, in 1856, only 322,897 ounces; Ballarat sent off 1,009,922 ounces the same year, being an excess above the returns for Bendigo, the next most fruitful mine, of 410,822 ounces. It is estimated that the gold mines of Ballarat have given to the commerce of the world, according to the escort returns, from the 21st of September, 1851, no less than 2,802,000 ounces, which at the high value of upwards of 80s. per ounce, obtained for the gold of this place from its unusual purity, gives a production of £12,000,000 sterling. This was the earliest gold field of any note, and acquired great celebrity during September and October of 1851. Mount Alexander then became the "rage" for a short interval, only to see Bendigo receive the honours but a short time before paid to itself. The discoveries here were so great during 1852, that no less than 50,000 persons were attracted to the district; and such was the scarcity of provisions, and the difficulty of communication during the wet season, that the rate of carriage rose to £150 per ton for a distance of 100 miles. "For the last three years," says Mr. Westgarth, "Ballarat has been gradually rising to its present pre-eminence—a pre-eminence it is likely to retain in consequence of the extraordinary thickness of its rich auriferous drifts, which the deep-sinking processes have exposed, and the the additional resource of its quartz reef." To complete this account of the gold wealth of Victoria, it may be stated that nearly all the gold produce is now exported from the port of Melbourne. A small proportion is still shipped at Geelong by the vessels that load a portion of the wool clipped at that port; but this is gradually falling away under the centralizing influences of the capital. The chief destination of the gold is London; a small portion, however, finds its way to India and elsewhere. The quantity of gold exported from Victoria in 1856 was 3,003,806 ounces. In 1851, it was 145,146 ounces; and in 1852, 1,974,975 ounces. From the prospects held out by the early quarters of the present year, it is estimated that the returns for 1857 will be still greater. Thus, though the feverish excitement of digging and private enterprise has, to a great extent, subsided, the work still continues and augments under the regular and methodical system now pursued, and yields a much more valuable harvest than during the frenzied furor of 1852 and 1853.

The following picture will strike home to many hearts, and show what the influence of religion will do even amidst the

wilds of an Australian gold mine, and the nervous excitement of gold seeking. The scene is in the neighbourhood of Mount Alexander:—

"The church was like most others upon the gold fields, a curious fabric of a very simple order. The sermon was a very good discourse upon the evils of a too eager pursuit after riches. The benches on which we sat did not boast of much carpentering. Branches of trees two or three inches in diameter, were driven, stake fashion, into the ground, and a stout board nailed to their tops. The church flooring was the primeval sod. A little pulpit covered with green baize, had a door of the same material, that opened and closed by a button instead of a latch. Above the minister's head, was a rent canvas for ventilation, which he closed or dilated by means of a stick or other artifice. The place might have contained above one hundred and fifty. There was, on this occasion, a small attendance, but the congregation was very orderly. In returning from church, we met other congregations dispersing, and were pleased with the home aspects occasioned by seeing around us a number of persons, young and old, of both sexes, who were all in tidy trim and holiday attire; a state of things not witnessed upon gold-fields during the labouring days of the week."—P. 230.

We have endeavoured to point out some of the more prominent features of the material resources of Victoria. These, as we have shown, are on a grand scale, and it will be many years, we might also say ages, before even a pressure of competition can be severely felt. We are fully alive to the drawbacks of colonial life; but these diminish every year, and as the material wants of society become satisfied, more leisure will be found for pursuing those studies which give a polish and refinement to our habits and customs. Already Melbourne boasts of an Exhibition of Colonial Art and Industry, and a University. The former was opened by Sir Charles Hotham, in October, 1854, and was intended as a kind of organized depôt in which the goods purchased for the Paris Exhibition of 1855, could first be submitted to the ordeal of public taste and criticism; £3,000 was voted by the Legislature to defray the expenses connected with the Victoria portion of the French Exhibition, whilst £10,000 was appropriated towards procuring, amongst many other subjects, a cabinet of gold specimens. These specimens illustrated in every variety the auriferous products of the country in their natural state, and created a lively sensation amongst the mineralogists and gold dealers of Europe. Annual exhibitions still take place; but between the long intervals, the edifice, erected for the purpose, is also dedicated to public festivities, balls, dinners, and other non-political *réunions*.

The University, where it is intended to verify the truth of the Latin verse—

> "Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros,"

was opened in April, 1855, in presence of the governor, the chancellor of the institution, and other office-bearers. Of course, it is as yet in its infancy; when, however, it has numbered a hundred graduates, they will be formed into a senate, to regulate its internal affairs; £50,000 has already been laid out upon the structure, and an annuity of £9,000 secured to it; but what it wants at present is pupils, though there is no doubt but that as the youths of the colony grow up, these will be largely on the increase, every year bringing hundreds to the standard age for matriculating.

The politics, finances, and legislation of Victoria are all treated of in a clear and comprehensive manner by Mr. Westgarth. A colony that can boast of self-government, may, indeed, boast of its independence. But this, like all the other institutions of this country, is new, and we wait to see how it works. There can be little fear, however, of this boon contributing to the well-being and prosperity of the people. Englishmen are born under and educated to a constitution. They know how to use it without abusing it; and though some of our democratic friends on the other side of the equator occasionally make grandiloquent speeches, express themselves as being highly indignant with the acts of the executive, and talk of carrying their independence so far as to throw off allegiance to the crown of Great Britain, they see too clearly their own interests to push their resolves beyond the verge of a prudent demonstration or an unmeaning menace. We have always felt the deepest interest in the rise and progress of our Australian colonies, and only trust there may always exist between them and England perfect sympathy and reciprocity of interest.

Quarterly Review of French Literature.

THE great event bearing upon literature has been the death of the poet Béranger. This is not the place to discuss either the merits or the defects of that illustrious man; suffice it to say, that he may be considered the most complete embodiment of the French character, and that no other bard of the present time has so fully realized the idea of a truly *national* poet. Biographers, anecdote-mongers, and collectors of small talk are, of course, busy with *Bérangeriana*; M. de Mirecourt's pamphlet, like all other productions from the same pen, is destined to speedy oblivion; but on the other hand, we have found many interesting particulars in a *brochure* of light pretensions written by M. Savinien Lapointe, himself a poet, and, of course, a zealous admirer of the departed *chansonnier*.[1] English literature and English philosophy are still the inexhaustible mine from which M. Charles de Rémusat draws the materials for his entertaining and carefully digested works. We have now before us a monograph of Bacon,[2] which will be, no doubt, appreciated by those readers who have already studied the volumes on Abelard and Anselm of Canterbury. M. de Rémusat possesses the happy talent of treating the most abstruse subjects with singular clearness, and of proving that a work on metaphysics need not necessarily be a heavy book. He has availed himself in his narrative of all the resources which recent discoveries and publications are constantly enlarging; and we have been particularly pleased with the remarks he makes on the exaggerations of the Baconian system by M. Auguste Comte and the positivist school of philosophers.

From the author of the "Novum Organum" to Nicholas Oresmius, the transition is not an unnatural one; both were philosophers, although the Bishop of Lisieux is now scarcely known beyond the circle of professed *littérateurs*. M. Meunier's pamphlet[3] proves that during the fourteenth century Oresmius enjoyed great reputation as one of the most competent translators of Aristotle, and as a lecturer on theology in the far-famed University of Paris. But, besides teaching Peripateticism and undertaking versions from the Stagyrite on behalf of King Charles V., Nicholas Oresmius was also, like Gerson, Nicolas de Clemangis, and many other of his contemporaries, a spirited denouncer of church abuses; his treatise "De malis venturis super ecclesiam," and the famous sermon which he preached at Avignon before Pope Urban V., on December 24th, 1363, entitle him to a conspicuous place amongst the precursors of Luther. By way of

[1] Mémoires sur Béranger: souvenirs, confidences, opinions, anecdotes, lettres. Recueillis et mis en ordre, par Savinien Lapointe. 8vo. Paris: Gustave Havard.

[2] Bacon: sa vie, son temps, et sa philosophie. Par Ch. de Rémusat. 8vo. Paris: Didier.

[3] Essai sur la vie et les ouvrages de Nicolle Oresme. Par F. Meunier. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

contrast let us put in here the name of Sadolet. Sadolet! *he* was not the man to venture his life for the sake of weeding the ecclesiastical system which prevailed during the sixteenth century; and although M. Joly praises him for his tolerance,[4] we are inclined to believe, that like Erasmus. Bembo. and the other *Ciceronians* of the the court of Leo X., the Bishop of Carpentras was more of a scholar than of a churchman. Politeness, elegance, and refined speaking engaged his attention to a far greater extent than the discharge of his pastoral duties, and he was worthy of being the bosom friend of the celebrated Castiglione, whose works M. Joly examines also in an amusing disquisition.[5] Readers anxious to know as much as they can about the rise of the Reformation-period, cannot do better than spend an hour or two in perusing M. Joly's *brochures*. If the Romish church needed cleansing three hundred years ago, what shall we say now, when Ultramontanism has spread its baneful influence throughout the length and breadth of Europe, and when every faithful Catholic is obliged to subscribe the bull *Ineffabilis Deus*, which enforces belief to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception? The Gallican spirit, however, has not entirely disappeared, and two writers known in the controversial world, MM. Bordas-Demoulin and Huet come forward as the editors of a volume[6] in which the merits of the very bull just mentioned are fully and fairly discussed. We cannot see what *legitimate* arguments the Ultramontanists will be able to oppose to these *Etudes;* at the same time, we are well aware that it is no use arguing with people who are determined upon asserting that black is white.

We wonder why our Gallican friends do not go a little further in their aspirations after reform, and exclaim with Juvenal, "*Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio.*" The position they occupy, say what they will, is decidedly a false one, and the only consistent Catholics are those who, as Lamennais once declared, are ready to sign implicitly that the Pope is God. Of couse, men must have resolved upon abdicating their position as moral and responsible beings when they complaisantly accept the Ultramontane yoke, and M. Edgar Quinet points this out most eloquently in his brilliant preface to the new edition of the works of Marnix de Sainte-Aldegonde:[7] "Sortez de la vieille église," cries he, "vous, vos femmes et vos enfans. . . . Il faut que le catholicisme tombe. . . . Tous les siècles se sont proposé d'atteindre un but. Le dix-neuvième siècle sera-t-il le seul qui ne veuille tirer aucun résultat pratique des protestations qui partent de tous les points de la terre contre la même tyrannie?" We quite agree with M. Quinet respecting the destruction of Catholicism, especially under the form it has now adopted; but we fear

[4] Etudes sur Jacques Sadolet. Par A. Joly. 8vo. Caen: Hardel.

[5] De Balthassaris Castilionis Opere, etc. Auctore A. Joly. 8vo. Caen: Hardel.

[6] Etudes sur le nouveau dogme de l'Immaculée Conception. 8vo. Paris: Chamerot.

[7] Œuvres de Marnix de Sainte-Aldegonde; avec une préface, par Ed. Quinet. 8vo. Paris: chez les libraires Protestants.

that if it came to the question of settling what religion is the best calculated to meet the wants of the nineteenth century, a wide difference of opinions would begin to manifest itself. The learned editor of Marnix de Sainte-Aldegonde is too much of a *philosophe*, or, at any rate, his faith has not sufficiently of that *positive* character which can only be derived from a close and intimate adherence to the declaration of the word of God.

Among the most important publications which have been issued during the last three months, we must not forget to mention M. Eugène Toitou's volume.[8] This elegant and accomplished writer had already made a brilliant *début* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*,[9] when the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques proposed a prize to the author of the best essay on contemporary imaginative literature in France, and its influence on public and private morals. M. Toitou was the successful competitor, and we have no hesitation in saying that his work is equally valuable as a contribution to literary history and as a popular treatise of moral philosophy. It deserves to be extensively circulated. The spirited publisher, M. Auguste Durand, continues to lay us under obligation by issuing books, both large and small, of a truly useful character. M. Cougny's monograph of "Guillaume du Vair,"[10] for instance, is full of interesting particulars on the history of the sixteenth century. M. Ouvré's "Essai sur l'Histoire de la Ligue à Poitiers"[11] throws new light upon the civil wars which ended by the accession of Henry IV. to the throne of France; and in giving us the account of Cardinal Richelieu's administration,[12] M. Caillet enables us to form an accurate opinion of a minister whom we had hitherto been accustomed to appreciate only as a first-rate politician. The publications of M. Durand include not merely erudite disquisitions and essays, such as M. Carro's Celtic researches,[13] but works relating to subjects of more general interest. Thus, we have to notice a small duodecimo in which the learned *collaborateur* of the *Journal des Débats*, M. Laboulaye, has put together a number of brilliant articles on Germany and the Sclavonic races,[14]—articles which had already appeared in a separate form. Some persons are still to be found who question the propriety of making up books with newspaper contributions; for our part, we have never been able to see what objection there could be to this course, when the fragments collected are of permanent

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[8] Du Roman et du Théâtre Contemporains, et de leur Influence sur les Mœurs. Par M. Eugène Toitou, etc. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

[9] Two articles on Saint-Simon and on M. de Balzac.

[10] Guillaume du Vair: étude d'histoire littéraire. Par E. Cougny. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

[11] Essai sur l'Histoire de Ligue à Poitiers. Par Henri Ouvré. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

[12] De l'Administration en France sous le Ministère du Cardinal de Richelieu, Par J. Caillet. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

[13] Voyage chez les Celtes, etc. Par A. Carro. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

[14] Etudes contemporaines sur l'Allemagne et les pays Slaves. Par Ed. Laboulaye. 12mo. Paris: Durand.

worth, and not merely *feuilletons* suggested by the caprice or the folly of the day.

M. Hachette's catalogue, too, is daily receiving useful additions. The fourteenth volume of Saint-Simon's Memoirs[15] has recently been published, and bears evidence of the same diligent research and care which is to be found in the previous instalments. Reprints of the complete works of the great French classics,[16] one would suppose, can scarcely be called for after so many publications of the same description; but M. Hachette's editions are so correct, so elegant, and at the same time so cheap, that they must necessarily supersede all others; they are intrusted to the editorial supervision of men of the highest talent, and the biographical and critical notices by which they are accompanied would alone justify us in alluding to them here. Translations from the Greek and Latin writers are equally plentiful, but still M. Hachette has felt that there was much room for improvement.[17] Nay, several of the Greek philosophers and commentators had never been yet clothed in French garb, and particularly Plotinus, whose works *must* be studied by all persons who would become in the slightest degree acquainted with the doctrines of the Neo-Platonists. In undertaking so difficult a task, M. Bouillet has, therefore, deserved the thanks of metaphysical students,[18] and his previous achievements in the literary field are a sufficient guarantee of the scholarlike manner in which this publication is sure to be conducted. M. Jules Simon, the learned historian of the Alexandrian school,[19] calls Plotinus, "*Un des plus grands génies philosophiques de l'antiquité.*" When a thinker has thus left a reputation for originality and industry, his writings should not be neglected.

Our quarterly summary does not profess to devote much attention to works of an imaginative character; yet we must name productions such as those of M. Saintine,[20] M. Achard,[21] and M. Alphonse Karr,[22] especially when shoals of trashy novels and disgusting poetry are courting everywhere the attention of the unconscious reader. Our pseudonymous (as we believe) friend, M. J. T. de Saint-Germain has also treated us with a third tale,[23] which is even superior to the "Légende de l'Epingle" and "L'Art d'être Malheureux." It seems quite evident that a decided reaction has set in, and we are

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[15] Mémoires complets et authentiques du Duc de Saint-Simon, etc. Collationnés par M. Cheruel. 8vo., tom. I.—XIV. Paris: Hachette.

[16] Œuvres complètes de Corneille, Pascal, Montesquieu, etc. 12mo. Paris: Hachette.

[17] Œuvres complètes de Lucien. Traduction nouvelle, par Eugène Talbot. 2 vols., 12mo. Paris: Hachette.

[18] Les Ennéades de Plotin, etc. Traduites par la première fois, par M. N. Bouillet. Vol. I. 8vo. Paris: Hachette.

[19] Histoire de l'Ecole d'Alexandrie. Par M. Jules Simon. 2 vols., 8vo. Paris: Hachette.

[20] Seul! Par X. B. Saintine. 12mo. Paris: Hachette.

[21] Maurice de Treuil. Par A. Achard. 12mo. Paris: Hachette.

[22] Geneviève Par Alphonse Karr. 12mo. Paris: Hachette.

[23] Mignon. Par J. T. de Saint-Germain. 18mo. Paris: Jules Tardieu.

glad to anticipate the speedy disappearance of the *demi-monde* school of literature.

The success of M. Jannet's "Bibliothèque Elzévirienne" has given an extraordinary impulse to those publishers whose taste leads them particularly to the treasures of old French literature. The "Journal de Barbier,"[24] for which we have to record our obligation to M. Charpentier, is extremely valuable, because it takes up the narrative of public events precisely where Saint-Simon leaves them, and lays before us an account of the state of France during the reign of Louis XV.—and what corruption! what immorality! what utter disregard of all laws, both divine and human! After having turned over a few pages of that singular journal, the only wonder we feel is that the French Revolution should not have burst out twenty years sooner than it did. Bussy-Rabutin's Memoirs[25] lead us back to the first years of the reign of Louis XIV., and to that unsettled period which was marked by the ministry of Cardinal Mazarin. These various publications are extremely useful, because they show us in all its details the history of society; they very often give us the explanations of the great events which professed historians relate, and they reveal the secret springs from which the most momentous facts often rise.

Brief Notices.

THE BELL-FOUNDER; and other Poems. By D. Florence MacCarthy, M.R.I.A., Author of "Dramas from the Spanish of Calderon," &c. Pp. 244. London: David Bogue. 1857.

UNDER GLIMPSES; and other Poems. By D. Florence MacCarthy, M.R.I.A., Author of "Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics," &c. Pp. 211. London: David Bogue. 1857.

THESE goodly volumes of verse prove the taste for poetry, and the power to produce it, to be in a vigorous and healthy state among our friends in the sister isle. With the exception of our own Charles Swain and Charles Mackay, both intensely English, we know no modern lyrists worthy of mention alongside of Florence MacCarthy, Clarence Mangan, Thomas Davis, Mark Kenealy, and a few other masters of the lyre of well-known name. The volumes beneath our eye contain an ample vindication of Ireland's legendary claim to be the birth-place of the minstrel's harp, and the academy of the minstrel's skill. We like the narrative verses devoted to the Campanaro and his bells hugely well. The story is, that the bells of

[24] Journal de Barbier, etc. 12mo. Vols. I.–VII. Paris: Charpentier.

[25] Mémoires de Bussy-Rabutin, etc. Publiés par M. Ludovic Lalanne. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris: Charpentier.

Limerick Cathedral were cast in Italy, and suspended in the parish church of St. Mary in that far country as a gift of the founder. Here they hung for years, but were afterwards removed by some marauders from an unknown land. Previous to their removal, they had been the joy and pride of the donor, as from his vine-covered cottage near Florence he listened to their music ringing out of the belfry of the church on which he had bestowed them, at whose shrine he worshipped habitually, which had hallowed his domestic fortunes, blessed his union with his Francesca, and received his dead:—

"And thus round the heart of the old man, at morning, at noon, and at eve,
The bells with their rich woof of music, the network of happiness weave;
They ring in the clear tranquil evening, and lo! all the air is alive,
As the sweet-laden thoughts come, like bees, to abide in his heart as a hive.
They blend with his moments of joy, as the odour doth blend with the flower,—
They blend with his light falling-tears, as the sunshine doth blend with the shower.
As their music is mirthful or mournful, his pulse beateth sluggish or fast,
And his breast takes its hue like the ocean, as the sunbeams or shadows are cast."

Bereft of his wife and children, and the solemn music of the peal which had waked him in the morning and sealed his slumbers at night with its matin and vesper chimes, the lone old man makes it the business of his life to trace out the products of his handicraft, which had filled up so large a portion of the happiness of his destiny:—

"When he felt that indeed they had vanish'd, one fancy then flash'd on his brain,
One wish made his heart beat anew with a throbbing he could not restrain—
'Twas to wander away from fair Florence, its memory and dream-haunted dells,
And to seek up and down through the earth for the sound of his magical bells.
They will speak of the hopes that have perish'd, and the joys that have faded so fast,
With the music of memory wing'd, they will seem but the voice of the past;
As when the bright morning has vanish'd, and evening grows starless and dark,
The nightingale song of remembrance recalls the sweet strain of the lark."

The Bell-Founder visits many lands in the course of his quest, and hears many a sweet family of bells, but nowhere the voices of his own tuneful progeny; till at last—

"A bark bound for Erin lay waiting, he enter'd like one in a dream,
Fair winds in the full purple sails led him soon to the Shannon's broad stream;
'Twas an evening that Florence might envy, so rich was the lemon-hued air,
As it lay on lone Scattery's island, or lit the green mountain of Clare;
The wide-spreading old giant-river roll'd his waters as smooth and as still
As if Oonagh, with all her bright nymphs, had come down from the far fairy hill,
To fling her enchantments around on the mountains, the air, and the tide,
And to soothe the worn heart of the old man who look'd from the dark vessel's side.

"Borne on the current, the vessel glides smoothly but swiftly away,
By Carrigahalt, and by many a green sloping headland and bay,
'Twixt Crathoe's blue hills and green woods, and the soft sunny shores of Tervoe,
And now the fair city of Limerick spreads out on the broad bank below.
Still nearer and nearer approaching, the mariners look o'er the town,
The old man sees nought but St. Mary's square tower with its battlements brown:
He listens—as yet all is silent, but now with a sudden surprise,
A rich peal of melody rings from that tower through the clear evening skies.

"One note is enough—his eye moistens, his heart, so long wither'd, outswells,
He has found them—the sons of his labours—his musical, magical bells!
At each stroke all the bright past returneth, around him the sweet Arno shines,
His children, his darling Francesca, his purple-clad trellis of vines!
Leaning forward, he listens—he gazes—he hears in that wonderful strain,
The long-silent voices that murmur, 'Oh! leave us not, father, again!'
'Tis granted—he smiles—his eye closes—the breath from his white lips hath fled—
The father has gone to his children—the old Campanaro is dead!"

We pity that *blasé* being whose lip will not quiver, whose cuticle will not creep with a genial sympathy, as he reads the *dénouement* of this well-told legend. Where so appropriately as in the land of the triple

"Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief"—

of *seannachie* and song, could our enthusiastic Bell-Founder recover the tuneful darlings of his art?—We quote poetry for various purposes, and in our present extract think chiefly of its gnomic value, in the contrast it draws between the weariness of the idler and the lusty enjoyment of the worker in this toil-doomed world of ours. The unprofitable *fainéant* owns a miserable lot:—

"Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er with its breath,
Nothing but dulness and lethargy, weariness, sorrow, and death.

"But blessed that child of humanity, happiest man among men,
Who with hammer, or chisel, or pencil, with rudder, or ploughshare, or pen,
Laboureth ever and ever with hope through the morning of life,
Winning home and its darling divinities—love-worshipp'd children and wife.
Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the bosom of kings:
He, the true ruler and conqueror; he, the true king of his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks the strong world in the face."

Mr. MacCarthy boasts a wonderful command of apt and suggestive rhymes. We cannot afford room for a specimen, but will quote a pleasant verse of a ballad, set to music by the late accomplished Earl of Belfast (a nobleman who died too soon for his fame and his country), in order to exhibit the poet's treatment of natural subjects:—

"Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles
With the woodbine alternating
Scent the dewy way:—
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May!"

There is much of graceful feeling, lyric fervour, and pleasant writing in these two volumes of occasional verses.

WAYSIDE FANCIES. By Frances Freeling Broderip. London: Edward Moxon.

How naturally, when a gifted man leaves the world, we look to his children with the hope that they may prove the inheritors of his genius. We are unwilling to think that he is entirely gone from us,

that his works, imperishable though they may be, are yet as to their source completed and over; that no new thoughts will flow to us from that fountain which seemed as if it would never be exhausted. The aching desire to carry out further our intercourse with the writer whom in his works we have loved, is gratified if we find he has bequeathed any of his power to his descendants. In the case of Thomas Hood we are more than usually happy. Not only is his son a poet, but his daughter, the author of the volume before us, inherits much from her father. The "Wayside Fancies" are well entitled; they are graceful and rich in feeling, tender, and for the most part just. Many of the pieces are marked by a quick sense of humour; some are so touching as to recall, even if we were ignorant of the writer's descent, the "Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs." Some of the "Fancies" are in prose, but they are so arranged as to form a very agreeable alternation with the poems; and we can promise our readers much pleasure in the perusal of the volume.

The Cruel Sister; and other Poems. London: Smith & Elder. 1857.

"The Cruel Sister" is not a poem to our taste; the plot is horrible, and we think that the interests of humanity are better served by keeping such episodes out of sight as far as possible. There is nothing, too, in the diction to relieve the grossness of the tragedy. The sonnets, however, redeem the volume; they contain many bright thoughts pleasingly expressed.

Proverbial and Moral Thoughts. In a Series of Essays. By Charles Henry Hanger. London: James Cornish. 1857.

Mr. Hanger presents us with a series of moral proverbs after the style of Tupper. They are scarcely prose or verse; but are equally acceptable for the useful lessons they convey.

The New Dance of Death; and other Poems. By Charles Boner. London: Chapman & Hall. 1857.

We do not commend Mr. Boner for his poetic aspirations. His poems are devoid of originality, and bear no evidence of his being gifted in any degree with the "faculty divine." His previous works have gained him admirers, but we doubt how far the present publication will confirm their admiration.

Poems. By George MacDonald. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

Within and Without: a Dramatic Poem. By George MacDonald. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

Mr. MacDonald is an earnest poet, with considerable powers of diction, and a fervent love for his craft. We might quote passages of deep feeling and beauty—passages which evidently display concealed strength; but the great fault of Mr. MacDonald is, that he has written too much to be uniformly strong, so that the general

characteristic of his poetry is vagueness and weakness. In fact, with all his aspirations, there is very little in the two volumes which he has published, which can be said to be above the ordinary run of poetry: it is too diffuse and too commonplace. The reason is evident. The models which Mr. MacDonald has placed before him for imitation are notorious for their confused and transcendental style both of thought and expression. He has followed them too closely without using sufficiently the pruning knife, and weighing the value of an idea before committing it to paper. In his most sustained effort, "Within and Without," this is particularly striking. The workings of the inner life of the hero, Juhan, are occasionally so vague as to be incomprehensible, and his self-musings become tediously prolix. We have also to complain that his lines are unnecessarily prosaic, and expressions which even in prose would not be supportable, have been suffered to stand and deface the poem.

"And fair *convolved* sounds troop into me,"

is an instance of poetic license in the creation of a word which had at all times better be avoided, and in this case is neither intelligible to most readers nor harmonious in itself.

"That wish should *buy 'em* into pomp for me."

"Trouble and grief thrown down
The common folks like us *all in a heap*."

"Who never would have *peached*."

"Or else is hiding for *some scrape* or other."

—are specimens not only of great weakness, but of bad taste, and as these vulgarisms could have been easily corrected, so is their retention the more inexcusable. We have said that Mr. MacDonald has the elements of a good poet in him, and as we have frankly pointed to some of his more glaring defects, we in justice quote the following passage as a set-off:—

"And so all growth that is not towards God
Is growing to decay. All increase gained,
Not rising upwards, but a fungous growth,
Or strange distortion, like the cactus limbs;
'Tis aspiration as that wick aspires,
Towering above the light it overcomes,
But ever sinking with the dying flame."

Again:—

"'Tis the pure in heart
That shall see God. As if a well that lay
Unvisited, till water-weeds had grown
Up from its depth, and woven a thick mass
Over its surface, could give back the sun!
Or, dug from ancient battle-plain, a shield
Could be a mirror to the stars of heaven."

We have not room for further extracts, but we advise Mr. MacDonald in his future efforts to cultivate more the simple in poetry, and trust more to the "thing" that is within him than to the form of the expression; above all, he should fearlessly expunge every line and every thought that does not rise to the standard of his highest effort.

To yield to the temptation of submitting to paper, or at least to print, whatever comes first at hand, is to corrupt the powers he possesses, and prepare the way for a complete and inevitable failure.

MINCHING MILICHO; and other Poems. By Paul Richardson. London: J. & C. Mozley. 1857.

THE mildest punishment we can inflict upon Mr. Richardson is to quote the opening lines of his crazy poem:—

> "Now, crabby critic, leave my book alone!
> Whose eye squints down the margin for a flaw—
> In loyal zeal bewildered, fights for me,
> And lauds my book with censure."

Were we to continue to notice this production, it would only be to lament that human talent should be prostituted to create such a tissue of nonsense, and something worse, as may be found in its pages.

POEMS. By Mrs. Frank P. Fellows. London: Smith & Elder. 1857.

MRS. FELLOWS may take her rank among the song-birds of the season. What she accomplishes in her small volume she accomplishes with simplicity and grace. Her poem on the Battle of the Alma contains some spirited lines, as for instance:—

> "One last look in his comrade's face,
> One last wild thought on child and wife;
> And each has grasped his weapon fast,
> And strung his sinews for the strife;
> Onward they press with steady step,
> Marching to death as 'twere to life."

GWEDOLINE AND WINIFRED. London: John Moxon. 1857.

A tale of love told in verse, but possessing no points worthy of notice.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF MARK AKENSIDE. With Memoir and Critical Dissertation, by the Rev. George Gilfillan. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

THE Edinburgh edition of the "British Poets" is steadily progressing under the editorship of Mr. Gilfillan. The memoir and critical estimate of Akenside, in the present volume, are written in the editor's soberest, and, therefore, best style. He certainly has not while estimating, indulged in "The Pleasures of the Imagination;" and we are bound to say that the gain is to the reader. He assigns, however, too low a place, we think, to Akenside; but the poet's admirers will remember his lines—

> "'Tis but opinion's verdict half believed
> And prone to change."

We ourselves are never weary of turning to his pages, for there is a sweet repose in his poetry, which in contrast with the turbid rhapsodical strains of the present day, is absolutely refreshing. As

a didactic poem, "The Pleasures of the Imagination" will ever occupy a high rank. All praise is due to the publisher for the "getting up" of this edition.

EXETER HALL SERMONS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES. With Portrait and Memoir of the Bishop of London. London: Partridge & Co. 1857.

THE object of these sermons is quite enough to secure them from much, if any, adverse criticism. Never did the Episcopal Church commence a nobler campaign than the one upon the platform of Exeter Hall; and her dignitaries, in this respect, deserve all commendation for breaking through the trammels of conventionality in order to preach the gospel to the masses of London. We shall be glad to hear that these services have been recommenced. The Sermons themselves are distinguished by a thorough earnestness and evangelicity of tone. It is clear, however, sometimes, that the preachers had hitherto been unaccustomed to the work, for the effort to be plain and simple in order to adapt themselves to their new audiences, is too laboured. But they cannot have failed to do good, as their sermons are full of plain gospel statement in simple, earnest words. The memoir of the Bishop of London, prefixed to the Sermons, is a very meagre and unsatisfactory affair; and we fear, must have been placed here in order to sell the book—not to give information.

A ZEALOUS MINISTRY: its Character and its Worth. By J. P. Mursell, of Leicester. London: Heaton & Son.

THE principal object of the writer in this address seems to have been to guard the youthful preacher against the errors which are sometimes attendant upon zeal in the ministry. He reminds him that he must not confound zeal with violence of manner, that is, the emotions which result from an excitable temperament. There is reason, we think, for this precaution. The ebullitions of animal fervour—mere rant and noise—are often mistaken for zeal. When unaccompanied by rich mental qualities, nothing is more empty, unimpressive, and wearisome. Our author suggests that zeal should be regarded as an auxiliary rather than as a principal. It must not supersede knowledge, just discrimination, and sound logic. The preacher that relies on fervour of manner to the neglect of his studies, will soon find out his mistake; or, if he does not, his hearers will. Moreover, our preacher should be careful that his zeal be unalloyed by personal conceit and love of applause, lest, like the sons of Aaron, he offer unhallowed fire on the altar. Again, imagination and taste, though, not excluded, should be kept in chaste subordination to the religious purpose of the evangelist. The fountain of true zeal is personal godliness,—pre-eminent spirituality of mind. It is nothing else than an extraordinary measure of love to man and love to God. Furthermore, while a minister of Christ needs not altogether withhold his influence from the claims of secular

institutions, he should reserve himself principally for the labours of the sanctuary—his own appropriate sphere. The preacher who is all energy and fire in a speech upon a political occasion, and the essence of tameness in the pulpit—such characters we have known—is a pitiable object; such a man has clearly mistaken his calling. Mr. Mursell also exhorts us to guard against that zeal which would lead us to adopt unwarranted and unscriptural modes of doing good. True zeal will find its proper vent in the olden and time-honoured forms of the church—forms instituted by God, and employed in all ages of the world by prophets, apostles, and reformers, rather than in the novel inventions of men of speculative minds, who seem to presume that if their suggestions were followed, the world would be converted in a short time, forgetting that the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God stronger than men. We commend this discourse to candidates for the ministry, and others who are anxious for improvement. We think they will peruse it with profit. We may add, that for the closet the composition would be more forcible if it were more condensed. We noticed one or two grammatical trips—it is possible they may be errors of the press; for instance, in page 14, where we read of "*subjects* which, in the emphatic language of the Apostle, *surpasseth* knowledge."

Books Received.

American Baptist Free Mission Society's Operations for the Past Year. 12 pp. Mathews Bros.
Anti-Slavery Advocate. for September. Wm. Tweedie.
Bagster's Commentary Wholly Biblical. Part XI. Bagster & Sons
Bengel (J. A.) Gnomon of the New Test. Vol I., 577 pp.; Vol III., 457 pp. T. & T. Clark.
Blood's (Rev. Wm.) The Soul: What is it? 36 pp. Wertheim & Macintosh.
Bomberger's Protestant Theological and Ecclesiastical Encyclopædia. Part V. T. & T. Clark.
Brereton's (John Le Gay) Travels of Prince Legion; and other Poems. 166 pp. Longmans.
Cowper's (B. Harris) Analecta Nicæna. With the Syrian Text. 38 pp. Williams & Norgate.
Culverwell's (N., M.A.) Discourse on the Light of Nature. 298 pp. Edinburgh: T. Constable.
D'Alton's (Chas.) Select Passages from the Old and New Testaments. 87 pp. Barritt & Co.
Derby's (E.) Sebastopol; and other Poems. 184 pp. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
Desprez's (Rev. P. S.) The Apocalypse Fulfilled. 511 pp. Longmans.
Documents—Histoire de l'application de l'Art. 24 du Traite de Paris en Moldavie. Bradbury & Evans.
Dorling's (Rev. Wm.) The Two Thousand of 1662. 40 pp. Jackson & Walford.
Evangelical Christendom, for September. Office: 7, Adam Street, Strand.
Exeter Hall Sermons for the Working Classes. 181 pp. Partridge & Co.
Gathered Flowers: a Selection of Texts for Parochial Use. 56 pp. Wertheim & Macintosh.
Jewish Chronicle, for September. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.
Leisure Hour, for September. Religious Tract Society.
Letter to a Child (A.) 29 pp. Wertheim & Macintosh.
Liberator, for September. Houlston & Stoneman.
Literary Churchman, for September. J. H. Parker.
Mathews's (Rev. E.) Anti-Slavery Labours in England. 12 pp. Bristol: T. Mathews.
Mirror of the Anti-Slavery Struggle. No. I. Bristol: T. Mathews.
Monod's (Adolphe) Farewell to his Friends and to the Church. 183 pp. Jas. Nisbet.
Musings of a Pilgrim at Jacob's Well. 103 pp. Nisbet.
Noble Traytour (The): a Chronicle. By Thomas of Swarraton, Armiger. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Philalethes The English Bible, and our Duty with regard to it. 50 pp Dublin. M'Glashan & Gill.
Platt's (Wm.) Mothers and Sons: a Story of Real Life 3 vols. C. J. Skeet.
Psalms and Hymns for Public, Social, and Private Worship. 1,000 Ps. & Hy., 392 pp. B. L. Green.
Renaud's (Rev. Geo.) Truth for any Man. 37 pp. Wertheim & Macintosh.
Revue Chrétienne, for September. No. IX. Paris: Ch. Meyreuis et Cie.
Shirley. By Currer Bell. New edition, 534 pp Smith, Elder, & Co.
Snow's (W. P.) Two Years' Cruise off Tierra del Fuego, &c. 2 vols., 376 & 368 pp., maps. Longmans.
Sunday at Home, for September. Religious Tract Society.
Thomas's (D.) Progress of Being: Six Lectures. 3rd edit., 122 pp. Ward & Co.
Titcomb's (J. H., M.A.) Bible Studies. 481 pp. Jno. W. Parker & Son.
West's (Rev. Daniel) Life and Journals. 287 pp. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

ART. I.—THE EARLY FLEMISH PAINTERS.

The Early Flemish Painters: Notices of their Lives and Works. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. London: John Murray. 1857.

A VIGOROUS and original school of painting flourished in Flanders, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, under the fostering patronage of the Dukes of Burgundy; but the scarcity of materials, and the dispersion of many of their works throughout Europe, has hitherto rendered it a difficult task to compose a distinct and connected account of the lives and labours of the early Flemish artists. The palace-archives of the Dukes of Burgundy, the records of the guilds, and the chapters of the convents and churches, contained indeed much valuable information; this, however, was inaccessible to the ordinary inquirer; and when the French Revolutionary army invaded Belgium, they broke into these interesting records, and finding that they afforded an admirable material for cartridges, used them for their muskets and cannon, and thus destroyed much of what would have furnished invaluable information to the historian of the ancient schools of painting in Flanders. The attention of the Belgian government has, however, been lately directed to the residue; and by their orders, searches have been made, the result of which has been to disinter a vast number of curious and valuable documents elucidating the history of early Flemish art; while, at the same time, the inquiries of M. de Laborde, who was recently authorized by the French government to examine the records of the House of Burgundy, have been rewarded by the discovery of most interesting passages in the lives of the various painters attached

to the ducal court. To collate and arrange the information thus obtained, has been the object of the authors of the volume before us, and we are happy to congratulate them upon the ability they have shown in discharging their self-imposed task. Besides carefully studying the documents placed at their disposal, they tell us that they have visited and compared most of the masterpieces of the artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries scattered throughout Europe, and are thus enabled to speak of them with that intimate knowledge and vivid recollection which personal inspection alone can confer.

Art in the early schools of Flanders, as well as in those of Italy, was almost wholly religious. In point of finish, in landscape, and in colour, the German painters had the advantage, but they were harder in outline, and inferior in that expression of devotional fervour for which the early Italians were so eminently distinguished. Painting began to flourish in Belgium towards the end of the fourteenth century, immediately after the accession of the House of Valois to the throne of Burgundy. The elements of strength and progress had indeed existed before that time; but under the rule of the Counts of Flanders, they had been prevented from developing themselves by constant wars and intestine commotions, which the vigorous policy of the dukes in a great measure suppressed. Bruges and the other great cities of Flanders had been previously rich and powerful, but they had neither the wish nor the leisure to foster art, and bring it to that degree of perfection to which it subsequently attained under the Dukes of Burgundy, Philip the Hardy, John the Fearless, and Philip the Good. In their days, the three great powers of the state, the court, the clergy, and the commons, were enlisted in support of Flemish art, and the happiest results were thus obtained, not only in painting, but also in civil architecture; for to this period belong those superb town-halls which still excite the admiration of every traveller. The latter end of the fourteenth, and beginning of the fifteenth century, mark the erection of those of Brussels, Louvain, and Ghent; the end of the fifteenth, and beginning of the sixteenth, of those of Oudenarde, Mons, Coutrai, and Léau.

The great central school of early Flemish painting was in the town of Bruges, to which the Dukes of Burgundy, on their accession to the title of Counts of Flanders and Artois, had brought with them the luxurious habits and love of display which characterized the court of France. Bruges has been long shorn of its splendour; but in those days it was one of the chief marts of commerce, and one of the wealthiest cities in Europe:—

"The old travellers who described this thriving city in the time of its prosperity, would scarcely recognise it now in its period of decay. Contemplative minds may still be struck by the beauty and grandeur of monuments, but derive a painful contrast from desert streets and stagnant water. Bruges, no longer open to the sea, is but the shadow of its ancient name. The great canal that stretched from its walls to the port of Sluys, and floated ships of the greatest size, is now silted up; and on the shores of the sea, may still be traced the ancient works which were the ornament and defence of this commercial capital. The quays, which once were piled with British wool and Eastern silks, are empty. The Turks, the Greeks, the English, and Italians, no longer throng there; and all is silent, still, and lonely."—P. 49.

The early records of the school of Bruges are meagre and scanty; the writers of that day were too busy in recounting the political struggles of their time, to pay much attention to the development of art, leaving posterity to search out its traces through the obscurity of ages. In 1383, Philip the Hardy founded a Carthusian convent near Dijon, where he caused two great shrines or altar-pieces to be erected, and adorned with carvings by Jacques de la Baerse, a Flemish sculptor, and with pictures by Melchior Broederlain, a Flemish painter, who was attached to the ducal court, and had a yearly pension of 200 livres. The subjects depicted by Melchior were the Annunciation, the Presentation in the Temple, the Salutation, and the Flight into Egypt, and above them, God the Father, with the triple crown, and angels near him. They are chiefly remarkable for clear and light flesh tints, want of vigour, abruptness of light and shade, thinness and meagreness of colour, and lack of chiaro'scuro—all special characteristics of the old Westphalian school. The hands and feet are ugly and lengthy, and the aspect of the infant Christ is disagreeable; but the draperies are disposed in the simple and graceful mode peculiar to the early painters of Cologne, who appear to have exercised a considerable influence on the style of Melchior. But Broederlain was the herald of the dawn of a brighter day, when the genius of the two illustrious brothers Van Eyck, was to shed imperishable glory upon the school of Bruges. In them it culminated, and after their deaths rapidly declined; the mantle of their genius not descending upon any of their scholars or successors. The family of Van Eyck had its origin in the Duchy of Limburg, on the banks of the Meuse, and Hubert, the elder brother, was born at Maaseyck in 1366, and became a member of the guild of painters in Ghent, where he had fixed his residence, in 1412; but no trace remains of his occupations during the long series of years that preceded his

admission into that fraternity. Hubert had two younger brothers, John (of whom we shall afterwards speak), and Lambert, both in the service of the Duke of Burgundy, and a sister Margaret, an artist of considerable merit, and so devoted to painting, that she determined to have no other husband, and preserved her spinsterhood throughout life. None of Hubert's earlier pictures have been preserved; and while his brother John was painter to the Burgundian court at Bruges, he seems to have had no princely patron. His style is distinguished for richness, power, and grandeur; John's for softness, finish, and a more perfect acquaintance with the mechanism of oil-painting. The most important circumstance connected with Hubert's residence in Ghent, is the commission which he received from Jodocus Vydts, Seigneur de Pamèle, to paint the altar-piece of a chapel which he had founded in the Church of St. Bavon. This magnificent painting, or rather series of paintings, is now well known under the name of the Mystic Lamb, and consists of a number of striking scenes from the Apocalypse painted on the panels of a folding altar-piece :—

"On one of them, which represents the apparition of the angel to the Virgin, is an open window, which discloses a perspective view of Ghent. With the happy carelessness of painters, it seemed no greater incongruity to make the holy apparition figure in a Flemish chamber, than to cap the semblance of Eternity with the papal tiara, or give Godfrey of Bouillon the armour of the fifteenth century. The view appears to have been one from nature, for its site and features still in part exist. On the right, is the steeple of the Weavers' church; and, behind it, a gate, since destroyed, bearing the name of 'Walpoorte.' On the left, is the 'St. Martin's Straat,' and the 'Steen van Papeghem.' The Gantois now pretend that the view was from Van Eyck's own window, No. 26, Koey Straat, where, accordingly, medallion portraits of the painters have been placed."—Pp. 33, 34.

Hubert did not live to complete the Mystic Lamb, which was finished by John; he had only brought its upper portion to a conclusion at the period of his death in 1426. He was buried on the 18th of September, in a vault below the chapel which his genius had adorned; his right arm, which had achieved such marvels in art, was severed from his body, and suspended in a casket above the portal of St. Bavon, where it still remained in the sixteenth century. The following is a translation of his epitaph, equally characteristic of the painter and of the times :—

"Take warning from me, ye who walk over me; I was as you are, but am now buried dead beneath you. Thus it appears that neither art nor medicine availed me; art, honour, wisdom, power, affluence, are

spared not when death arrives. I was called Hubert van Eyck: I am now food for worms. Formerly known and highly honoured in painting, this all was shortly after turned to nothing. It was in the year of the Lord, one thousand four hundred and twenty-six, on the 18th day of September, that I rendered up my soul to God in suffering. Pray God for me ye who love art, that I may attain to his sight. Flee sin, turn to the best objects, for you must follow me at last."

Jan van Eyck was much younger than Hubert, and was also born at Maaseyck between the years 1382 and 1386. His early education was conducted by his brother, who employed him as his assistant, and taught him drawing, painting, and chemistry,—branches of study which were common to the elder schools of art in Flanders, Germany, and Italy. The discovery, or at least the important practical improvement of the art of painting in oils, has generally been attributed to Jan van Eyck; but the authors of the volume before us appear to be of opinion that the merit of this great revelation in art should be shared between the brothers, and that the earliest applications of the improvements in the use of oil as a medium, are due to the elder brother. Here is their statement of this controverted point:—

"The first practical example of the new manner, it must be borne in mind, is a picture by Petrus Cristus of the year 1417, painted in a manner which convinces the spectator that the author of it was the pupil of Hubert van Eyck. If it be assumed that the earlier improvements were complete in 1410, then Cristus would have had five or six years to perfect himself in them. It was not until 1420 that John van Eyck became connected by fame with the discoveries of oil-painting. It was in that year, and not earlier, that he was present at a gathering of painters in Antwerp, where he exhibited in triumph a picture representing the Saviour; upon the beauty of which he received the utmost compliment, not only because of its intrinsic merit, but because it was painted in oil-colours. But the admiration of the Antwerp painters may have been owing less to the novelty of the discovery, than to some notable improvement introduced by John in the practice of the new system of painting in oil; and we may safely suppose that, at last, and after the death of Hubert, the practical difficulties of the system were finally resolved, and that for this John van Eyck was hailed everywhere as the discoverer. The panels of Hubert van Eyck are an evidence of his superiority. It was not till he died that John became the first in art. He admits this himself in the epitaph to his brother, which is found on the picture of the Mystic Lamb. John van Eyck completed that picture after his brother's death, and showed his inferiority in immediate contrast. There is no picture in the school which possesses such vigour of conception and colour as those parts

which are executed by Hubert. But the method in which the panels are painted prove also that John van Eyck became more perfect in the mechanical and chemical portion of his art. John van Eyck's panels indisputably offer to us a greater knowledge of the fusion of tints, greater finish and accuracy in the minutiæ, than those of his brother. They have a less brown and dark tinge of shadow, which proves that progress had been made in the discolouration of varnishes; and these improvements he no doubt made and successfully carried out. It is, perhaps, for these reasons that Fazio, the friend and follower of Alphonso, King of Naples, called him 'Prince of all the painters of his age; and not merely great in art, but also learned in geometry, and all the arts which appertain to the ornament of painting, because he had discovered many things in the properties of colour, of which he had found the source among the ancients, by the reading of Pliny and other authors.'"

In 1425, Philip the Good, a prince devoted to art, succeeded to the ducal throne of Burgundy, and chose John van Eyck for his "*varlet de chambre*,"—the appointment speaking in high terms of the painter's genius and good qualities. His salary was fixed at 100 livres parisis, and the treasurer was cautioned to be regular in its payment. John, though termed a *varlet*, did no menial service, and was allowed a domestic in livery and two horses for his own use. Like Rubens and Velasquez in later days, he was entrusted with many confidential missions by his master. In 1428, he travelled to Portugal, where he painted the portrait of the Princess Isabel, afterwards Duchess of Burgundy, and before returning, also visited Spain. For his services as painter and diplomatist, he was munificently rewarded on his retun to Bruges. The duke was constantly giving him proofs of his kindness and regard. He paid the rent of his house at Bruges; and when an empty treasury compelled him to stop the wages of his servants, John was specially exempted. Monarchs have often found a welcome relaxation from the cares of state in the studio of great artists, and have conferred high honours on their favourite painters: Philip IV. of Spain with his own hand painted the order of Santiago on the breast of Velasquez, and Charles V. picked up the brush of Titian. Duke Philip, too, was frequently in the habit of visiting the studio of John van Eyck, and, on these occasions, used sometimes to shower on the apprentices all the silver which his pockets contained, besides making handsome presents to their master. In 1434, the duke stood godfather to John's infant daughter, and presented him after the ceremony with a gift of six silver cups.

When the progress of the great altar-piece in the chapel of St. Bavon was interrupted by the death of Hubert, Jodocus

Vydts intrusted John with the charge of completing it, and much controversy has arisen with regard to the share of the respective brothers in this vast undertaking. Hubert, as we have said, commenced the picture, but at the period of his death, it was not quite half completed, and was not finally finished until 1432, when the consecration of the chapel for which it was executed, was splendidly solemnized in the presence of admiring crowds. John had many patrons besides the Duke of Burgundy, the principal of whom was Rollin, the chancellor of the duchy. Of him, John painted a noble portrait kneeling to the Virgin and Saviour. He also executed portraits of Arnoulph, the treasurer, of the Sire van Leeuw (which may still be seen at Vienna), and of many other persons of distinction. John van Eyck died at Bruges in 1440-41; his body lies in a vault near the font of the church at St. Donat, where funeral masses for the repose of his soul were yearly celebrated for upwards of three centuries after his death, until finally stopped by the first French revolution. The following is a translation of his epitaph inscribed upon a pillar of the church :—

"Here lies Jan who was celebrated for his surpassing skill, and whose felicity in painting excited admiration. He painted breathing forms, and the earth's surface covered with flowery vegetation, completing each work to the life. Hence Phidias and Apelles must give place to him, and Polycletus be deemed his inferior. Call, therefore, the fates most cruel who have snatched from us such a man. Yet cease to weep, for destiny is immutable; only pray now to God that he may live in heaven."

The works of the brothers Van Eyck are described and criticized with great care, taste, and minuteness, and at considerable length, in the "Early Flemish Painters." Mural painting was but little known or practised in the Netherlands, and the panels upon which pictures were generally executed were easily destroyed or removed; and this is one great cause why so many of the monuments of early Flemish art have perished. This, especially, has been the fate of most of the pictures of Hubert, and hence he has been sacrificed for centuries to the fame which his younger brother succeeded in engrossing by his improvements in oil mediums and varnishes. Yet Hubert transcended in genius both his brother and every other painter in the Netherlands :—

"His grand character, as chief of the Flemish school, was severity and nobleness of expression. His great quality was colour; but he failed in idealism. The gravity and pensiveness which marked his saints was not in every instance coupled with a sentiment of

holiness and that elevated type which Scripture would impress; and though he never proved himself a trivial or vulgar painter, his mind was not above some weakening conceits. Had he possessed the entire gift of simplicity, he would not have laden the broad and sweeping folds of his drapery with the superfluous ornaments which profusely cover them. With these exceptions, nothing is wanting in the pictures of Hubert Van Eyck. Few men of his time in Italy, none in the Netherlands, have proved themselves as perfect as he was in anatomy, and in the perspective of the human frame. But where he most excelled was, as we have said, in colour. His works are vivid, powerful, and harmonious; and had Hubert's pupils been Italians instead of Flemings,—had Venice and not Bruges become his resting place, he would have been the founder of a school of colour. But the tendency to realism which marked his works became exaggerated in his pupils, who seeking for perfection more in patient art than by superior genius, fell at once into a lower rank, and never afterwards arose from it."—Pp. 72, 73.

The grand figures of the Father, the Virgin, St. John, Adam, and Eve, occupying the upper portion of the Mystic Lamb, Hubert's only authentic picture, have been unfortunately separated and dispersed,—part being preserved in Ghent, and part in Berlin. The Agnus Dei, occupying the central panel, and the wings were painted by John after his brother's death. The following animated and picturesque description of this magnificent altar-piece while yet entire, affords a favourable specimen of the style of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle:—

"In its complete and finished form, the altar-piece deserved the great and lasting admiration which it excited. It not only formed a splendid harmony within itself, but, being executed for the place in which it stood, it harmonized with all around it. Chapels and churches were then vastly different from what they are at present, or were a little later. The walls were covered here with tapestries, there with stuffs of various sorts; numerous votive pictures hung around, and the space was crowded where it is now empty. The chapel of Jodocus Vydts was devoted to setting off a splendid picture; and nothing can be well imagined finer than the open altar-piece, at the moment of the mass, unadorned by candles, flowers, or aught that carries off the eye; for these adornments were only introduced a little later. The subject too, was grand and well-conceived, suited to the feelings of the people, and in harmony with the fervour of religion common to the age. It was taken from Revelation, then a fertile source of inspiration to the sculptor and the painter, from which at first, indeed, the former took the incidents which adorned the painted portals of the convents and cathedrals. There sat enthroned the figure of God the Father, holding up his fingers to bless the world, with the papal tiara on his head; John the Baptist on his left, and the Virgin Mary on his right. At his feet stood the Lamb; and round the altar where he bled,

were all the angels,—all the saints and martyrs peculiarly made holy by the Church of Rome. There were popes and bishops, and female saints, hermits and holy pilgrims, crusaders and heroes of the early Christian legends, all advancing to adore the Lamb,—all converging to one central point, through varied landscapes, on foot with staves, on horseback clad in simple tunic or sable armour. Nor while the symbols of eternal happiness were thus being paraded before the people, did the painter hesitate to place before them those of punishment; for on the socket of the altar-piece, was seen a picture of the tortured down below, according to the old-established custom, which made the monks of old Greek churches paint that subject upon the porticoes, as emblematic of the hapless state which waits on those who kept without the pale of the mother church. He represented also, on the altar-piece, the Sybils who foretold the coming of our Saviour, the Annunciation, and the Evangelists, Adam, Eve, Cain and Abel, in prominent positions, impressing on the mind of the spectator the enormity of mortal sin, destined to be purified by the sacrifice of the Lamb."

The figures of St. John and of the Virgin, by Hubert, in this master-piece, are particularly noble; the former is austere in expression, and noble in form; and the latter, with long light hair flowing over her shoulders, holds a book in her graceful hands, in an attitude at once elegant and natural. The colouring of both is admirable; rich and brown, and free from all appearance of tedious workmanship. The central panel of the Agnus Dei is that in which John shows to most advantage; it is a vivid, powerful, and highly finished picture, full of figures in varied attitudes and expressions, and of charming landscapes with green flowing meadows and sparkling fountains.

Besides this great work, there are still a number of pictures in various parts of Europe, by John van Eyck, bearing authentic signatures and dates. In our own National Gallery, there are two (Nos. 186 and 222 of the catalogue), both good examples of the master. But perhaps the best of his great works, splendid both in design and execution, is the altar-piece of the Santa Trinita Museum, at Madrid, intended to represent the triumph of the Greek and Latin churches over the Jews; the field of victory being a mediæval court in the pointed style of St. Laurent of Nuremberg. In this picture John has introduced his own portrait, and that of his brother Hubert, among the attendants of a pope who is pointing to the sacred host; the countenance of the elder is full, powerful, and somewhat stern; that of the younger, less bold, but more sharply cut and intellectual. This is the noblest painting of the Flemish school, with the exception of the Mystic Lamb of St. Bavon. There is another fine example of John's powers in the Louvre, representing Chancellor Rollin kneeling with a missal, before the Virgin and Child. In the background

is a perspective view of the city of Bruges, and—according to one authority—"more than two thousand figures, of which the variety and attitudes can only be perceived with the assistance of a magnifying glass."

Landscapes were generally prominent features in the works of John van Eyck, and his influence and example are said by some to have extended beyond the Alps, and to have caused their introduction into the paintings of the Florentine artists of the fifteenth century. These landscapes have been universally and justly admired for their truth to nature, minute finish, and excellence in aerial perspective. John, however, does not seem to have been thoroughly acquainted with the rules of linear perspective; for although his landscape backgrounds are correct, his foreground figures are frequently defective, and there is not an instance of his producing foreshortened figures true to the rules of perspective, which were better understood and more successfully practised by his Italian contemporary, Paolo Ucello, who used to shut himself up for weeks in his studio to study its mysteries; answering the entreaties of his wife, when she begged him for a little while to lay aside his work, "Ah! anima mia, if you could but understand the delights of perspective!" Before parting from John van Eyck, we may advert to one charming peculiarity of many of his paintings, their still unimpaired freshness and brilliancy of colour — clear and bright in spite of the lapse of centuries; for time, which has dimmed the tones of many a picture painted long after his era, has respected the purity and brilliancy of this early master.

Colin, or Colart le Voleur, one of John van Eyck's successors in the offices of ducal painter and "*varlet-de-chambre*," was an accomplished and ingenious machinist; and in this capacity, was of great service to Philip of Burgundy, who had a most unprincely fondness for practical jokes. The castle of Hesdin, his favourite residence, was as full of traps and pitfalls as a modern theatre, which served to assist in the perpetration of those coarse jokes that formed the staple of mediæval fun. The following examples will serve to give some idea of the sort of entertainment which an unsuspecting stranger used to experience in the castle of Hesdin. On entering from a certain gallery into a neighbouring passage, he was startled by the sudden apparition of a wooden figure spouting water, and a fright and a ducking were the results. At other times, a set of brushes would be set in motion, and the patient would have his face blackened or whitened, as the case might be. There was also an engine which seized a man and thrashed him soundly. Advantage was taken of the proverbial curiosity of the female sex; for in the great gallery was a trap, and near it the figure

of a hermit who prophesied. Ladies were his most frequent victims; for, no sooner did they approach to have their fortunes told, than the ceiling opened, and poured forth rain; thunder claps, preceded by lightning, followed; and when they took refuge from the storm, they found themselves entrapped in a pitfall above a sack of feathers; after which they were, at last, allowed to make their escape. In the great gallery there was also a bridge which dropped saunterers into the water; and engines which spouted water whenever they were touched. In the hall, too, were figures spouting water; and at the entrance of a gallery, eight water-jets wetted the passers by, while three small pipes at the same time covered them with flour. Splendid missals were also placed so as to attract the curious, and then cover them with soot or mud; in short, there was no limit to the ingenious pleasantries of the duke, assisted by the practical skill of Colart le Voleur, which was rewarded with a sum of 1,000 livres, or ten times the annual salary of his great predecessor, John van Eyck.

The disciples and successors of Hubert and John Van Eyck, with two exceptions, need not detain us long. In 1449, Roger van der Weyden, one of the most distinguished among them, paid a visit to Italy, being the first Flemish artist who is recorded to have done so. He went to Ferrara, Florence, and Rome; and at the last place, is said to have pronounced Gentile da Fabriano—of whom Michel Angelo remarked that his painting was like his name (Gentile)—to be the first artist in Italy. A curious story is told of one of Van der Weyden's most celebrated pictures, a Descent from the Cross, painted for the church of Notre Dame, *hors des murs*, at Louvain. To this Mary of Hungary took so great a liking that she succeeded in obtaining it, on condition of furnishing a copy by Coxie. She then sent it to Spain, but the ship which contained it was in imminent danger of foundering in a tempest, and to lighten her, much valuable merchandise and this picture were thrown overboard. The former was irretrievably lost, but the painting in its case was cast on shore, little damaged by the rough treatment it had met with. It is now in the Queen of Spain's gallery in Madrid, but so badly hung that it can scarcely be seen.

We shall close our notice of the early Flemish painters, by some account of the two greatest followers of the Van Eycks—Antonello da Messina, the connecting link between the schools of Bruges and Venice, in whose works the German and Italian elements are both visible; and Hans Memling, the most suave, graceful, and mystical of the early Belgian masters. Antonello was born at Messina, about the year 1414, of a family of artists. His grandfather, father, and uncle, had all been painters, and

many of their works ornamented the churches of their native city. Salvadore, the parent of Antonello, after having instructed his son in the rudiments of painting, sent him to Rome, at an early age, in order to complete his professional studies. He remained there for several years, and then returned to Sicily, and visited Palermo, where Alphonso, of Arragon, at that time held his court. From thence he repaired to Messina, where he left some proofs of his talent; and in 1438, went to Naples, and became the pupil of Colantonio del Fiore, then at the head of the Neapolitan masters. Colantonio's style of colouring had been much influenced by the Flemish pictures of the school of Bruges, which had been sent to Italy. Some of these were of great merit; and one of them by Van der Goes, a pupil of the Van Eycks, painted for the church of Santa Maria Nuova at Florence, is still in fine preservation, and its charming and exquisitely finished details—a vase of flowers, rich carpet, splendid furniture, gems, embroideries, and magnificent landscapes—have been frequently copied by subsequent painters. Antonello, having seen a picture by Van Eyck, was so much struck by its excellence, that he determined to visit the country where it had been painted, and, accordingly, lost no time in setting out for Flanders. Then he became intimate with John van Eyck, and learned from him the secret of oil-painting; and according to an old Flemish MS. still extant, before leaving the country he presented to the church of St. Bavon, a picture by himself, painted in the new method, as a token of the benefits he had derived from the great master of the school of Bruges. His style, subsequently to this period, affords ample indications of the way in which he had profited by the instructions he received, and none of the German pupils of Hubert or John appear to have appropriated their leading characteristics so successfully as this Italian. After the death of John, Antonello went to Messina, remained there for a few months, and then proceeded to Venice, where he arrived about the middle of the fifteenth century. He was soon employed in painting the portraits of many of the Venetian nobility, which were exceedingly admired for their beauty of finish and brilliancy of colour. Antonello avoided many of the faults of the Flemish school, such as its lengthy drawing and meagre forms, while he imitated its minuteness and delicacy of finish, and surpassed it in simplicity of tints and beauty of intonation.

In the fifteenth century, intimate relations had been established between the Ultramontane and Venetian schools. German painters were received with special favour in Venice, and left numerous examples of their skill in her palaces and churches. Thus, in the church of the Servites, there was

formerly a noble painting, by John van Eyck, of the Adoration of the Magi; and at a later period, Hans Memling adorned the Breviary of Cardinal Grimani, now in the Library of St. Mark, with miniatures and illuminations of such incomparable beauty that, even in Italy, they were esteemed miracles of art. Several Venetian painters also crossed the Alps, travelled into the Netherlands, and succeeded in imitating the style of the Flemish painters; and during the greater part of the fifteenth century, the Germanic impress was preserved in Venice among the family of the Vivarini, who lived on the island of Murano; and Luigi, the ablest of their number, the competitor with John Bellini in the Confraternità di San Girolamo, may be considered as the last type of the semi-German semi-Italian painter, afterwards absorbed in the great national school of Venice. Antonello, however, more than any other, may be regarded as having imparted to the Venetians the finish and minuteness which he owed to his studies in Flanders. His influence is clearly discernible in the paintings of Giovanni and Gentile Bellini. His first and last picture, and those of the Bellini, were, so to speak, the links of a perfect chain. The Italian element grew in Antonello as he increased in years, his latest pictures being the least Flemish and most like those of the Bellini. They, afterwards, casting aside the last remnant of minuteness and rigidity, which marked the crowning efforts of Antonello, gave the finishing touch to his manner. From that to the perfection of Giorgione and Titian, was but a further step in the line of progress. We may observe in the portrait by John Bellini, in our National Gallery, how great was the effect of the influence of Antonello; there, warmth of colouring and finish of design combine to make the picture pleasing, yet it is but the style of Antonello softened and Italianized. Antonello, at two different periods, resided for thirty years in the Venetian territory; and this lengthened residence satisfactorily accounts for the marked influence of his style upon the early Venetian masters, and also for the fact, that towards the end of the fifteenth century, oil-painting was universally practised at Venice, though comparatively unknown in other parts of Italy. He died at Venice in 1493, full of years and honours, and was buried with great pomp by his brother artists, who celebrated his name in a Latin epitaph as the first Italian who introduced into his native country the improved method of painting in oils. Those who wish a detailed account of his works will find it in the eleventh chapter of the "Early Flemish Painters."

The secret which Antonello introduced into Italy was destined to be a fatal one. According to Vasari, he had communicated

it to Domenico Veneziano; and Domenico's false friend, Andrea del Castagna, disguising, under the mask of a tender regard, the envy and hatred which rankled in his heart, on account of the superior popularity and accomplishments of Domenico, succeeded in drawing from him the new method of painting in oils, at that time unknown in Tuscany. After thus learning his secret, he watched for an opportunity, waylaid Domenico one evening as he returned from serenading his mistress, and barbarously murdered him by repeated blows. He then feigned the utmost grief, so that no suspicion was attached to him; nor would his villany have been ever discovered, had not the pangs of remorse compelled him, when on his death-bed, to confess the atrocious crime of which he had been guilty.

Of the personal history, birth, and residence of Hans Memling—perhaps the greatest follower of the Van Eycks—but little is certainly known, though several legends with regard to him have been extensively circulated. It is not ascertained whether he was born at Bruges or at Damme, but he appears to have spent some portion of his early life at Brussels, and to have received instructions in painting from Roger van der Weyden. Some authors have affirmed that, when a young man, he went to Italy, and later in life to Spain; but for these journeys there seems to be no sufficient authority. Tradition also asserts that he was a soldier as well as a painter, and a follower of Charles the Rash in his ill-advised Swiss campaigns, but this too lacks confirmation. Thus much seems to be certain that, subsequently to the year 1477, he must have worked a great deal in the Hospital of St. John at Bruges, where, according to one account, he painted out of gratitude for having been kindly received when wounded and helpless. His death occurred during the year 1499. He still lives in his works, of which nearly a hundred yet remain. The cities of Bruges and Lubeck, and the galleries of Vienna, Munich, Florence, Turin, and the Louvre, afford excellent examples of his style, showing that his life must have been diligently occupied in the exercise of his profession as a painter, and rendering it highly improbable that much of his time could have been spent in the ruder toils of a warlike career. The style of this charming painter though graceful and poetical, is at the same time, simple and severe, exhibiting in the figures, drapery, and grouping, a great improvement upon the manner of his master Van der Weyden. "Hemling,"* says Dr. Kugler,

* Memling is sometimes called also called Hemling, as by Dr. Kugler, and sometimes also Memmelinck, but there seems no doubt that the spelling adopted by the authors of the "Early Flemish Painters" is the most correct.

formerly a noble painting, by John van Eyck, of the Adoration of the Magi; and at a later period, Hans Memling adorned the Breviary of Cardinal Grimani, now in the Library of St. Mark, with miniatures and illuminations of such incomparable beauty that, even in Italy, they were esteemed miracles of art. Several Venetian painters also crossed the Alps, travelled into the Netherlands, and succeeded in imitating the style of the Flemish painters; and during the greater part of the fifteenth century, the Germanic impress was preserved in Venice among the family of the Vivarini, who lived on the island of Murano; and Luigi, the ablest of their number, the competitor with John Bellini in the Confraternità di San Girolamo, may be considered as the last type of the semi-German semi-Italian painter, afterwards absorbed in the great national school of Venice. Antonello, however, more than any other, may be regarded as having imparted to the Venetians the finish and minuteness which he owed to his studies in Flanders. His influence is clearly discernible in the paintings of Giovanni and Gentile Bellini. His first and last picture, and those of the Bellini, were, so to speak, the links of a perfect chain. The Italian element grew in Antonello as he increased in years, his latest pictures being the least Flemish and most like those of the Bellini. They, afterwards, casting aside the last remnant of minuteness and rigidity, which marked the crowning efforts of Antonello, gave the finishing touch to his manner. From that to the perfection of Giorgione and Titian, was but a further step in the line of progress. We may observe in the portrait by John Bellini, in our National Gallery, how great was the effect of the influence of Antonello; there, warmth of colouring and finish of design combine to make the picture pleasing, yet it is but the style of Antonello softened and Italianized. Antonello, at two different periods, resided for thirty years in the Venetian territory; and this lengthened residence satisfactorily accounts for the marked influence of his style upon the early Venetian masters, and also for the fact, that towards the end of the fifteenth century, oil-painting was universally practised at Venice, though comparatively unknown in other parts of Italy. He died at Venice in 1493, full of years and honours, and was buried with great pomp by his brother artists, who celebrated his name in a Latin epitaph as the first Italian who introduced into his native country the improved method of painting in oils. Those who wish a detailed account of his works will find it in the eleventh chapter of the "Early Flemish Painters."

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vivacity and expression. There are two small but very beautiful pictures by Memling in the Louvre—a St. John the Baptist and a Magdalen; and in most of the capitals of Europe, there are paintings by him in private hands. According to Dr. Waagen an altar-piece representing the Annunciation, in the Greveraden chapel of the Cathedral at Lubeck, is the finest work of Memling now in existence. Hans Memling had many imitators, some of whom evinced considerable ability, but their works never, in any instance, attain to the excellence which delights us in the compositions of that great and graceful master.

Many of the later and feebler followers of the school of Bruges travelled through Germany, and into France, Spain, and Portugal, where they obtained patronage and employment, and exercised considerable influence upon the national art of these countries. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, Jan Mabuse painted in England, and in the following century, numerous Flemish painters migrated from Flanders, and devoted themselves chiefly to portrait painting. The earliest and greatest of the Belgian artists did not, therefore, exercise any influence in England; and the manner imported by Mabuse, Cornelis and Lucas de Heere was no longer that of the Van Eycks, but a bastard and feeble style, adulterated by commingling with the various schools of Italy and Germany.

We have thus endeavoured briefly to sketch the history of the early Flemish painters, especially of those belonging to the great central school of Bruges, which exercised so important an influence over European art; and we must refer those who may wish for further information with regard to the lives and labours of these ancient Belgian masters, to the very able and interesting volume which we have placed at the commencement of our remarks.*

* There is one defect, however, in the "Early Flemish Painters," most material in a volume intended to serve as a work of reference; and that is, the very imperfect state of the index appended to it.

ART. II. — THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF IRRIGATION.

1. *Manuale Pratico di Idrodinamica.* — Colombani. 2nd edition. Milano. 1845.
2. *Traité Théorique et Pratique des Irrigations.*—Nadault de Buffon. Paris. 1843.
3. *Irrigation et Assainissement des Terres.*—Manuels-Roret. Paris. 1851.
4. *Bibliothèque Rurale: Manuel d'Irrigation.* Bruxelles. 1850.
5. *Italian Irrigation.*—R. Baird Smith. Blackwood. 1855.
6. *The Cauvery, Kistnah, and Godavery; or, Irrigation in the Madras Provinces.* — R. Baird Smith. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1856.
7. *Traité Pratique de l'Irrigation des Prairies.*—J. Kielhoff. Bruxelles. 1856.

FOR several reasons, the attention of the technical and scientific world has been recently again directed in a very pointed manner to the subject of irrigation, which seemed a few years since to have so entirely passed from men's minds, in official quarters at least, that one of the late Inspectors of the General Board of Health almost claimed credit for having discovered its value. The first of these reasons for the revived interest to which we allude, was suggested by the successful results of the operations undertaken in our Indian empire for the purpose of restoring the ancient works for the irrigation of Bengal, and of the Madras provinces; and the second has arisen from the necessity for grappling with the daily increasing nuisance of our own town sewerage. The East India Company has dealt with its portion of the question thus brought before the public, with a degree of boldness, skill, and firmness of purpose, and it has also selected its professional advisers with a degree of intelligence, which contrast painfully with the operations of our own Imperial government. Unfortunately, however, the English public has been indisposed hitherto to dwell upon Indian affairs, and far too little attention has been paid to the great operations lately carried on for the internal improvement of that mighty empire. But as it has now become a matter of necessity with us, even as dwellers in towns, to study all the bearings of the science of irrigation, if only for our own sakes, we are compelled occasionally to turn to the country where it has been applied on the grandest scale. Fortunately, the Honourable Company has issued some really valuable papers upon the subject—papers of both a practical and a theoretical

character; and we, therefore, propose to dwell at some length upon them, for the purposes both of reminding our countrymen of what Englishmen have done in the East, and also of obtaining all the reflex light we can upon the general subject of irrigation, which we are convinced is still destined to play an important part in agricultural and sanitary improvement at home and abroad.

It must, however, be understood that we only seek for a *reflex* light from the East, not a direct one, because there are such marked differences between the climatological conditions of our own country and those of India, and also between the whole social polity which prevails in those respective parts of the world, that the lessons the one might furnish can hardly have a direct bearing upon the other. We might, indeed, derive more valuable practical lessons from the irrigation works executed in France, Belgium, Germany, and in the United States; or from the equally important, but, comparatively speaking, unknown water-meadows of Hampshire, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire. Still, the magnitude of the operations lately executed by the East India Company is so extraordinary, and the results they have already produced have been so beneficial to the countless millions of our fellow-subjects in the East, that no excuse would really be wanting for our dwelling in detail upon them, even though it be somewhat to the exclusion of subjects of more immediate and locally practical interest. The various questions connected with hydraulic engineering which have necessarily been discussed during the execution of these gigantic Indian works, and the manner in which technical difficulties have been there encountered and overcome, would render an examination of them more than usually interesting to those who are engaged in similar investigations, whilst a comparison between them and the works executed in other countries must be of service to all who may be concerned in the attempt to apply irrigation elsewhere. Our Australian colonies would particularly gain by the introduction of this system of cultivation upon a large national scale; and it has always been one of our own day-dreams that the convict-labour of this country might be beneficially employed in those regions upon the works required to regulate the discharge of the naturally capricious rivers and water-courses which are now, comparatively speaking, useless. In this article, however, we propose to limit our observations to the history and general principles of irrigation.

Irrigation, like all the generally useful sciences, seems to have had no special origin; or, rather, we should say that it has been applied extensively, and from the remotest antiquity, by

tribes so totally unconnected with each other, that it would be absurd to attempt to trace its original inventors. It was practised to a very great extent in Assyria and in the ancient Persian empire; for even at the present day it is easy to trace the artificial channels by which the waters of the Tigris and the Euphrates were made to counteract the effects of the burning heats of those regions. In Egypt, the waters of the Nile were from a very early period made to contribute to the fertility of the sandy districts upon its banks; and the strange mural pictures and papyrus rolls which that extraordinary race have left for our admiration, prove that the Egyptians even raised water artificially, by means of the *fadouf*, as their descendants call the rude engines we allude to, for the purpose of distributing it over portions of the land it could not naturally reach. The Bible does not contain any details upon the system of irrigation used by the inhabitants of Palestine; but there are numerous passages in it from which we may infer that the Israelites were well acquainted with the advantages to be obtained by correcting the effects of their parching summers by the use of water in their agriculture, though it is more than questionable whether they ever attempted anything beyond a rude regulation of the winter inundations of the mountain torrents of their part of Asia Minor. No traces, at least of an authentic nature, exist by which we can discover the actual practice of the Greeks with respect to the use of their water-courses; nor are we in possession of much information upon the subject of the Irrigation adopted by the Romans, although it is said that traces of dams, channels, and water-courses, dating from the earliest periods of the Empire, have been discovered; and there are passages in the "Libri de Re Rustica," and in the "Georgics," which certainly are sufficient to prove that the masters of the ancient world were perfectly aware of the necessity for irrigation in Italy, and were possessed of some system for effecting it upon a very large scale. The Chinese seem to have adopted irrigation as a fundamental part of their system of agriculture at a very early epoch; and in Hindostan, also, it has been applied, rudely and incompletely, no doubt, but still generally, from the most remote periods of the native annals; nor, indeed, could any civilized nation have existed in these regions without some such means of counteracting the effects of their burning climate. Amongst all these nations, however, the works for the distribution of water were of the rudest description, nor can we find any traces of an application of hydraulic science to agricultural purposes worthy of being compared with those to be discovered in the means adopted by the Romans for the supply of water to their town populations.

In the Middle Ages we find that the Visigoths, who had established themselves very firmly in the ancient province of the Septimania, at the foot of the Pyrenees and the Cevennes, devoted much attention to perfecting the irrigation of that district; and that even Alaric II. himself encouraged the execution of works of this description. There is, indeed, at the present day, in the Languedoc, an irrigation canal in existence, which goes by his name, and there does not appear to be any reason for questioning, at least, its execution in the sixth century; whilst several other similar channels are attributed, with equal probability, to the same Gothic tribes which inhabited this district about the seventh and eighth centuries. It is rather curious that irrigation has only prevailed, even in modern Europe as a nationally characteristic mode of cultivation in the countries wherein the Gothic tribes had settled upon the Continent, or in those parts of our own island which were settled by the West Saxons; or, again, in those portions of Southern Europe which were possessed by the Saracenic tribes of the early Mohammedan irruptions; and it might furnish a curious subject for inquiry to the student of the philosophy of history to explain this odd coincidence. But without entering upon it at present, we may remark, that the technical details of the irrigation works of both the Goths and the Arabs were very rude and incomplete; and that although the latter introduced the *noria* and the Persian wheel, and occasionally applied the Archimedean screw for the purpose of raising water artificially for distribution over ground it could not naturally reach, the execution of those machines was very defective, and the mode of forming the conducting, distributing, and measuring channels was of the most primitive description. Their operations, moreover, were always partial, and upon a small scale; nor was it until the end of the twelfth, or the beginning of the thirteenth century, that any grand, general irrigation was attempted; but at that period the two greatest artificial canals of Northern Italy, viz., those of the Ticino and of the Adda, were executed. Even at the present day these works excite the admiration of all engineers; and the "fathers of the irrigation canals of modern Europe," as Captain Baird Smith very appropriately calls them, must always be regarded by modern inquirers with feelings of surprise for the boldness of their authors, and of sympathy with their confidence in the inestimable benefits of the operation they undertook with such limited means, and such very imperfect theoretical knowledge. The thirteenth century was indeed a grand period in the history of the Italian race, and the execution of these gigantic irrigation works at the same time that Dante wrote, Cimabue painted, and the Florentines, Pisans, and Genoese fought so furi-

ously, but still so well, may fairly be appealed to as an illustration of the connexion which exists between the development of all the best faculties of our race. At any rate, from the end of the twelfth century a most extraordinary amount of activity was displayed by the inhabitants of Lombardy in the application of their wonderful river-system to the purposes of agriculture; and Captain Smith gives with evident pride and satisfaction a record, which is almost eloquent, of their doings. From his work, we learn that the Canal of the Ticino dates from 1177; the formation of the regulating lakes of Mantua from 1188; the Canal della Bataglia, near Padua, from 1191; the *Diritto d'Aquedotto*, the first recorded attempt at legislation on the subject was enacted about the commencement of the twelfth century; the Canal Muzza, or the new Adda was begun in 1220; the Naviglio Civico of Cremona was formed early in the fourteenth century, and the Canal Martesana is said to have been finished under the direction of the great Leonardo da Vinci, about 1498. This work has a special interest in the eyes of the hydraulic engineer, on account of its presenting the first authenticated application of the system of lock-gates to canal navigation. From the end of the fifteenth century, however, little seems to have been done in Italy, either for the improvement of its irrigation, or for any good purpose, until we arrive at the period when the Piedmontese government had extended its influence, or until the vigorous rule of Napoleon in Northern Italy had roused the nation from the apathy into which it had fallen under the Spanish and Austrian rules. The earlier Piedmontese canals, we may add, date only from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

France does not appear to have done much to extend the irrigation originally introduced by the Visigoths in the Eastern Pyrenees, in the long period between their settlement and the renaissance of the arts, which latter event took place in the sixteenth century, and called the attention of her rulers to the surpassing skill of the Italian engineers of that period. It was not, indeed, until the reign of Henri II., that any new works of the kind we are immediately considering, were established; and under his patronage, Adam de Crapone constructed the canal for the distribution of the waters of the Durance, which bears his name at the present day. Subsequently, other canals were formed in the south of France, near Aix and Marseilles, in the Alps and the Pyrenees, during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; but the French irrigation works have never been conducted with the same spirit, nor upon the same scale of grandeur and utility, as those of Northern Italy.

In our own country, and in Germany, it is still more dif-

ficult to trace the history of irrigation, for the water-meadows of particular districts are unquestionably of very ancient formation, although their precise date is not known. The only authentic early record of the existence of works of this description in England that we are acquainted with, is the Act of Parliament, passed in the year 1622, authorizing the construction of the Itchin Canal in Hampshire, a useful, but still a very defective work; and although the Commissioners of the late Board of Agriculture collected much information upon the subject of the local practice in this matter, both in England and Scotland, at the end of the last and the commencement of the present centuries, they did not throw any light upon the origin of the different systems of irrigation adopted in the various counties of the south-west of England, or of the system of warping, so long and successfully applied on our eastern shores; and almost the only elaborate irrigation works we can cite in our country are the canals formed by the Duke of Portland, about the commencement of this century, for the purpose of leading the waters of a stream he diverted from a considerable distance, and those executed by the Earl Manvers, at Edminstowe. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the fact, that the recent successful development of the cultivation of green crops in the uplands of England has caused our farmers to treat the system of water-meadows with greater neglect than they have encountered in drier climates. It is worthy of remark, however, that even in Belgium itself, notwithstanding the proverbial dampness of its atmosphere, great works have recently been executed for the general irrigation of the barren wastes of the Campine; and the great success which has attended that operation, if we may believe official reports, may well lead us to inquire whether the nations of North-Western Europe, who pride themselves upon being at the head of modern civilization, have derived all the benefit they could do from their natural water-courses. This remark might also be extended to our American descendants; for we have reason to believe that there have been no attempts made in either North or South America, to introduce a general system of irrigation, though a rude imitation of a very imperfect German mode of distributing water is stated by Mr. Tatham to have existed in the United States, about the end of the last century. It would appear from Sir G. Staunton's work upon China, and from several other descriptions of that singular country, that its inhabitants still continue to devote great attention to this mode of cultivation, and that they have executed several very important canals and aqueducts for the purpose of distributing the water over districts it could not natu-

rally reach; but the descriptions of these works are so vague, and so wanting in anything like technical accuracy, that we are only able to arrive at the general conclusion, that the Chinese, like the Mohammedan conquerors of India, were and are, not only aware of the value of irrigation, but also willing to make great sacrifices in order to secure it.

We have said nothing in the preceding sketch of the history of irrigation, with respect to the works executed by both the Visigothic and the Moorish conquerors of Spain; first, because, with the exception of Jaubert de Passa, no competent authorities have alluded to the systems adopted in that country; and, secondly, because the few records we have of its existence are very vague and unsatisfactory. It would appear, however, that the Arabs introduced into Spain the method of storing the surplus winter's rains in reservoirs, or tanks, as they are called in the East, together with the use of the *noria*, an instrument strangely characteristic of their civilization. Remains of their canals are said to exist in Catalonia, Valencia, and Andalusia, and upon some of them the principle of the syphon has been applied in such a manner as to prove that hydraulic science had made far greater progress amongst the Arabs of the Middle Ages than it had done in Christendom. Of late years, too, in spite of the frequent revolutions which have desolated the country, new works upon the grandest scale are said to have been undertaken, and to have given rise, by their failure, to inundations far more terrible than the catastrophe at Holmfirth, without any definite information on the subject ever reaching our Northern ears. Spain is, indeed, but little better known than the interior of Africa, and certainly its recent irrigation works have quite escaped English notice; just as we have lost sight of her other convulsive attempts at maintaining her position in the forward movement of the age. The same excuse may be urged for the absence of any allusion to the works of the French in Algeria, or to those lately executed in Egypt, or in the other Mohammedan countries in Africa, or even in Asia Minor; for no authentic records of them are to be found, in the works, at least, to which we have been able to procure access. The remainder of our historical illustrations of the practice of irrigation will, therefore, be confined principally to Italy and our own Indian possessions, and derived almost entirely from the works of M. Nadault de Buffon and Captain Baird Smith, cited at the head of this article; but they will be introduced rather for the purpose of describing the principles or the practice adopted in various countries, than with reference to a consecutive history of the arts.

The authors who have discussed the philosophy of irrigation

do not appear to have arrived at unanimous opinions as to the precise nature of the good it produces. Some parties contend that the effect of the water is principally to protect vegetation against frost; others, that it acts principally by furnishing the ammonia and other elements required by the grasses usually cultivated in these meadows; but the balance of opinion is certainly in favour of the latter theory; and, really, the marvellous results attained by a systematic irrigation in climates where frosts are almost unknown, may be considered to have settled the abstract question in favour of the opinion that the great end to be effected is to furnish the elements required for the growth of plants. The relative importance of irrigation in different countries may be also explained on this ground; for, evidently, in the regions wherein the summer rains, which always contain ammonia, supply with tolerable regularity the humidity necessary for the growth of vegetable food, the necessity for an artificial supply must be rarely felt. But in warmer climates, those in which even cereal crops cannot thrive in consequence of the long burning droughts, irrigation becomes almost an imperative necessity; and this, too, not only for grass or garden lands, but even for the whole arable surface. In the milder latitudes, the only crops to which this process is largely applied are, indeed, those known by the name of artificial grasses; there is no imperative reason for this restriction, however, and the rice cultivation of Spain, Italy, and India, prove that the benefits of irrigation may be extended to a much more numerous class of products than our agriculturalists generally believe. The most useful application of the system is still unquestionably, for us at least, to meadow lands; and in addition to the facilities it gives to the production of animal food, it has the indirect recommendation of adding to the quantity of manure disposable for other kinds of cultivation. A certain proportion of water-meadows is, in fact, almost an inevitable condition of a good agricultural working on a large scale, unless the climate and the nature of the soil should allow the place of their grass to be supplied by the growth of roots; both these crops are, however, alike in this respect, that they are principally composed of water, in that peculiar combination with other substances which seems to be the essential condition for the food of herbiverous animals.

The Italian irrigators, and M. Nadault de Buffon after them, dwell much upon the necessity for using large quantities of manure over their water-meadows. "Manure," indeed, says that able observer, "is the condition, *sine quâ non*, of the success of an irrigation;" and in the countries he describes, it would certainly appear that the practice of farmers supports his

view. Mr. B. Smith does not, we think, notice this question of detail, though it is one of considerable theoretical importance, and the experience of Indian irrigation might throw some light upon it; but it is worthy of remark that the German and Belgian authorities upon this subject attach very little importance to such application of manure, and they even quote frequently the proverb, that "water produces grass." Our own agriculturalists do not appear to adopt the Italian doctrine, for they use very little manure upon their water-meadows, whilst they unquestionably allow the water to flow in immense quantities. The fact seems to be, that climate and other local considerations affect this question. Both opinions may be partially true; and their correctness must still more be affected by the quality of the waters themselves; for evidently the action and reaction of the water and the soil must exercise the most important influence upon the plants submitted to them; and it must be impossible to say, absolutely, without a careful previous examination of both soil and water, whether it would or would not be necessary to introduce other elements of vegetable life. More unanimity prevails with respect to the qualities required in an irrigation water, and the following general observations may be taken as representing the opinions most usually entertained upon the subject, both in northern and southern latitudes. Waters which flow from forests, peats, bogs, or those which contain iron or common salt, or those which rise at a low temperature, are considered to be objectionable. The streams which have been for some time exposed to the atmosphere are usually preferred to those flowing from a spring-head, on account of the increased temperature they thus acquire; and they are the more esteemed in proportion as they have flowed through highly cultivated lands, or the seats of town populations, as they thus obtain fertilizing properties of the greatest importance. Granitic or primary formations furnish waters which are of remarkable value for irrigating purposes, especially when the rocks contain felspar in a soluble state, as is the case in some parts of Spain, or of the western Pyrenees, for the potassa thus furnished is of great value as a manure. The waters from limestone districts are said to develope the growth of the carex, and of some of the poorer gramineæ, when the salts of lime are notably in excess; but it is to be observed that the richest water-meadows in England and in the north of France are precisely those formed upon loamy or argillaceous soils, irrigated by waters holding much carbonate of lime in solution. Generally speaking, the waters from argillo-calcareous rocks, or marls, are tolerably well adapted for irrigation purposes, whilst those flowing from silicious sands, or from

rocks unable to part with any of their salts, are almost always worthless for this purpose; the so-called "soft waters" are known to be of the latter category. It must, however, be observed, that insomuch as we believe that water applied as irrigation acts slightly as a manure, the very properties which might be of value in one place would perhaps be objectionable in another; and the successful results of its application must after all depend mainly upon the nature of the soil upon which it is poured. Even brackish water, at times, is admirably fitted for such purposes, and the eagerness with which cattle devour the grass grown in salt marshes must be considered to prove in its favour. Perhaps, the safest general rule to be laid down in this matter is to say, that when the natural vegetation of a water-course is vigorous and of a good quality, the water may safely be used for irrigation.

This question of the connexion between the qualities of a water and of the plants it nourishes, or, indeed, of its influence upon both the organic and inorganic life it supplies, is one which merits far more attention than it has hitherto received, either in a sanitary or an agricultural point of view. Referring at present only to the latter part of the question it may be worth while to call the attention of inquirers to a passage in Britton and Brayley's "Surrey," in which it is mentioned that the cavalry officers stationed at Guildford during the great wars of the commencement of this century, finally excluded from the barracks hay obtained from the meadows irrigated with soft water, on account of its effects upon their cattle; whilst the influence of certain other waters in the development of that frightful malady, the goître, is too notorious for it to be necessary here to dwell upon it. In the meantime, there seems little reason to doubt the imperfect classification of the qualities of waters, in accordance with the plants they contain, given by M. Deby in his useful little manual; and we, therefore, quote it here, as a rough guide to irrigators, until more elaborate observations shall enable them to correct or extend it. He says, that the best waters are those in which grow the *ranunculus aquatilis, potamogeton perfoliatus, p. fluitans,* the *myriophyllum, nasturtium officinale* (the water-cress, so remarkably fine in our chalk streams), *veronica anagallis,* and *v. beccabunga.* The waters of an inferior quality are those in which are found the *sium latifolium, s. angustifolium,* the *arundo, rumex, cicuta, mentha, stachys, alisma, lythrum, typhæ, scirpa, juncus;* and they are very bad when they produce nothing but mosses, or varieties of the *carex.* The *charas* indicates that there is an excess of lime in the water: the *nymphea,* that the stream has little or no current. These remarks, we would add, are of course only

true for a northern latitude, and they would no doubt require to be modified for warmer climates than those in which M. Deby had made his observations. It were to be desired, therefore, that they should be extended to other countries; and also that more elaborate observations should be made upon the influence of water upon organic life, to which that author does not allude, for there appears to be strong reason for suspecting that the streams which do not contain the fresh-water conchiferæ are not adapted to the purposes of irrigation. This, at least, is certain, that the waters of streams in which the *anodon cygneus* and the *mya* occur in great numbers, are always of the quality which is most esteemed in England; whilst the waters of those streams in which no mollusca are found, are very rarely fit to be used. The shells we have named occur in conjunction with the plants M. Deby states to be characteristic of the best waters, and in the streams of the chalk districts especially, which irrigate some of the finest meadows both in England and in France.

It cannot, however, be too often remarked that in all reasoning with respect to the quality of water, climate must be taken into account; for the objects to be effected by an irrigation are, as we said before, almost entirely dependent upon that condition; and, evidently, when water is only required to correct the natural want of moisture in the air, its chemical composition must be of less importance than it is when the water is required to act to some extent as a manure as well as a source of moisture. In India, therefore, there may be no particular reason for attaching importance to the question we have thus alluded to, and perhaps this may account for Captain Baird Smith's neglect of it; yet the extraordinary composition of the water of the Ganges, as they were described by Mr. Piddington in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society* (1855, p. 283), would induce us to believe that it may have exercised great influence in securing the favourable results Captain Smith states to have attended the great experiment of the Ganges canal. Mr. Piddington, indeed, found that the average total quantity of sediment contained in the measures he experimented upon of a mean capacity of 25½ ounces, was not less than 13·99 grains, of which 6·04 grains consisted of earthy matter, and the remainder 7·95 grains consisted entirely of carbonate of lime; and that the average deposit of silt in the tanks at Calcutta, was not less than $\frac{1}{1350}$ in bulk of water. Evidently, a water of this description must exercise very potent effects in the upper regions over which it is poured; and it would, perhaps, not be an exaggerated view of the case to consider the silt it deposits, of nearly as much value to the delta of

the Ganges as the mud of the Nile is to the delta of Lower Egypt: the Ganges, we suspect, warps as well as irrigates.

Captain Smith has, however, devoted a chapter to the discussion of the sanitary influences of irrigation; a subject which has almost escaped the notice of Nadault de Buffon, and of the other authors we have had the opportunity of consulting. It is true, that in the North of Europe there may be little occasion to dwell upon this source of influence upon public health; but in warmer latitudes the facilities afforded by a plentiful supply of water for the decomposition of vegetable matter may, and often do, produce results of a very seriously marked character. Some descriptions of cultivation, also, in which irrigation plays a conspicuous part, have been found to be dangerous to human life, such, for instance, as the cultivation of rice; and as it seems now to be very probable that we in England will shortly adopt a system of irrigation fed by the sewerage waters of our towns, it behoves us to inquire seriously to what extent the various modes of effecting that object are likely to affect public health. Perhaps a careful investigation of the results of the Edinburgh and of the Itchin water-meadows, might throw some light upon this question, in so far as it is likely to affect our own town populations; but hitherto no such observations, of any value at least, have been made, although the official organs of the General Board of Health have been very active in recommending a system which possibly may, after all, prove to be seriously injurious to the very cause it was instituted to promote. Under any circumstances, however, we ourselves do not hesitate to say, that we consider that the formation of water-meadows in the immediate neighbourhood of towns or large villages is objectionable in England, on account of the additional moisture it must communicate to the atmosphere, and of the great amount of decaying vegetable matter with which such meadows abound, especially in the seasons of the year when the water-courses are cleared out. It would be absurd to fix at present any absolute rule for regulating the distance from towns within which this description of cultivation should be allowed, because the geographical position and the geological structure of any district must exercise variable influences upon both the character and the extent of the assumed evil. Captain Smith quotes the record by a commission appointed by the Sardinian government, of the incessant changes made in the legislation of that country with respect to the growth of rice; but neither he, nor they, seem to have suspected that this apparent uncertainty may have been justified by local circumstances, and that the variations in the legislation may have been called for by the

nature of the particular cases, even upon the supposition that rice-fields were more noxious than any other modes of applying water. It would, however, appear that both in India and in Northern Italy, the best authorities are of opinion that no rice cultivation should be allowed within a zone bounded by a circle of from three to five miles radius; but the results of the most recent inquiries into the sanitary condition of irrigated districts tend to prove that more injury has been caused by the injudicious interference with the natural drainage of the lands adjoining than by the actual emanations from the watered lands themselves. Perhaps, in the present unsatisfactory state of our knowledge of this class of hygienic laws, it would be desirable to adopt the smaller zone in our own country; that is to say, to forbid the formation of water-meadows on a large scale, within three miles of a town or village of any importance; and to assimilate any interference with the natural drainage of other districts to ordinary indictable nuisances.

Neither in England, Northern France, Germany, nor Belgium, is the supply of water in the rivers, at present devoted to irrigation purposes, limited in such a manner as to render it a matter of importance to ascertain the precise consumption at any particular point. In the South of Europe, and, indeed, in any warm country, this, however, ceases to be the case; for the quantity of water flowing down the rivers at times becomes so scanty as to confer upon it a great money-value. We are, it would appear, rapidly arriving at a somewhat analogous state of things here; for the increase of our town populations is so extraordinary, and the consumption of water is assuming such an unexpected development as must, sooner or later, compel even us to measure the proportions devoted to any particular usage. In Italy, however, as might naturally have been expected, this question has long occupied the attention of engineers and public administrators; and both Captain Smith and M. de Buffon, have devoted space and attention to the examination and description of the various methods applied in that country to water-gauges, because the countries to which they proposed to apply the result of their investigations were equally, even if not more interested in the economical application of that fluid which we Englishmen, as a general rule, treat so contemptuously, or at least, so carelessly. If any systematic irrigation were, however, introduced here, it would be, beyond doubt, desirable to adopt the conclusions to which the very able authors we have referred to were led; namely, to render compulsory the application of the best systems adopted in Italy, of gauging the quantities supplied. It seems, also, to be equally demonstrated, that the whole system of legislation,

with respect to water-privileges, recently introduced in the Piedmontese dominions, would be worthy of adoption; as would be also many of the mechanical arrangements of the Piedmontese engineers in the works lately executed in the possessions of their government upon the Continent; for it is to be remarked, that no irrigation, beyond that of some few patches of garden land, has been attempted in the island of Sardinia itself, although nowhere on the face of the globe would such an operation produce equally brilliant results. It is curious, however, that although the Piedmontese law-makers attached deserved importance to the protective distances to be observed between feeders and drains, so as to obviate any danger of the abstraction of water from the former by infiltration through the soil, no attention has been paid to the protective distances within which wells may be sunk. There is, indeed, great uncertainty about the legislation of all civilized countries upon this subject, nor is it easy to suggest a remedy for such a state of things; but it is certain that any enterprising owner who discovers, perhaps at great expense, the existence of a water-bearing stratum, by means of an artesian boring, is exposed to find his supply of water intercepted or diminished by a neighbouring proprietor who acts simply upon the results of his experiments. This is far from being an imaginary danger, as the yield of the original artesian wells at Tours has notably diminished by reason of the number of other wells lately made; and to cite an instance nearer home, the supply of water to the wells fed by the basement beds of the London clay series, has been nearly exhausted by the countless number recently sunk. The omission of the Italian legislators of any reference to this subject is the more extraordinary, because the celebrated *marcite* are frequently supplied by wells, and the Lombard agriculturalists attach an extraordinary degree of importance to the use of such waters on account of their comparatively high temperature in winter. The discussion connected with the nature and dimensions of water-gauges, and with respect to the conditions of the supply of water to wells is, however, reserved to a subsequent article, in which we propose to treat it incidently in connexion with the description of the best works executed in Italy, India, and Belgium.

There is a marked difference in the Italian and English systems of irrigation, to which it may be desirable to call attention before closing these general remarks; and it is one which depends upon the peculiar physical conditions of the two countries. In Italy, the rivers which are fed almost entirely by the melting of the snows of the Alps and Apennines, roll down their greatest volumes of water in the summer and the early autumnal months, or precisely at the period when the sun's

rays exercise the greatest influence. There are, therefore, greater facilities provided by nature for irrigation in these countries at the very period when it is there most required; and the Italian irrigation may, perhaps, be generally described by saying that it takes place principally during the hot season, and that it is principally applied to the grass, maize, and garden crops. In England, however, our rivers are at their lowest state in the months so favourable for the irrigation operations of Italy; and it has been found practically, or at least it is generally believed, that their application to agriculture is of the most service precisely during the cold season. Our irrigation is, in fact, a winter one, and it is exclusively confined to grass lands; or in other words, the system of working water-meadows is as nearly as possible opposite in the two regions. The general practice of the English irrigators is to turn the waters over their meadows in October, after carrying the second crop of hay; to flood them and leave them dry alternately during the winter months, at intervals of about a fortnight each; to increase the dry intervals as the spring advances, whilst the time the water is allowed to remain on the land is diminished; and to turn stock into the meadows about the end of March, or in May, according to the latitude of the particular district. About June or July, the cattle are taken off, and one or more crops of hay are saved; but when cattle are left in the meadows during the summer months, our farmers are particular in observing not to irrigate, for they have found that pouring water over the land at this season developes the rot in the feet of their stock; and, moreover, when the grass is growing for hay, they are also obliged in some cases to refrain from letting on water, because they find that the fine silt deposited on the leaves injures the quality of the grass. The Italian meadows are more particularly devoted to the production of hay, and the precautions with respect to cattle are, therefore, of less importance there than they are in our own case. In both countries, however, everybody connected with the branch of agriculture under consideration attaches as much importance to the removal of the water after it has performed its duty, as they do to its first application; and it may, indeed, be stated that the principal difference between irrigated meadows and marsh lands precisely consists in the power possessed in the former case of regulating the quantity, mode of application, and withdrawal of the water, whilst in the latter it produces its effects for good or evil without control.

We cannot conclude the present article without expressing our sense of obligation to Captain Baird Smith, and to the gentlemen connected with the Board of Public Works in India,

for the manner in which they have removed one reproach to which our scientific and technical literature was formerly liable, Captain Smith's works are, it is true, deficient in the necessary references to the theoretical portions of the subject; but the descriptive and the historical portions are so amusingly and so sensibly written, that they confer an interest upon a subject which is naturally rather unpleasant and repulsive to general readers.

To us, it appears that the history of all irrigation works in India proves that private industry is either powerless to effect any operation of this general character, or that there is no inducement for the investment of private capital in land operations. The state is there forced to do everything of this kind; and as the native Indians have not for centuries had much control over those who represent that political figment, "the state," the prosperity of their agriculture has been left entirely at the mercy of their various conquerors. We English have recently begun to open our eyes to our moral duties in these matters; but as we remarked in a former article (ECLECTIC REVIEW, August, 1857, p. 117), it is singular that the very district in which the East India Company has executed the greatest of its irrigation works, is precisely the seat of the worst of the present disturbances.

ART. III.—AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND SLAVERY.

Letters from the Slave States. By James Stirling. 8vo. London. 1857.

WHAT a day in the history of humanity was that which gave the New World to the Old! What a wealth of nature; what lands to be colonized; how many countless millions of acres spread out for tillage; what breadths of latitude, from arctic snows to tropic heats; what vast expanses of forest, prairie, valley, plain, waiting to reward the husbandman; what lakes and rivers to bear away the precious freight; what wealth beneath the soil; what an affluence of nature and of power,—carrying forth the imagination towards boundless unknown possibilities,—all poured in a single day into the lap of humanity!

Do we figure to our thoughts the founding of the American republic, when population had grown large enough to appreciate the gift?—then, such was the magnificent dower of mate-

rial wealth and promise with which her citizens were intrusted. The world, too, was approaching a new and most remarkable epoch of development; the age of invention and discovery was at hand; a few years were to do the work of centuries in promoting the material advancement of the race. American civilization fell on the era of modern progress. The sons of the new commonwealth were twice gifted; the powers of man through the growth of knowledge had received a vast expansion, whilst a field of boundless extent was spread open for their exercise.

Is this all? Or, had not the world grown wiser, too, and better, with its growing years? Did not the new age stand on the summit of all the centuries of the past? Heir to the experience of the Old World, was not the New World oldest, as Lord Bacon would account it, and most privileged of all? All republics, writes La Harpe, have had their rise in a period of public virtue. The struggle between liberty and the abuse of power is not to be witnessed except in an age of great men. And, assuredly, few periods in the history of human civilization will be regarded by the student of mankind with deeper interest, than that in which the young and vigorous republic of America set out before the world's view, to exhibit new forms of social order and political life, to grapple with the stern difficulties incident to government in whatever land, and to face new perplexities peculiar to its own.

Meanwhile, the Old World looks on, and asks at this day—What is the result? What have we to learn from this grand experiment? Is America a success, or is it not?

Mr. Stirling, the author of the interesting volume before us, answers our last question in the affirmative. America, he thinks—as most would think—is a success; and he points to its material prosperity as a rough, but not untrustworthy, criterion of national excellence. But although a success, Mr. Stirling regards America as only a modified success; and a success, not the fruit of a perfect political system, but the reward of a race, noble, energetic, and virtuous, placed in a land of peculiar promise, blessed with all possible aids, and unencumbered by the burdens which hamper most older civilizations.

The "Letters from the Slave States" which suggest our remarks, contain the reflections of a very observant traveller, who has recently spent eight or nine months in a general tour through the United States of America. In those places, and upon those subjects, of which we all know, or ought to know, as much as he can tell us, Mr. Stirling observes a most judicious silence. Much as we like his companionship, we are truly grateful to Mr. Stirling for the self-sacrifice which suppressed

the letters penned on the familiar ground of the Eastern States. The result is a volume, which from its first page contains matter fitted to interest and to instruct.

That which gives character to the book, however, is, that it is the work of a political economist,—a man of hard, Scotch intellect, full of facts and figures; an ardent lover of free trade and an honest hater of centralization; an unbeliever in whatever will not stand the test of common sense, yet one who claims in his earnest and temperate reasonings on the subject of Slavery, that if "cotton is great, conscience is greater," and that there are higher ends in human existence than the manufacture of the largest quantity of rum and molasses. When it is a question of right and wrong, we are thankful that our economist throws the rum overboard.

This distinguishing characteristic of their author imparts to these Letters a peculiar freshness as well as value. It is even amusing to observe how variously affected he is by different places, according as the principles of sound political economy are followed or transgressed. He visits Cincinnati; but the vine-clad slopes which border the Ohio painfully suggest to him prohibitory duties; wine-growing is a "picturesque mistake." On the other hand, the pork-trade of the Queen City is deeply interesting; "pork-curing is nauseous in its details, but it is blessed in its effects." He travels his thousand miles on the straight air-line of a prairie railroad; but he can never for an instant forget that the iron over which he travels has paid a thirty-per-cent. duty; such antediluvian absurdities in a young nation fill him with astonishment and disgust. The very notion of this folly, he says, stings him like a mosquito every time it crosses his mind. Cuba arouses his indignation and contempt yet more, —groaning under slavery, protection, and a government of mediæval barbarism. "What a world this will be some day," he exclaims, "when all these villanies and fatuities have been swept away!" But he turns away hopelessly,—"The gods themselves can do nothing against stupidity." Mindful of the relation between morals and the cost of food, our author quotes the price of beef. "Marriage," he maintains, "is regulated by the price of grain; virtue rises and falls with wheat; and chastity might be quoted with corn in the *Mark Lane Express*." From his intercourse with the people of the United States, Mr. Stirling carries away a profound and painful impression of the "apathy and ignorance of the Americans on all economical subjects." He finds in it an evidence of a national superficiality of thought. "I have not met," he writes, "half a dozen sound and hearty free-traders in the United States." The Democrats, who affect free-trade principles in their public

policy, he has found "in private, not one whit better informed or more zealous than their opponents."

We like the distinctive individuality thus impressed upon the book. On other topics, or in matters of detail, Mr. Stirling is occasionally misinformed, as when he speaks of unhealthiness as an almost universal characteristic of the Western prairies. At times also he misjudges, as in some of his inferences connected with the agricultural and other relations of the West. But, for that which makes up the bulk of the volume,—his calm reflections on the social and political institutions of the States, his reasonings on economical science, his quiet philosophy thrown into language full of freshness and vigour, we feel bound to express to Mr. Stirling our sincere obligations.

Whilst reflecting on the topics discussed in this volume, we have often been reminded of Montesquieu's remark, that public virtue is essential to a democracy. By the virtue of its citizens, and by nothing else, can a democracy sustain itself as a system answering the ends of government. The Americans are conscious of this; hence their constant assertion that universal education is essential to their political system—that system being one which gives an universal extension to political power. But education, if it reach the intellect alone, will not achieve the end required. America has flourished—we agree with our author—because there has been worth and wisdom in her people. She owes her prosperity, not to her institutions, except in so far as these institutions have been the expression of true civil and intellectual freedom, but to the virtue, and industry, and self-rule, and love of order, which have distinguished her population. She has yet a struggle—a severe struggle before her; and the day of victory will be that in which the pest of bad institutions and the corruptions of public life shall have been swept away before the tide of public opinion, springing forth from private virtue too pure to subsist in any defiling contact.

Whilst a warm admirer of whatever is great and good in America, and an impartial reasoner upon most of her important public questions, it is not unnatural that Mr. Stirling appears in this book somewhat prominently as a censor of evils connected with her social and political life. Let none misinterpret this, or misjudge the spirit of our own remarks on the same important subjects. It comes of no ill-will, but of affectionate sympathy for the momentous strivings of a noble people. In the course of his Letters, however, as the topics were suggested by the men and things around him, Mr. Stirling comes to treat, in his fresh, effective way, of many of the weightiest questions which now challenge the attention of the wise and good in America. With

much vigour he sets himself to expose some of the popular fallacies on public questions, which find acceptance with the American mind; he levels giant blows at the special blunder and folly of protection; he deals faithfully and earnestly with the evils and dangers which menace the country from a pseudo-democracy; and last, but weightiest question of the whole, he addresses himself to slavery, America's heaviest burden and most threatening danger; and basing his earnest reasonings on sound ethics, in union with sound politics, yet attempering zeal with tender sympathy, he reaches the conclusion that American slavery and American civilization can no longer exist together; they have already closed in deadly conflict, and sooner or later the one or the other must be destroyed.

Of the minor popular fallacies casually adverted to, in the course of Mr. Stirling's Letters, we can only point with utmost brevity to one or two, although we would not willingly underrate their importance. Amongst these a prominent one is the weakness which attaches an undue value to the expansion of territory. A very vivacious imagination and ignorance of political economy, Mr. Stirling conceives to be at the root of this pernicious error:—

"It is true," he says, "as the Americans are fond of telling us, that all England might be drowned in one of their lakes, but does that fact afford even an approximate measure of the comparative greatness of the two nations, in a material, not to say spiritual, point of view? Have not all great nations been, at first at least, small ones? Mere bulk is as little a test of strength in countries as in individual men. Nay, I am inclined to think that the extent of territory in the Northern States is a source of positive weakness rather than of strength. Concentration, not extension, is what America wants. The New England States contain only 65,038 square miles of the worst soil on the continent; and yet how large a proportion is theirs of the industrial, financial, political, and intellectual greatness of the people of the United States? Let the Americans look to New England as well as to Old England, and learn there the real source of national greatness."—Pp. 97, 98.

This lust of territory, which our author regards as one of the greatest evils of American civilization, exhibits its baleful fruit in the willing acceptance of a doctrine such as that of "manifest destiny," and the ready acquiescence of so large a portion of the South in the crimes of the filibusterer. "It is Satanic work," writes Mr. Stirling, making reference to the inflammatory appeals of Caleb Cushing, "to lull the conscience and kindle the ambitions of this fiery people. . . . The function of this Union is the ennoblement, not the subjugation, of America."

The usury laws obtaining in some of the States, may look in vain for tender treatment at the hands of so stern a political economist as Mr. Stirling. "The folly is so transparent," he wonders "how men can be so besotted." The liquor laws in force in other States give occasion to further strictures on the unsoundness of seeking to legislate morals, and of making law deal, not with crime, but with sin. The currency also comes in for its share of criticism, and leads to the exposure of further fallacies connected with the sphere of legislation.

The protective system of the United States is, however, the chief evidence, in the eyes of our stern free-trader, of the utter political doltishness of the American people, and of American legislators. From the hour of his arrival till that of his departure, the idea haunts him, that he is treading on ground burdened by one of the most antiquated and stupid policies ever invented by man. He is annoyed that such a "remnant of barbarism" should be tolerated; he questions the claim to enlightenment of a nation which can foster such a "semi-barbarous policy." A young nation, unencumbered by super-annuated institutions, or traditionary prejudices, having no old monopolies to bolster up, and no vested interests to conciliate, Mr. Stirling rightly judges to be without excuse in its astonishing adherence to the exploded system of protection. "Yet," he says, "if there is a country on earth where free-trade should find acceptance, it is here." Judged by the maxims of political economy, a protective policy is peculiarly burdensome in a country like America. There, labour and capital need especially to be husbanded, whilst the fields for industrial enterprise are boundless. Everything, therefore, should be avoided which tends to clog industry, or to divert it from its natural and most profitable employment; everything, also, which absorbs capital in profitless enterprises.

But beyond the economical error involved, Mr. Stirling well shows that protectionism has been a fruitful source of political evils in the United States. It has "created jealousies and heart-burnings between the different sections of the country." It has "fostered corruption, the reproach and bane of American administration." And it has called into existence, in place of a large and valuable yeomanry, "the mobs of New York, Philadelphia, and all the other manufacturing districts, which now make every reasoning American tremble for the future of his country." "In England, our proletarian mobs have no political franchise; they are counterbalanced by a powerful middle class, and their excesses are checked by a strong police organization. Here the mob is master; and no wise statesman would wish to

increase the power of such a master." Protection in America, therefore, is not alone a loss; it is a danger.

"Mob is master." These are words which lead us to another and a most important class of political fallacies, which Mr. Stirling, as an intelligent observer, cannot avoid commenting upon in different parts of his volume. At the bottom of that pseudo-democracy, which is so menacing an element in the political institutions of America, there lies, we are convinced, a large amount of false reasoning on the subjects of liberty, of equality, of the right rule and limitations of popular sovereignty, of that which constitutes the people, and on other questions of a kindred nature. With a limitation as to colour, the fundamental axioms of the Declaration of Independence unquestionably embody the popular sentiment of the American people, namely, that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But what is true equality? What is liberty? How are men's inalienable rights to be guarded and secured? The popular notion in America is, that every white adult male should possess a vote,—a vote for the presidency, a vote for senate and house of representatives, a vote for the legislature of his state, a vote for the magistracy, a vote for every office, high and low, which can be consigned to popular suffrage; and this rigid equality at the ballot-box is regarded as the true theory of government, and is supposed to secure the liberty and equality, as it does the sovereignty, of the people. It yet remains, however, to be proved, whether to be under the will of a numerical majority is a security for a people's liberties. A despotism from below, as Mr. Stirling remarks, is no whit better than a despotism from above. True public liberty is not, as the American mind is too apt to regard it, incompatible with restraint on the individual; rather, "law is the essential condition of liberty." Equality is not incompatible with distinction, notwithstanding the exaggerated and false notions of it, which represent service as a degradation, and compel the American people all to ride in one railway-car, and to sit at one table; notwithstanding also the absurd caricature of it, which led Henry Ward Beecher, in a lecture on Patriotism, to thank God for having deprived America in the present generation of great men such as adorned the history of the past, because the existence of such men imperils the intellectual equality of a true democracy!*

* Is there not too much reason to fear that this levelling of the intellect has gone on too much apace under the influence of a pernicious

The truth is that, as our author hints, straining after an outward material equality, the American democrat reaches little more than an artificial monotony of condition, a gross similitude of material circumstances. Yet a similitude against which there is a constant striving; witness the ceaseless race for social distinction, the passion for rank and position, the enormous efforts at distinction through expenditure, display, extravagance of whatever kind, and the general fear lest, whilst everybody proclaims that all men are equal, any one should believe they really are equal. "The truth of it is," writes our author, "that there is no equality in America, except as to the elective franchise; and that is, perhaps, the worst equality they could have."

We wish we could read in the ears of all the ultra-democracy of America the wise sayings of Montesquieu.* "The principle of democracy grows corrupt, not only when the spirit of equality is lost, but also when that of an extreme equality is assumed, and each person seeks to be the equal of those who have been chosen by him to positions of authority. Then the people, becoming impatient even of the power of which they are themselves the source, wish to do everything themselves,—to deliberate in place of the senate, to execute for the magistrates, and to exchange places with the judges." "Democracy has two extremes to avoid; the first, that of the want of equality, which leads on to aristocratic rule; the second, that of an excessive equality, which commonly terminates in despotism. The true spirit of equality is as far removed from this extreme equality, as heaven is from earth." "Political liberty does not consist in doing whatsoever one may wish. In a state, that is, in a society having laws, liberty can only consist in being free to do that which it is right to wish, and in not being compelled to do that which ought not to be wished." Liberty is not opposed to law, but should rest upon it; and liberty itself is infringed, if the citizen has power to transgress the law. Clearly so; because, as the author of the "Esprit des Lois" says, "every one would be free to do the same, and liberty would cease." "Omnes legum servi sumus, ut liberi esse possimus." Grant a nation

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form of democracy? The disappearance of great men in America is a fact only too patent to all. And notwithstanding the freedom of speech and of the press, there is too much truth in Mr. Stirling's remarks: "The uneducated or half-educated multitude is predominant, and their no-thought gives the tone to the general mind. No man dares to think for himself. To differ from the popular opinion is treason to the popular power. Men think in masses; and the sophistry of the day is the universal rule for the national mind. Under democracies, intelligence is wide-spread, but superficial; there is diffusion, but not depth."

* L'Esprit des Lois. Books viii. and xi.

wise and just laws, and Cicero's axiom will be found to embody the only true liberty that can be conceived in a state.

That the fallacious views entertained by so large a number in America, as to the functions of the people in a democracy, are a fruitful source of political and social evil, no dispassionate observer can doubt. The worst feature in the case is, that it is a growing, and a rapidly growing, evil. Political corruption, despotism from below, mob-rule, terrorism, crime, are so many forms in which the menacing danger finds shape. Briefly, but pointedly, we must advert to each of these developments of this many-sided evil.

Would we speak, first, of political corruption? The government of the United States—federal, state, and municipal—is immersed in it. So apparent is this fact, that the most lying defenders of the country now scarcely venture to deny its truth; whilst the nobler and purer amongst her sons will not soil themselves by contact with politics—often will not record their vote. "America is not ruled by her noblest men. The American ballot-box riddles away the gold, and retains the dirt." Happily, she has better men than her politicians.

Do we speak of despotism from below? Let us listen to Mr. Stirling:—

"The populace is the source of all authority, and those only can arrive at power who are willing to propitiate the populace even at the expense of principle. Hence a race of trading politicians, who live by pandering to popular whim and prejudice, while men who respect themselves, and insist on the luxury of 'keeping a conscience,' are, as a rule, shut out from all participation in public affairs. A politician here, as my informant said, is more thoroughly tongue-tied than in the most despotic state of Europe. He dare not, for his life, express an opinion hostile to that of his constituents. The first moment of his independence would be the last of his power."

Is proof needed of mob-rule? Let us remember that, in obedience to the principles of this so-called democracy, year by year, the authority of the government has been undermined in favour of the "sovereign people," until now it can protect for its lord neither his life nor his property. "Every important office, even the sacred one of judge, has now become subjected to the fitful fancies of a vulgar crowd."

Is evidence asked of terrorism and crime? Let us call to mind the dark deeds of Kansas; let us remember the complete subjection of judicial power in that territory to the demands of the tyrant faction which enjoyed the political ascendancy. Or, is Kansas too remote? Let us read Mr. Stirling's testimony concerning New Orleans, founded on the report of the Attorney-General for

Louisiana. Crime is there represented as the ruling element in New Orleans, and illustration is given in the number of homicides pending before the first district court at the date of the report, which amounted to not less than 85 out of a population of only 116,375. The same proportion would give London from eighteen to nineteen hundred simultaneously waiting to answer a charge of death! Yet the number of cases brought before justice furnishes, according to the same high authority, no criterion of the extent of crime. The criminal, he states, too commonly, goes unpunished, because to lodge a complaint is to take the risk of assassination. The whole municipal administration is in the hands of a certain political party; that party rules the polling-booths, and secures in the magistracy those who are devoted to its interests, and will wink at its enormities.* The "Thugs" of New Orleans are in their service, — that name being the designation of a body of men who nightly and daily assail innocent inhabitants, and especially foreigners living in New Orleans. Quiet, order-loving residents, finding no support from the law, have been compelled to threaten the organization of a committee of vigilance. The Attorney-General suggests the likelihood, and vindicates the right when law fails, of a resort to summary justice, in other words, lynch-law,—a justice which, he hints, may not only be administered against the unpunished criminals, but also against the unpunishing representatives of the law who occupy the magisterial bench.

Lastly, let it not be supposed that these evils of political corruption, mob-rule, terrorism, and crime, are confined to the more remote sections of the Union, or to such essentially southern cities as New Orleans. Had we the desire, we could easily display to view such a picture of debased rule in the Empire City itself—of crime in the low, and corruption in the high places of that city, as would make thoughtful men shudder for the future of the people. It is as true of New York as it is of New Orleans, that the tax-paying portion of the community is in complete subjection to the tax-levying portion, namely, "the penniless multitude laying on the tax, the powerless few paying it;" equally true, that those who most support the city have the least agency in directing public opinion, and in controlling public affairs; that the magistrates are not instruments

* Mr. Stirling illustrates this control of the polling-booths, and at the same time exhibits the tactics followed by free and independent voters. He says: "During the late election, this organized body prevented all free voting, except at one polling-booth, where a dozen bold young men of the opposite party marched up, with a pistol in each hand, and threatened to shoot down the first man who should obstruct a voter."

for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well; that the criminal is in many respects a freer man than the upright citizen; that a pure and honourable character is the worst qualification for the aspirant after the control of municipal affairs; and that every election of whatever kind, is a fresh holiday of corruption, and presents a fresh evidence of the danger of placing the chief power in the hands of a rabble mob.

Are we not reminded of the *Convivium* of Xenophon? Charmides was the classic interpreter of a hundred thousand who now crowd the streets of the chief city of the new republic, when he spoke the praises of poverty: "When I was rich, I was in continual fear. I was forced to keep in fee a swarm of retainers, who always had it in their power to injure me, whilst I had no means of retaliating. I had to pay taxes, and to discharge public offices at my own expense; neither could I avoid this by removal. But, now that my estate is gone, and I am reduced to poverty, I sleep wonderfully sound, and stretch upon my bed as one fearless of officers. The government is no longer jealous of me; thieves cause me no terror; but others are now afraid of *me!* What is freedom, if this is not? Besides, rich men now respect me; they rise to yield me the chair, or move aside in walking to give me the wall. Formerly, I was a complete slave; now I am a king. I then paid tribute to the republic; now, the republic pays tribute to me, for it supports me. Finally, when I had my estates, they were always being reduced; now that they are gone, I am without fears, for I have nought to lose. I cannot but hope, for gain is the only casualty that can happen to me."

We have strong faith that the corrupt conditions we have described will not long continue to reproach the vaunted self-government of America. The rule of ochlocracy cannot last long. They are but the growth of recent years,—the fruit of principles of government very widely differing from those professed by the founders of the Republic. It has been America's misfortune that her people have unconsciously changed their views of the functions of a democracy, and the right relations of the government and the people. In the meantime, the name remains unchanged, and the people are deluded with the belief that they are still walking in the faith of their fathers. The illustrious Washington, "first in war, first in peace," is still "first also in the hearts of his countrymen;" but could the great man rise from the grave, he would be filled with consternation at the new principles actuating the public mind, and embodied in the public rule, and would be still more startled to observe these new principles finding shelter beneath his own

name. Every year, however, makes the growing evil more apparent. Every year adds to the number of that cultivated conservative class—"the sheet-anchor of the nation," as Mr. Stirling says—which is growing up beneath the crass democracy which overshadows the land. There is a latent force of worth and wisdom among the people, chaotic it may be as yet, and little influencing public affairs, but which is every day gathering strength, and which will not permit the ship of state wholly to drift away under its present faithless guides. The English traveller is probably better able than the native of the States to estimate the increasing number of that portion of the population which recognises the dangers of the present rule, and waits and hopes for the dawning of a brighter day. Such sentiments are less frequently disclosed in American society; but the Englishman, as he mixes with the more intelligent and large-minded of the people, becomes as familiar with the story of democratic oppression, as in his intercourse with the wise and good on the continent of Europe, he becomes familiar with that of the tyranny of absolute power. It matters less to know in what way deliverance may come. For ourselves, we believe the change will be a peaceful one, the evils of existing politics yielding before the weight of enlightenment and virtue. It may be sufficient to know that the germ of hope is there, in the solid worth of this growing class, who are wiser than their counsellors, and better than their rulers. Their voice may seldom as yet be heard in public affairs. But those who have faith in the just and the true will scarcely doubt the ultimate triumph of their testimony, although for the present almost a silent one. And, in the hour of their country's need, when hands for high achievement may be wanted, whether to overthrow oppression or to lay afresh the foundations of order and peace, these true patriots will not be wanting to redeem their country's name.

We are brought to the last topic we had proposed for ourselves in commenting upon the burdens under which America labours,—that of slavery; and we regret, in justice to the subject, as well as to Mr. Stirling's admirable remarks upon it, that we must reduce our observations within the narrowest limits.

Of slavery, it is little to say that it is America's sorest plague and heaviest burden, her direst calamity and the most serious stumbling-block to her advancement. The South, we know, will rebut our charge *de fond en comble*. Her darling institution cannot be a plague to society; the institution to which Britain owes three-fourths of her cotton, and America so large a portion of her wealth, cannot be pronounced a calamity, or regarded as an obstacle to a country's progress. Here, then, we are dis-

tinctly at issue. Briefly let us examine the main points of variance between a North-side and a South-side view of slavery.

The Southerner starts the argument by pointing to the smiling faces of his negroes, and insisting that they are the happiest creatures in the world. Freed from anxiety about work and wages, provided for in sickness and in age, commonly well fed and cared for, leading more frequently an indolent than a laborious life,—the slave-owner asks, what more enviable lot could be desired, and would fain terminate all discussion by the few short words, "They are happier than their master."

Now, so many occasions has the master in many instances for unhappiness, so perverse also is human nature, and so much, we might add, is contentment the natural characteristic of the negro race, that the assumption may not unfrequently be verified in fact. But side by side with this admission, we must in justice place the instances in which the master is not actuated by humane feelings, together with the insecurity as to the future, which is of necessity associated with the most favoured present. Mr. Stirling had been but a few days on slave soil, when, having passed the night at a roadside inn, he learned, after starting on his journey, that one of the female servants, "a tall, melancholy-looking mulatto girl, was to be flogged as soon as we went off, because our breakfast had been somewhat late." Were any good purpose served, we could fill our sheet with narratives of barbarity that have come under our own observation. These may be all "exceptional cases," as the defenders of slavery ever assure us; but we object to a system which covers so many of these unhappy exceptions. Brutality is doubtless less frequent among American slave-owners than in former times. But our opinion of slavery is not to be determined by a balancing of the number of St. Clairs, as set off against that of the Legrees. We object wholly to a system in which the lot of an immense population is absolutely dependent on the less or more of humanity in those who claim them as their property; and in which happiness or misery, even life or death, are left at the uncontrolled caprice of a few individuals. The system is not right, which makes room for these only too frequent exceptions. And if the whipping to death of a slave by his master is to be described as an "exceptional case," we want to know, with Mr. Stirling, why we never have an "exceptional case" of a slave-owner hanged for such a bloody outrage?

But, once for all, we would say, the question of material happiness is not that which can determine the right or the wrong of slavery. We yield too much when we argue the question

of slavery on such grounds. It is possible that man has higher ends to live for than mere physical enjoyment. Were all true that the defender of slavery says concerning the wretchedness of our labouring population, and the frightful sufferings incident to the competition of free labour, we should still glory in freedom as preserving to man the true dignity of his being, and should deprecate an easy, indolent slavery, as robbing man of that discipline of toil which Providence has imposed upon him for the ennoblement of his nature, and the attainment of the high ends of his existence. Again, were all planters' stories true, and were the slave as "happy" as they would have us to believe, we should feel that the first step had not been made good towards vindicating the justice or excellence of the system; on the contrary, we should feel with Mr. Stirling, that "such a consummation were the supremest evidence of its accursedness."

"If slavery," he writes, "could really so brutalize men's minds as to make them hug their chains, and glory in degradation, it would be, in my eyes, doubly cursed. But it is not so; the slaves are *not* 'happy,' and I thank God for it. There is manhood enough left in them to make them at least unhappy. Therefore, there is hope for them. What would the worm be that could not even turn? I hold that man is 'an end unto himself,' and that to use him as a 'brute means' to the ends of other men, is to outrage the laws of God. This is to me the 'Law and the Prophets,' in the matter of human liberty; and I disdain to enter into any huckstering, pettifogging calculations of 'happiness.' I take my stand far above the atmosphere of happiness or unhappiness, when I argue the question as a matter of right and wrong."

Much after the same manner would we deal with the second most frequent argument of the slave-holder. He asserts that slavery is indispensable; if an evil, a necessary evil; that the world must have its sugar, and rice, and cotton; and that slave-culture is absolutely essential to the production of these necessaries. Nay, the South presses home the argument, insisting against the North, that were the Southern cotton-fields to be swept away, Northern industry would cease to find a market; and venturing even to say of England, in a spirit of gentle exaggeration, that it is as dependent in the second stage on the maintenance of slave labour, as itself is dependent in the first. This argument again is to be doubly met:—

First, it is false in point of fact. The expression, so often heard in the South, to the effect that "cotton is king," conveys a gross exaggeration as to the relative importance of cotton as a product of the United States. Mr. Stirling takes the census of

1850, and shows that during the preceding year the cotton crop only reached 7½ per cent. of the aggregate value of the agricultural products of the States; that the value of the Indian corn produced was three times that of the cotton; and that even the ignoble hay crop had, within a small fraction, as much claim to be designated the pillar of American greatness as the boasted cotton crop of the South. But again, it is false to represent slave culture as essential to the production of cotton. Mr. Olmsted, in his interesting volume on Texas, has given us ample evidence of the availability of free labour in the cultivation of cotton; the quality of that raised by the free German population of that state being even superior to that produced by slave labour. The argument utterly fails where it is attempted to establish any indispensable connexion between cotton and slavery.

But we revert to our second mode of meeting the argument, and would say that it is at least doubtful whether the production of cotton is the chief end of man. "No expediency can justify an unrighteousness," says Mr. Stirling. "Cotton is great, but conscience is greater," he reiterates. Emancipation may have seriously diminished the amount of sugar and rum produced in Jamaica; but, although it had been ruinous as an industrial measure, the ethics of the question would be in no wise affected; and "no ruin, even though the British Empire had fallen with Jamaica, could cloud the glory of that great act of national justice." For ourselves, we are convinced that, were an act of emancipation to be passed in the island of Cuba, less sugar would be produced; the slaves would not be so overwrought, and the planters would not be so rich. But we have yet to learn that the measure of production of sugar and molasses is the criterion of the righteousness of an institution. It may not be a Divine end, that a few score of planters should be enriched by the sufferings of thousands of their fellow-men. There are other gains besides money gains. The planters themselves might be richer, because better men, with less sugar in their fields; and their consciences might gain what their pockets lost, if the soil of their island were less often reddened with the blood of their slaves.

We are not contented, however, to meet the arguments by which slavery is defended. We would desire to convince its advocates that on political, social, and economical grounds, their system is a positive and most weighty burden—a gross error of which they themselves have to bear the consequences —an incalculable obstruction to their country's advancement. In this we say nothing of it as a mighty wrong, a tyranny over a whole race; into the argument concerning which no suggestions

of expediency can ever be admitted. Few in the Southern States will consent to rest the argument on moral grounds. They are satisfied that their clergy and professors of moral philosophy have written large volumes to prove that slavery is no sin, but contrariwise a blessing to the subject race; and when we look into these volumes, we find we have to lay afresh the first principles of ethics, before we can come to an agreement with their authors. But we may gain a hearing, if we can prove to the people of the South that their institution is a wrong to themselves; that it is not their gain, but their misfortune; and that, could they rid themselves of the system, they would free their country of one of its most oppressive burdens. We candidly confess that we have more hope of this argument having weight with the bulk of the upholders of slavery, than any appeal, either to their philanthropy or to their moral convictions. Slave-owners are sick of hearing of the wrongs of the blacks; but we think we can already discern a disposition among a large and increasing class of them, to consider whether the white race is not suffering under a very grievous oppression, and we will most gladly aid them in the perception of their own wrongs, if haply we may thus hasten the emancipation both of bondsman and oppressor.

In these pages we can but indicate in brief outline a few of the grounds on which slavery may be demonstrated as a calamity to the white population that upholds it. And of these we would first beg attention to its pernicious influence as affecting the *social* relations of the people. We know that the South has much to say of the refining tendency of their favourite institution, and they contrast with much satisfaction the high-breeding of their generous, open-hearted planters, with the "look-out-for-yourself" of the Northern Yankee. But who are these Southern gentlemen? A few hundred thousand individuals at the utmost, descendants in great part of our old cavaliers, who by wealth, station, and influence, occupy the most elevated position in the social state, and between whom and the million beneath them there is little intercourse and less community. Does it prove much to say that this elect aristocracy consists for the most part of gentlemen? Our own wonder has been, that as respects refinement and cultivation the "upper ten thousand" of the South have so little to show for all their advantages. But, on the other hand, if we regard the mass of the people in the Southern states, a more uncultivated, ignoble, and ill-conditioned population it would be hard to find. We are ashamed that the Anglo-Saxon race should have sunk so low. Their own Jefferson said of slavery, that "the man must be a prodigy

who can retain his manners and morals undepraved" whilst living in the midst of such a system. And were slavery to be judged by the social conditions to which it gives rise, no admirer of true civilization could give it his approval.

Another great social evil resulting from slavery, is the absence of that liberty and equality, of which America is so proud. We are not here referring to the coloured race, to whom, by the nature of slavery, these privileges are denied; but to the white population of the South, amongst whom freedom of thought and speech are unknown, and equality in all the relations in which it is to be desired, is vainly affected. Mr. Stirling is right when he says, that in politics there is no toleration in the South. "It is a sheer, downright despotism, without liberty of thought or speech." Whilst the well-educated are kind and hospitable, he finds the "lower set of people morose and suspicious. They dog your steps, and watch your every word. I had to endure more espionage on the Mississippi than in Austrian Italy. There you have to do only with paid professional spies; here your fellow-traveller is your spy." Again, "the South is a downright oligarchy." The populous mass must think as the planters think, and are in effect their veriest vassals. Besides a pervading aristocratic feeling, there is, as Mr. Stirling remarks, a very anti-democratic inequality of fortune. "A fraction of the population monopolizes the principal property of the community. The politics of the country are quite in keeping with this state of matters. The South is ruled by its leaders; the poor of the community, the 'white trash,' go with their lords."

For our own part, did we wish to infuse social discomfort into any country, we would ask nothing more than that which the Southern States so painfully possess, namely, a forbidden subject. There is a subject on which you may not speak, yet may not be silent. Speaking, you may not differ; and being silent, you may not seem to act from a courteous indulgence. Acquiescing, you are not believed; and differing, you are deemed to commit a wrong. You hold your own opinion, and you are adjudged, not as erring in judgment, but as one guilty of an injury. There is a skeleton in the house; woe betide you, if you allude to it. Yet your host knows whither your thoughts are running; your silence is more painful to him than speech.

And truly we do not wonder, also, that suspicion and dread so largely occupy the slave-holder's mind. All around him is danger—a danger which grows more imminent with every year's growing intelligence and desire for freedom. Mr. Stirling passed through the south-western States at the time of the insurrectionary outbreaks which occurred in Tennessee and

adjoining States, after the agitation of the late Presidential election. We all remember how many scores were hung, or burnt, or whipped to death, for supposed participation in the attempt. Our author gives evidence, which, had we space, we would have gladly quoted, of the alarming extent of country over which this movement was organized, spreading not merely over the northern Slave States, but reaching through the south as far east as Florida, and as far west as Texas. The South sits upon a volcano. But it proposes to itself no other remedy than increased severity. With every insurrection, the chain is locked the tighter. But compression, as Mr. Stirling says, only increases the explosive force of disaffection. "When it comes to nailing down the safety-valve, it is a bad look-out for all concerned. Terrorism does not pacify a people. It only changes complaint into conspiracy. Can the South exist with its whole labouring population in a state of chronic insurrection? Can a community of six millions afford to have four millions of conspirators in its bosom? Curfew laws, passes, increased police, 'mounted patrols'—all will not avail so long as the generating cause of discontent exists. The only way to extinguish slave disaffection is, to extinguish slavery."

We have sought to show that slavery is a grievous social calamity. It is no less a *political* misfortune. We have omitted reference to some of the important social evils connected with the system, and especially to that greatest of all, which may be inferred from the fact, that of the domestic slaves a majority already are mulatto. The gentlest blood of Virginia, it is said, flows in the veins of the slaves. Did the American law define the child's condition to be that of the father, in place of the mother, we should have a wholesale emancipation. But we have passed this subject, and shall be compelled to treat with equal brevity the political evils which spring from the existence of slavery. We would only remind our readers that it is a most disastrous thing to have a controversy like that which now exists between North and South, raging through the country, pervading all politics, interfering with all public questions, and preventing the peaceful prosecution of the great ends of government. We would point to the whole history of what is called the Democratic party in America, and ask if it is well that the interest of a few thousand men should possess in a government a power so preponderating, that it rules all public affairs, fills almost all public offices, and shapes after its own manner all public policy. Lastly, we would suggest only the thought of disunion, the terror of every true-born American, and ask whether an institution is to be fostered which makes the dreaded incubus a possibility, and if mutual jealousy and hatred are so

to be accounted, makes a disunion between North and South already morally accomplished.

We come now to the pernicious *economical* results of slavery, a subject which we would have desired to dwell upon more at large, from our conviction that it will operate more speedily than any other to bring about a change of sentiment in the slave-holders of the South. We believe their conscience to be most easily affected through the medium of their pockets. Were they thoroughly convinced that slavery is a pecuniary loss, and that emancipation would be a pecuniary gain, we believe their whole moral philosophy, biblical interpretation, and, better still, their practical conduct, would be changed to-morrow. New England itself would not be able to show abolitionists more rabid than would then be seen in the cities of Richmond, Charleston, and New Orleans. The whole face of the South would be changed in a day.

Yet it is not difficult to show that slavery is a loss. Few question it. M. de Tocqueville, years ago, insisted on the visible contrast between the northern and southern banks of the Ohio, as to the condition of the agriculture, and the whole evidences of material prosperity. Every traveller repeats the observation. Let any Northern and Southern state be compared together: in the one there is every mark of progress, enterprise, industry, prosperity; in the other, stagnation, poverty, barbarism, meet the eye at every turn. The two portions of the Union started fairly in the beginning of their history. The South had the advantage of a richer soil and more favourable climate. Yet, as the public census returns show, the density of population in the South has reached little more than one-half of that now attained in the North. The Free States have improved one-half more of their lands, and their industry has made the average value of those lands more than three times that of the richer lands cultivated by slavery. The value of the entire production of the Free States is sixty per cent. greater in proportion to the population than that of the Slave States. The public enterprise of the North, measuring it by its railways and canals, is more than double that of the South; whilst, if we touch on a subject so delicate as education, we are constrained to accept the figures of the census, and to say that amongst the native white population the number returned as devoid of education in the Slave States is nearly as four to one when compared with the number in the Free. All these facts, which are but the statistical form of that which strikes the eye of every traveller, are so many evidences that the material progress—and that which is of higher value than material progress—of the Slave States cannot

compete with that of the Free States. We would go much further than Mr. Stirling does in estimating the de-civilizing influence of slavery. But his sober testimony is more than sufficient. No thoughtful Southerner will dispute the fact, that throughout the vast extent of the Union, wherever slavery exists, the land is less cultivated, enterprise is more restricted, the wealth of the community is more limited in the ratio of its increase, and civilization is less advanced, than in the portions of the country cultivated by free labour. Slavery is distinctly a loss.

It is less easy to show that emancipation would be a gain. The enormous sacrifice connected with the surrender of slave property always stands in the way of the slave-owner, and is held forth as an insuperable barrier to any possible scheme of emancipation. Yet it were an easy thing to show that, were a system of free labour (supposing such to be introduced) to do for the South that which it has done for the North, even the gigantic sum represented by the present value of slave property would speedily be realized. We say nothing here of the value of unimproved lands, which the government might well spare for so grand and ultimately profitable an object. This would pay off the vast demand. But our desire is to call attention to the fact, that were the value of the land at present under cultivation in the Southern States, to rise by the introduction of a free system, to that now attained by the less fertile land of the Northern States, every planter would be enriched, although he were to give his slaves their freedom to-morrow. And, upon the border-states, where the benefits of freedom are within view, and where slave labour is less valuable because less secure, we rejoice to know that many are beginning to recognise the advantages which free labour would bring, and to act upon these newly gained convictions. Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee already show a beneficial fruit. Kentucky is far from unwilling to adopt a free system. Missouri, so violent at one time in its crusade against freedom in Kansas, has since by its elections given proof of a changed faith. Maryland and Delaware have little of slavery remaining in them; whilst Texas in the South is largely cultivated by German free labourers. To these hopeful indications we may add the growing hostility to slavery amongst the trading community of the Southern cities, and particularly among the younger portion of the population. Mr. Stirling gives cheering testimony as to the existence of this new and encouraging element. As yet, he says, it is concealed; the movement has not attained form—not even consciousness; but from it he augurs most hopefully as to the future.

Were we asked the question, How is slavery to be got rid of?—we should give answer, that our chief expectation is in the working out of natural economic causes, aided by the impulse given by a spreading conviction that slavery is a burden from which deliverance is to be sought, rather than a benefit to be retained. We believe that the small body of planters, as soon as they perceive that they would be better, safer, happier, richer, without slavery than with it, will give their serious consideration to the question, how best to accomplish so desirable a result. The large body of Southerners, not owning slaves themselves, will soon forsake the old banner, when slavery has lost its *prestige*, and the conviction gains ground that it has been a blunder and a folly. Once let the South desire the change, and the means of its accomplishment will speedily be devised. Not through political power and the votes in Congress—we think Mr. Stirling over-estimates what may be expected from this source—but through natural economic adjustments, it is possible that the giant wrong may be abated sooner than many now anticipate. Our demand for cotton is already so rapidly overtaking the possibility of supply by the slave labour of the United States,—the price of slaves has already reached a height so excessive when compared with free labour,—may not the time come, as Mr. Stirling suggests, when slavery shall be impossible, and when the slave-owner shall be driven in self-defence to the adoption of a free system?

Whether emancipation come sooner or later, we thoroughly agree with the author of these "Letters from the Slave-States," that "the deliverance of the South must be a growth—a gradual progress towards enlightened and efficient industry." Provision must be made whereby to develope the capacities, and raise the intellectual and moral condition of the slave. "The elevation and the emancipation of the negro must go hand in hand." And to this end there must be a reversal of those influences which have hitherto degraded him. To quote our author's words: "We cannot make a moral intelligence of a being we use as a mere muscular power. But let us treat the negro as a man, and we restore to him the consciousness of a human will. When we respect his rights, he will feel his duties. And so, gradually, the negro slave will rise from his abasement: he will work harder, more intelligently, and more cheerfully; he will become a better worker, and a nobler man; his self-reliance, self-control, and self-respect will grow apace, and at length he will approve himself fit for freedom and worthy of citizenship."

ART. IV.—THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF CASTE.

1. *A Gazetteer of the Territories under the Government of the East India Company, and of the Native States of the Continent of India.* By Edward Thornton. Allen & Co.
2. *The Theory and Practice of Caste.* By B. A. Irving. Smith & Elder.

THE existence of caste as an institution venerable in its origin, and of powerful influence in the country of its adoption, is a fact generally known. By those accustomed to regard the territories of India through the light of idealized record as regions of unparalleled fertility, yielding bountifully all the elements of material affluence, where the earth gives forth her fruit unsparingly, where mines teem with costliest merchandise, and where waters roll over golden beds—the mediæval East of Mandeville or Marco Polo, glittering with the marvels and enchantments wrought by extravagance, even by those versed but in those dim lights of tradition revealing the palace of Prester John—the idea of caste is associated as inseparably bound up with the social usages of India. Not the less has this idea imbued the minds of those whose predilections incline them to modern sources of enlightenment more reliable if not so dazzling; while we find students of Indian history following in the pages of Mill or Elphinstone, not only the fascinating chronicle of English conquests in the triumphs of Clive and Hastings, but seeking an elucidation of Indian social laws in the operation of caste as a fact no less remarkable, important, and essential to the right understanding of these laws, than the customs of suttee, infanticide, or idol-worship. One unvarying explanation of this extraordinary institution has been transmitted from time to time. This interpretation, just as regards theory, if ever, which is very doubtful, applicable in a practical sense, is so no longer. Thus, spite the recognition of the importance of caste, the greatest misconception has existed in the popular mind as to this essential element of Eastern nationality. Its divisions and sub-divisions, with the maze of superstitious observances to which its corruptions have given rise, render it, indeed, extremely difficult to comprehend or explain; but though inappreciable probably, in some measure, except by the native mind, some points are, nevertheless, sufficiently obvious on careful inquiry, in its principal features and relations, to unable us to arrive at a just conception of its nature and operations. The characteristics of the theory as shown in the accounts of numerous writers, it is true, appear simple; though

the infinite forms in which these operate, the multiplied customs and ceremonies resulting from their agency, render it complex in the extreme; so that a correct notion of the elaborate details into which the system ramifies, and its identification under the most diverse and anomalous phases, is next to impossible. Caste as represented by Schlegel and other writers is that pourtrayed in the ancient Vedas, environed, like the Mosaic law, by stringent ordinances and penalties. Mr. Horace St. John, in his "History of British Conquests in India," states: "that Professor Wilson's remarkable success in the translation of the 'Rigveda,' is clearing the way for the march of those intellectual forces which are to shake, shatter, and level the gloomy but stupendous fabric of Brahminical superstition. Thousands of intelligent Hindoos are perceiving from the witness of their own religious books—the scriptures and canons of their ancient faith—that the priesthood has deluded them with monstrous traditionary legends and false interpolations, invented to furnish resources for the fund of sacerdotal craft, in the credulity of an ignorant multitude." Thus, the prevailing idea of caste has been drawn from the commentaries of arrogant, intolerant Brahmins, rather than from the form under which it was accepted by, and influential among the people.

In the code of Menu, having for its foundation the sacred books to which it bears constant testimony, we find the whole race of Hindoos included in the following divisions of the sacerdotal, the military, the industrious or mercantile, and the servile classes. The first of these, the Brahmins, are said to have issued from the mouth of Brahma; the second, the Cshatrya, from his arm; the third, Vaisya, from his thigh; and the fourth, the Sudras, from his foot. The inference of this allegory is, of course, to give nobility, power, and privilege to the Brahmin, the bestowal of which does not exempt him, however, from certain fixed duties. The priestly office and work of legislation are assigned to him, the first of these involving a diligent study of the Vedas, which he is to read aloud and expound. The offering of sacrifice, as well as assisting others to offer it, is incumbent upon him; the bestowal of alms, and the acceptance of gifts. To maintain an exterior appropriate to his venerable calling, he is "always to appear clean and decent, having his hair and beard clipped, his body pure, his mantle white, and bearing a staff and a copy of the Vedas in his hand, and bright golden rings in his ears." That he is to shun all frivolous amusements, and to keep his passions subdued, is an accompaniment to this clause. Yet he is not required to fast or subject himself to needless severities, so that the restrictions of his class are slight compared with the

honours and benefits accorded it. The Brahmin is regarded as the chief of human creatures, to whom the world is dedicated, and whose favours or denunciations surpass in force the fulminations of the Olympian god. He could by his power, also, form fresh worlds and give life to gods and men. Hence the profound respect with which he inspires even kings. By a curious contradiction, the same power which could injure or destroy existence in others, was not sufficient for the preservation of his own, and the life and property of the Brahmin were to be protected by the most stringent laws, the contempt of which was punished severely. Thus all offences against him were chastised with fearful rigour, while his own were treated with remarkable lenity. Stealing gold or injuring cattle, or any other property belonging to a Brahmin, involves penalties of extraordinary severity. While so many enactments exist for the preservation of their possessions, there are an equal number for increasing them. Every religious ceremony includes presents to the Brahmins, and by lavish offerings the worst penances can be commuted. If a Brahmin finds a treasure, he keeps the whole of it; if found by another person, the king takes it, giving one-half to the Brahmins. Their property—not having descendants—is divided among their own class, while that of other classes, under such circumstances, is forfeited to the king. They are exempt from taxation, liberality towards them is incumbent upon all, and their maintenance is enforced upon the state, should they be reduced to poverty. As a lesson in humility necessary to counteract such favoritism, the early period of the life of a Brahmin is to be devoted to menial services. He then has to perform servile offices for his preceptor, provide logs for sacrifice, and beg from door to door; while during another period he becomes an anchorite, and clad in bark or the skin of the black antelope, lives silent and solitary, feeding on roots or berries.

Next in rank are the Cshatryas, or military class; these possessing, in some sort, a sacred character as essential to the welfare of the Brahmin; the precepts of Menu supporting a principle equivalent to our Church and State union in assuming the prosperity of both to depend on their alliance. Like the Brahmins, they boasted immunities in criminal law, though in an inferior degree. Their duty was to give alms; also to read the Vedas, to shun earthly temptations, but principally to defend the people. The Cshatryas alone engrossed the military profession and the executive government, the Brahmins interpreting only the laws.

Upon the Vaisyas, the mercantile class, devolved the reading of the Vedas, but their chief employment consisted in attending herds of cattle, in the interchange of commerce, in money-lending,

and in the occupations of agriculture. Such were the heterogeneous duties of the Vaisyas, requiring a diverse and somewhat extensive knowledge for their performance. Whilst these three classes enjoyed equality to a certain degree, uniting together in important rites, and together receiving the benefits of legislation and religion, the fourth, the miserable Sudras, were degraded to a condition surpassing in its wretchedness that of the villain of the mediæval age. Forbidden to accumulate property, and having every source of emolument or distinction, nay, almost of subsistence, closed to them, all chance of amelioration was hopeless. Nor were they permitted to look to a future world for indemnity, since not even transmigration, it was considered, could effect any material change in their condition. Though devoted to the service of the Brahmin, the Sudra received not in return any spiritual enlightenment or consolation from that supreme functionary. The precepts of the law forbade them even to open the Vedas. A Brahmin cannot receive an offering from him, nor eat what is cooked by his hand The greatest submission is required from him, and impertinence is to be expiated by having his tongue slit. Should he lecture a Brahmin, hot oil is to be poured into his mouth; should he listen to scandal against him, hot lead into his ears. So lightly is the existence of a Sudra esteemed, that the penalty for killing him is the same as for killing a lizard or a frog. We see, therefore, that the laws of Menu include ordinances of the most glaring injustice and oppression, the practice of which in their fullest significance it is difficult to imagine to have ever been in vogue even among the pliant and weak-willed Hindoos. History, it is true, is not wanting in precedents of the existence of systems of slavery for certain periods, yet these have never prevailed for centuries with the universal consent, nor can we conceive them to have done so, though favoured by the apathetic immutability of the East. At all events, it is satisfactory to reflect that such precepts are now obsolete, at least in their actual interpretations. Notwithstanding, it is doubtless owing to the prestige of its sacred origin, that caste has exercised its marvellous influence. But it is in the spirit of the tenets rather than in the letter, that it has remained; as the influence of feudalism might endure long after actual serfdom was abolished. Certain it is that the orders as well as the titles of Cshatryas and Vaisyas are no longer known. In place of these there exists an infinite variety of castes bearing more the character of guilds, or associations for mutual benefit and intercourse, which derive a nomenclature either from the province in which they arise or from their founder. The confederations prevail equally among the Mussulmen and Parsees as well as the Hindoos, and sometimes in an extraordinary

proportion, the number of associations in Bengal alone amounting to some hundreds. The rules of these, infinitely diversified and curiously interwoven with native and local idiosyncracies, frequently degenerate into mere formalities, yet regulate the minutest circumstances of life, as courtesy among the Chinese is never forgotten, though degraded into mere fantastic ceremony. Occasionally, we have presented some observance in which the distinction made is so inconsistent that it appears absolutely inconceivable to a rational mind; as, for instance, that the domestic who sweeps your room should refuse to take a cup from your hand; and the servant who grooms your horse should feel insulted by a request to mow some grass for its sustenance.

The testimony of history goes far to prove that a strict interpretation of the laws of caste was never for any length of time in active operation, from the repeated instances of men of the humblest origin having attained to sovereign power. As among us the influence of wealth has overcome even *prestige* of birth. Opulent members of the *bourgeois* class have been privileged to compete with aristocracy, and the latter have even sometimes become subordinate. Through this process of inversion it is not unfrequent for a Brahmin to find employment, having made himself a proficient cook under some prosperous Sudra. In this case, the most singular incongruities result. All food prepared by a Brahmin is pure, and consequently eatable by his master, whose use of the plates, however, cause them to be polluted, and his domestic will not touch them. The difficulty of comprehending these superstitions is increased by the fact that they cannot be reduced to any regular standard, depending as they do on local or family peculiarities totally opposed. In Bengal and Orissa, fish is universally eaten, while in some quarters it is held in abhorrence. The Hindoo aversion to animal food is well known, and such is the hatred of pork that thousands have died from famine rather than violate their prejudices; yet the majority will eat the flesh of the deer and wild boar when not killed by their own hands. A short-tailed sheep is eaten when a long-tailed one they will not touch, and those who shrink from poultry will devour jungle fowl. In certain districts the Brahmins to whom all animal food is forbidden, will nevertheless partake of the flesh of any animal whatever. With some castes, pork is the chief diet; with others, only beef is prohibited.

The same contradictions occur with respect to other matters. An earthen pot, for instance, is polluted irretrievably when touched by one of inferior caste, whilst a metal one suffers no such injury, So trivial are the differences sometimes, that many castes are distinguished from each other only by the colour

or fashion of their clothes. The debasing effect of this maze of delusive superstitions into which the system of caste has degenerated, is alone an irrefutable argument against it. An extraordinary obliquity of moral perception and principle are manifested through its influence, giving rise to the repeated perjuries of Hindoo witnesses, for when summoned against any one associated with them through caste, it is considered a duty to swear to everything which can tell in his favour. These perversions constitute a formidable obstacle to enlightened regulations, and the procedure of justice according to English routine. As a theory, caste involves doctrines of the grossest injustice, founded upon the most despotic principles of absolutism. The modification even of its spirit in practice is prolific of servility on the one hand, and the tyranny of self-exaltation on the other; the support of a social policy utterly opposed to the introduction of English affinities and sentiments — the nationality of England, deriving its nobility from the recognition of equality in a common enjoyment among all orders of the benefits of religion, law, and government. It is true that the immunities of rank among us too frequently prevail to the detriment of strict justice and integrity, and that the trammels of etiquette resulting from these class-distinctions are vigorously enforced; yet liberal education and superiority of character go far to destroy these prejudices, unsanctioned by what we are accustomed to regard as our highest standard of ethics, and unenforced but by the caprice of arbitrary regulation or custom. Beyond all, they are undermined by the influences of the Christian faith, and by the great principle it establishes of the equality of all men before their Maker. This it is which constitutes the marked difference between the Hindoo social creeds and our own (occasionally less irrational and frivolous), that while theirs is supported by sacred authority—the cause, indeed, of its dominion—Revelation with us disclaims them entirely. Caste has not wanted advocates, however, who describing it as a salutary institution, have nevertheless been unable to refute facts proving beyond doubt its evil effects considered with reference to the welfare of the Hindoos as a race, while it militates powerfully against those objects which it is the aim of our civilization to accomplish. As destructive of all public spirit, it is highly injurious. No patriotic sense exists, binding all in the unanimity of brothers through one common bond—the love of country. Hence, the ease with which successive invaders have overrun the Indian territories. Connected with this is the characteristic apathy of the Asiatic, which renders him insensible to the desire of improvement in the condition of

his fellow-men, and the utter absence of a zeal in the pursuance of everything that could tend to public prosperity and progress. A corresponding indifference prevails as to the existence of evils menacing the general welfare: proved by the bands of assassins and plunderers—Decoit gangs, Thugs, and Pindarees, who follow their grim vocations without an effort made for their suppression. A narrow feeling of clanship, produced by caste, deprives its members of the common impulses of humanity towards those without the pale of some particular class. A traveller might faint by the way, yet the dread of pollution would prevent his receiving assistance. It thus obstructs the exercise of benevolence, engenders jealousy and pride, arms men against each other, renders prejudice inveterate, and degrades and enthralls the mind through the very medium which should elevate and free it; for the religious principle is the source only of submission to debasing superstition. Prolific of evils, it is productive of no counteracting advantage; for while depressing alike the mental capacities and moral energies, it is a barrier to the hope of advancement, materially, intellectually, and religiously. No native characteristic or custom can, we imagine, be so detrimental to the efforts of the missionary as the prevalence of caste, nourishing aversions and partialities utterly at variance with the spirit of the Gospel. Picture a country deprived through the restrictions of a system, of all that has ennobled ours with a catalogue of illustrious names; that has given birth to patriotism, philanthropy, and industry; that has extended our empire far and wide,—and we have an image of the apathetic immutability of the East.

Considered with reference to English dominion, it constitutes an important obstacle to the consolidation of our power, which the present critical juncture renders an absorbing consideration. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to understand the variety of the operations of caste, in none more strongly visible than in the Anglo-Indian army.

Among our troops are numbered Hindoos of every rank and every tribe, including thirty nations supplying recruits to our force of Sepoys. The high caste men have, however, a decided preponderance and preference in selection. This favouritism has been practised by the government to a remarkable extent, so that in the Bengal Presidency, men have been actually paid up and discharged, when any doubt existed as to their caste: "A line of policy," says an eminent authority, "very imprudent, as the high caste men do not always make the best regular soldiers. They are generally at the bottom of all insubordination."

The rule of the service is, that Brahmins should not exceed

a certain proportion; a regulation which partiality has laid aside. This apparent contempt of the lower orders has supported the pretensions of caste in a highly injudicious degree. The cause of this preference for the Brahmin is not easy to determine, when weighty objections of a military kind exist to his employment. The Brahmin is characterized by greater tenacity in matters of religion; consequently, there is greater difficulty in finding him provisions, and he evinces a more ready disposition to mutiny; while an equally martial spirit has been shown in regiments drawn from the lower classes: for instance, in the distinguished corps of the Bengal Sappers and Miners, and the low caste Madras army of high repute in the Mahratta wars. The attention of our government has been directed to the importance of caste, though principally through a military point of view; its antipathies having been repressed in proportion as they were injurious to the discipline or utility of the army solely. Hence, diversity of creed and custom do not interfere with the force of military subordination, for on parade or actual service, no expression of aversion is permitted, and mutual forbearance, consequently, is shown. Under this control, Hindoos have mounted hogskin saddles, have been transported over sea from place to place, and in despite of prejudice, the Brahmin and Rajpoot have obeyed a Sudra or Chandala as his officer! Yet with all these contingencies of compulsion, the Brahmins are so desirous to gain admission into the English forces, that they often feign to belong to an inferior though still more favoured caste (the Rajpoots), in order to join them. The superficial nature of this merely *military* method of loosening the bonds of caste, is proved by facts. Parade over, and authority withdrawn, it again resumes sway. Coteries according to caste are seen, or some even eat their meal singly, like the monarch of modern date compelled to sacrifice the genialities of his table, because no one existed of suitable rank to dine with him! The power of discipline suffices, however, to show the weakness of caste prejudices under the resistance of superior mental energy and strength of moral purpose. This, in addition to the corruptions which have already undermined it, constitutes the criterion of its decay, and the certain prophecy of its eventual extinction. Respect in an indiscriminate degree for this institution has too long swayed the regulations of our rule, when to facilitate its extirpation through unshrinking and habitual effort in the numerous channels favourable to its suppression and open to successful endeavour, should be the aim of all engaged in developing English dominion, and establishing the supremacy of English civilization in India.

ART. V.—ANCIENT ROMAN HUSBANDRY.

Lectures on Roman Husbandry, delivered before the University of Oxford. By Charles Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S., &c., Professor of Botany and Rural Economy. Oxford: J. H. and J. Parker. 1857.

THE georgical precepts of the ancients might, at first view, seem to be interesting only to a comparatively small number of modern readers, belonging either to the classical or the professional school of students. Thus we can readily imagine the lover of classical literature sedulously labouring with devoted ardour to comprehend the most trivial minutiæ of Columella's descriptions, and to enter into the spirit of all the fervid and pregnant elegancies of Virgil's diction, simply that he may leave no obscurity unexplained, and no difficulty unsolved, how uninviting soever the theme may be in itself, and how barren the investigation in its results. We can fancy, too, a farmer of this nineteenth century so inquiring in spirit, and so literary in taste, as that returning from the labours of the field, he will beguile his leisure hours, and amuse and instruct his mind, by comparing the systems of ancient and modern agriculturists, and by seeking hints to provoke his imitation, or direct his experiments, in the practices of those ancient nations who in some arts were our superiors, and in very many our instructors and guides But beyond these two classes, the Lectures before us, and the ancient authors of whom they treat, might be supposed entirely without interest or advantage. Such, however, is not the case. Even to the general and superficial reader, works of this kind present abundance of amusement and instruction; while to the student of human character and of social economics, who pursues his inquiries into the manners and institutions of our race as developed at any era of its history, and under any clime, they afford abundant food for reflection and speculation. The tone and tenor of country life, the simple manners and unaffected purity of sentiment and of action, which have in all ages of the world characterized the tillers of the soil as contrasted with the denizens of cities, together with their single-minded and unobtrusive piety, render their customs and their lives a subject of highly interesting and highly improving study. We are, therefore, delighted to find such a writer and thinker as Dr. Daubeny, apply his great talents and experience to the class of authors which he has undertaken to illustrate in these Lectures. Such a work as he has provided, was urgently demanded, both because of the importance of the subject, and by reason of the

paucity of treatises on ancient husbandry. Last century, it is true, Mr. Adam Dickson, a Scotch clergyman of much erudition and taste, published a rather voluminous essay on these topics. To his task he brought a mind of great acuteness and discrimination, an ardent love for the affairs of agriculture, and a lengthened practical experience in carrying out the every-day details of farm husbandry; but the non-academical character of the man, the ill odour into which classical learning for some time fell, together with sundry blemishes in the work itself, combined with other causes too numerous to notice, hindered the sale of the treatise, and consigned it to comparative obscurity. It possesses, however, great merits, and is highly deserving of confidence in its discussions on many points of rural economy and agricultural appliances. Mere academical editors, on the other hand, who through their whole life have breathed only the atmosphere of crowded streets, and have experienced, almost without cessation, the narrowing influences of university cloisters—to which class commentators on the *Scriptores Rei Rusticæ* have most commonly belonged—are unable to cope fairly with the difficulties presented by the technicalities of agricultural science, and the details of agricultural operations; and they have, moreover, but little sympathy with the feelings and sentiments of a rustic population, nor can they appreciate many of the more simple and touching scenes and significant references which such a poet as Virgil presents to us. All our commentaries are thus defective in an essential article of successful annotation; and we still desiderate a man, who with a full practical knowledge of the farmer's calling, combines accurate and refined scholarship, improved by foreign travel, and an acquaintance with the scenes of Italian landscape, and the present processes of Italian husbandry. In his edition of the "Georgics" of Virgil, Mr. Keightley has shown that he possesses many of these requisites; and it is, therefore, the more to be regretted that he did not bestow greater pains and closer thought on a work for which he was in some measure cut out. That Dr. Daubeny is in every way qualified for his task, cannot with truth be stated; but he enjoys many advantages which few, if any, of his predecessors could command; and in justice it must be admitted that he has acquitted himself in a manner which does credit to his taste, scholarship, and judgment.

In explaining the object which he has had in view, and the plan which he has pursued in his "Lectures on Roman Husbandry," Dr. Daubeny says: "It has been my intention to put you in possession of so much of the practical rules of farming as appeared capable of receiving elucidation from the principles of

modern science; explaining by means of the latter the rationale of those methods which experience had shown to be successful, and suggesting such improvements as the art might appear to admit of, when these principles were followed out into their proper and legitimate consequences." To the strictly scientific object of elucidating the writings of the ancients by means of the discoveries of the moderns, he has judiciously added such remarks as are calculated to enlist our sympathies for the actors in the scenes described, and to increase our admiration for the amenities and ever-fresh beauties of the country—its simple life and pure enjoyments. He does not enter into that minuteness of detail which has marred the usefulness and the popularity of Mr. Dickson's work, while, at the same time, he has passed too lightly over many difficulties which naturally presented themselves for discussion in the region which he has traversed.

In no art are the cultivators more *conservative* than in that of agriculture. Even in our own kingdoms the modes of tillage adopted in remote districts and among a primitive population, having little intercourse with the more enlightened and enterprising sections of the farming class, are almost coeval with the introduction of civilization, and the implements of husbandry still exhibit the forms which our forefathers of many generations back were wont to approve. This tardiness to change is especially characteristic of ancient agriculture, to which the discoveries of chemistry were unknown; and a greater difference is now observable in the most advanced farming districts between the processes of thirty years ago and the present day, than can be traced in the progress of centuries in the olden time. This peculiarity renders a general survey of ancient husbandry a work of less difficulty than might at first sight be supposed; and though Cato and Varro, Virgil and Columella differ in arangement and in the topics handled, and are not at one on many points of detail, and even on general principles, still there is a sameness in their treatises which makes comparison and parallelism a matter of comparative ease. Hence, Dr. Daubeny has wisely taken as his text-book the work of Columella, the fullest and the latest of the georgical writers. He contents himself with a meagre sketch of the life of Cato the Censor (to whose character, however, he scarcely does justice), and of Varro, giving at the same time a succinct analysis of their respective manuals of agriculture, while passing notices of Palladius and Pliny dispose of these writers with summary conciseness, slight notice being taken of them once and again in the course of the commentary. To Virgil, whose "Georgics" are introduced only when they serve to illustrate some statement of Columella, or when the author feels called on to aid in clearing up an obscurity, he pays

the following well-merited tribute, acknowledging that he was—

"A poet whose directions, concise as they may be, and limited as it might seem to subjects that admitted of some embellishment from language and imagery, are nevertheless so sagacious and exact, so indicative of that happy balance of mental endowments which is more conspicuous in his writings than perhaps in those of any other person eminently gifted with genius and imagination, that we are almost inclined to grudge the large proportion of the poem diverted to episodes; which although scarcely ever inappropriate, and always calculated to afford the most refined pleasure which poetry can impart, do not nevertheless contribute to the proposed design of imparting agricultural instruction. . . . As the confidence which the Roman farmer must have entertained in the soundness of the author's remarks in matters of husbandry, may have often induced him to refine and recreate his mind with the beauties of the poetry, so the latter may have often inspired the mere amateur with an interest in the pursuit from its being presented to him in so attractive a form."

This last remark is entirely just, and affords the best defence that can be desired for the course which the Mantuan bard pursued in giving his "Georgics" so much of the episodial character. The more will it seem so when we reflect that Virgil's unrivalled didactic was written not more to teach the soldier-farmers who had settled down in the lands allotted to the veterans of Octavianus and Antony, the rules and principles of rural economy generally, than to mollify their natures rendered ferocious by war and bloodshed, to rekindle in the hearts of the Italians some of that romantic love of country life which had been entertained in the early days of the Republic, but which had been supplanted in great measure by a fondness for war and a thirst for military distinction—passions but too widely engendered during the troublous times consequent on the baleful ambition of Marius and Sulla, Pompey and Cæsar, Antony and Octavianus. Though the powerful pen of Cicero applauded agriculture as meriting precedence of all other occupations, and pronounced that of all employments by which any gain is made "*nihil est agricultura melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine libero dignius*," yet Virgil is forced to exclaim that in his day "the plough was not held in due estimation," (*non ullus aratro dignus honos*), and that men had receded from that primitive simplicity of life and morals which had distinguished their forefathers. Great commanders did not in those degenerate days in which the poet lived, pass at once from whistling at the plough to wield the sword and to sound the rough martial note on the *tuba* or the *lituus*, contented to retire

to the privacy of their fields, and to resume their humble occupations so soon as victory had shown them her favour. But still there were many, and they the choicest of the subjects of Rome, who took delight in the shady groves and ivy-embowered caves of the blessed *rus*—who stretching themselves on the grass-grown bank of some gurgling brook, were lulled to soft and balmy sleep by the ceaseless music of its brawling waters. There were many who, like the poets Horace and Virgil, longed to steal away from the bustle and din of the maddened Forum, to sweet and congenial retreats of grottos and "living lakes," where the bleating of sheep and the lowing of oxen proved a delicious contrast to the clinking of the money-changers and the discordant cries of the stalls—where a frugal meal, washed down by a glass of rich Cæcuban or Falernian, made ample amends for the temporary loss of the triclinial *cœna*, and the unctuous viands of the greasy *caupo*—where a cozy "snuggery" of limited dimensions, with a fire blazing on the hearth, surpassed in real comfort and enjoyment the ample banqueting hall with its fretted ceiling and gorgeous appointments—and where converse, close and sweet, might freely be held with that innocent and unsophisticated race among whom the goddess Astræa, when abandoning earth, had placed her latest footsteps. Such pictures of rural enjoyment do we find, by hundreds, in the Latin poets, and such sympathies does Virgil endeavour to awaken in the minds of the new settlers, and of his readers generally, by his touching and simple descriptions, which as bye-play, he has introduced into his agricultural poem. In connexion with this subject, Dr. Daubeny remarks that the—

"Employment of slaves, with all the repulsive features associated in our minds with such a system, may indeed strike us as being but little in harmony with the picture of rural felicity so beautifully pourtrayed by Virgil:—

> Illic saltus et lustra ferarum,
> Et patiens operum, parvoque assueta juventus,
> Sacra Deum, sanctique patres: extrema per illos
> Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.

But the poet contemplated a state of things when, as in the times of Cincinnatus and of Curius Dentatus, each father of a family cultivated with his own hands his paternal estate, and gave at once dignity and importance to the occupation."

But to return to the Lectures. Columella's work, which, as already stated, Dr. Daubeny has taken as his text-book, is one of extensive range, treating not only of agriculture proper, but also of the management of the vine-yard, olive-yard, and orchard; of the breeding and treatment of live-stock; of the rearing and

tending of bees; the culture of gardens, and other kindred subjects, the whole forming a complete system of rural economy. In epitomizing his author, Dr. Daubeny is led to discuss many topics of general interest in the regions of political and social economics, and invariably manifests in this field a shrewd discrimination and a sound judgment. The subject of slave labour referred to above, is early brought under notice, and that institution among the Romans is shown to have been the great cause which led to the depreciation of agriculture, and to the abandonment by the respectable classes of those occupations in which slaves were made to engage. Slavery was thus one of the remote causes of the downfall of the Roman empire. A parallel is instituted by reference to the slave states of America, where it is said that "the whites will endure the most abject poverty rather than undertake those labours in which negroes are employed." We trust that the parallel may not speedily be carried out to its full application in the Transatlantic republic, but our friends must take warning in time, and by discretion anticipate the sure operation of a great moral law. From the extensive employment of slaves in the operations of agriculture, Dr. Daubeny draws the conclusion, that in the later years of the Republic, and most probably during the Empire, the proprietors of land must have experienced considerable difficulty in finding tenants for their farms, as much capital would of necessity be expended on the purchase of *hands* to till, in addition to the acquisition of stock and utensils. "Hence," he says, "it seems probable that the *coloni*, of whom Columella speaks, were for the most part small holders, perhaps little better than the Irish cottiers, renting small plots of land which they could cultivate by their own labour, and that of a few household slaves; whilst the larger farms were usually in the hands of the landlord, tended by means of a bailiff or *villicus*." After referring to the mode of cultivation by a *politor*, or *partiarius* (mentioned by Cato), who entered into a kind of partnership with the landlord, receiving part of the produce of the farm as his remuneration for labour done, he goes on to say that—

"The *coloni*, to whom Columella alludes, seem to have paid rent like modern tenants, and hence were probably on the same footing in this respect with the farmers of our own country; whilst the *politores* of Cato resembled in some points the *metayers* of France and Italy, excepting that the latter obtain a large proportion of the produce in return for a greater amount of labour and capital expended."

In reference to the *metayer* system, some interesting particulars are furnished from Sismondi:—

"In Tuscany the *metayer* contracts to perform all the labours of the

farm, to furnish props for the vines, to supply half the seed and half the manure, to hand over to the landlord half of all the crops, to share with him in the profit from the cattle, to make over to him a portion of the eggs, pullets, and capons, and to wash a part of his linen; whilst the landlord engages to supply the other half of the manure, and to be at all the expense of repairs."

Then follow some judicious remarks on the different modes of tenure, and a comparison in several points between the modern and the ancient slave system, much to the advantage of the latter; the slavery of ancient times being considered relatively to the manners and sentiments of the period, and that of modern days being viewed in the light of Christianity and a higher civilization. Torture and penalties of a most severe kind were, it is true, inflicted on the Roman slaves, and human laws were less explicit as to their treatment than they are at present, but they had many privileges and opportunities which are now-a-days denied to the unfortunate children of parched Africa. If ancient slaves held their lives merely at the beck of an imperious master, yet they had many opportunities of bettering their condition, and of rising to offices of trust, honour, and emolument; and numerous instances are to be found in which those on whom the prison chains once clanked, became distinguished in their own day, and were celebrated in succeeding ages, as holding a foremost position among the glorious phalanx of statesmen, warriors, and poets. In reference to the treatment of slaves, Columella has thrown out some hints, the principle of which might not be entirely unworthy of notice, even in our days of boasted liberty and enlightenment, by the rulers of our Indian empire, for they were penned with special reference, no doubt, to those *servile wars* of which Italy had seen several returns. In concluding this part of his subject, Dr. Daubeny enters into calculations of wages, keep, &c., which prove that the "advantage would be much greater in form of free labour," and winds up as follows:—

"Hence, whilst the expense of slave labour was scarcely less, its productiveness fell considerably short of that by means of free men; and, indeed, as we have seen, the declension of agriculture in Italy dates from the time when slaves became abundant. It is, therefore, perhaps not wonderful that in spite of the fertility of the greater part of Italy, the culture of the Cerealia did not flourish, and that the Romans were accustomed to depend for their supply of corn on Sicily, Africa, and other regions; the very opposite system being pursued from that which, till within the last changes in politics, has prevailed with us, and this staple of life being actually provided to the citizens of Rome at a lower sum than the cost of production, instead of having its price enhanced by artificial regulations."

On the kinds of soil, and all the various means and imple-

ments of farming, Columella is very minute; and it is not a little remarkable that in such matters as the burning of the upper coating of soil, the ancient practice is still followed in many parts of our own country, and almost for the same reasons which Columella and Virgil assign; while drainage by small stones or gravel, and by branches of trees, or twigs twisted rope-fashion, and so trodden tightly down into the bottom of the trench, is enforced by Columella with all the eagerness and precision of a Smith of Deanston. On the form of the plough, much discussion has arisen among men learned in objects of antiquity, but not with any satisfactory result. Dr. Daubeny has given several types of the antique plough, and has endeavoured to assign its proper name to each part; but we are not convinced by his demonstrations. We do not mean, however, to enter further into the controversy than to quote from a recently published edition of Virgil,* a note on *dentalia duplici dorso* (Geo. I. 172.), which bears on this point, and has the merit of novelty. After commenting on former interpretations, the editor remarks: "With *dorsum* we associate rather the idea of the sloping ridge of a hill, or the elevated part of the animal body from the neck to the hind-quarters, i.e. the backbone—both of these implying a central ridge with sloping sides. Now looking at the share (*vomer*), and the share-beam (*dentale*) in the above woodcuts, and especially in that which follows [consult the edition referred to], we see that both are thicker in the centre, i.e. have a central ridge, and are *bevelled*, or sloping, in the wings or flaps, which descend from this centre; i.e. that the *dentale* gradually grows thinner on each side towards the edge. We would, therefore, venture to throw it out as a question for the consideration of the learned, whether *dentalia* may not refer to the two flaps, or *ears*, or *flukes*, of the *share* and *share-beam* [as seen in the woodcuts], i.e. those two pointed extremities which terminate the *dentale*, and its iron shoeing, the *vomer*, at their greatest breadth. *Duplici dorso* would thus be used with strict propriety as meaning '*two* sloping ridges *joined in one*,' and we might translate 'share-flukes are fitted in (or with) a two-fold sloping ridge;' i.e. in a slope descending from the *dorsum* on either side. . . Since writing the foregoing observations, we have found in Holdsworth's remarks on Virgil, the following notice remarkably confirmatory of the view now advanced: 'In the kingdom of Naples the share is called *gomere*, and is made with two corners jutting out,

* The Works of Virgil, with English Notes. By Archibald H. Bryce, A.B., of Trin. Coll., Dublin, and one of the Classical Masters in the High School of Edinburgh. London: R. Griffin & Co. 1857.

and *rising in the middle*, with a back called *schiena*, i.e. chine, *dorsum*.'" With this quotation we leave the subject once more to the learned.

Those interested in the culture of the vine will find much information as to ancient practices in Dr. Daubeny's fifth Lecture, where, moreover, he discusses, at considerable length, the assertion of Columella, that "every tree can be grafted upon every other, provided only their bark be similar;" and where he also refutes the modern notion, entertained by not a few, that "every graft has a certain limit to its existence prescribed to it, and that the limit is determined by the age of the tree from which it was itself derived." Nor is the olive forgotten, that gift of the goddess Minerva, which, in ancient times, was the glory and the wealth of Athens, and which in our own unromantic days clothes the bleak hills of southern France, "the slopes of the Apennines, and the mountains of Greece," needing but little of man's attention, yet affording to the inhabitants of warm climes an oil which is an acceptable substitute for the butter of our more northern regions.

Among the diversities between ancient and modern farming, none perhaps are more remarkable than those which refer to live stock. With what an incredulous smile would an agricultural friend from Devonshire, or the Lothians, receive the statement that among the husbandmen whom Augustus and Tiberius counted as their subjects, there were many who advocated the entire removal of live stock from the farm, and who deprecated their being employed in agricultural operations! And with how real a chill would John Bull shudder at the bare prospect of banished sirloins and neglected gigots! But difference of climate and of food accounts for many strange and apparently absurd practices. The fertile plains of sunny Italy did not require that the farmer should struggle to increase his manure heap to the utmost extent possible; nor did the warmth of its climate admit of the common use of such stimulating food as the flesh of bullocks and of sheep. Hence we have no directions for fattening of cattle by stall-feeding, or otherwise; and "in the accounts handed down of Roman banquets, fish, game, poultry, venison, and even pork, are mentioned as forming parts of a luxurious entertainment; but nowhere, I believe, either beef or mutton; and we are informed that in the early days of Rome, as well as at Athens, it was as great a crime to slay an ox as a man." That beef and mutton were not entirely disused by the Romans, we learn from incidental references in Plautus, Ovid, Martial, and others; but that their consumption was exceedingly small, and that they were not deemed delicacies, we have the strongest proof in the almost total silence of the

Latin writers. In Italy, sheep were reared for their fleece and milk (whence cheese was made), not for their flesh and fat. But as the ancients were more careless than the moderns in the fattening of their sheep and black cattle, so they were on the contrary more sedulous in their endeavours to provide a never-failing supply of birds for the market and the table. What reader of Horace needs to be reminded of the well-merited severity with which the gastronomic extravagances of the epicure and the gourmand are lashed by that polished satirist, who though he relished a goodly turbot and a well-fed thrush, yet did not grieve that his lamprey was not caught till it had spawned, or that his chickens were not plunged in Falernian must while still alive? Of such light viands as fish, fowl, snails, and dormice, the Roman meals in great part consisted; and as luxury spread with the growing wealth of the Imperial city, every resource of art was put in practice to whet and gratify the appetite; and immense sums were in consequence expended on "ornithones," or bird-preserves, where poultry, pigeons, thrushes, quails, peacocks, geese, ducks, &c., were reared and fattened by thousands, either for pleasure or as a mercantile speculation. In reference to what has been formerly stated, it may be remarked, in the words of Dr. Daubeny, that, "whilst nothing is said by the Roman writers about the fattening of oxen and sheep, particular directions are given for fattening poultry and other birds—a strong additional argument of the little importance they attached to the larger animals as articles of food." A peep at the salt and fresh water fish-ponds, and at the preserves for sea snails and dormice, in addition to the facts already adduced, will suffice to show that in the sketches of Dr. Daubeny are to be found many curious facts of ancient social economy, and much light gossip of a kind to interest and amuse.

But with the picture just drawn compare the following remarks bearing on the industrial arts, and called forth by a discussion as to the use of glass, and the construction of greenhouses :—

"It must be recollected that none of the mechanical or chemical arts were accounted liberal, or their practice otherwise than degrading to men of education. . . Hence these trades were carried on by slaves, who pursued an established routine of operations, without the wish or the ability to improve upon them. The inventions themselves were, therefore, the results of accident, and the improvement which took place from time to time in their manipulations rather proceeded from that superior adroitness which was the consequence of carrying on the same operations again and again, than from the exercise of the reasoning powers in suggesting new and analogous processes."

Dr. Daubeny goes on to show that in modern times the mecha-

nical arts have made rapid strides, owing to the gradation in rank of the persons so engaged, from the master capitalist down to the lowest *hand;* and to the interest which each grade and each individual feels in devising improved modes of manipulation; that thus among the Romans, while the fine arts, which are dependent on individual talent and exertion, flourished, the useful ones, "which require the co-operation of many hands," declined and dwindled. Husbandry, however, still retained, as already mentioned, some of its ancient dignity and gentility, and did not suffer so soon as the mechanical arts, from the employment of slave labour; and while the secrets and general methods of the latter are not recorded to us in any extant treatise, the poet and the prose writer have both put forth their peculiar talents to exalt and perpetuate the noble science of agriculture, as practised by the warlike sons of Imperial Rome.

Thus does Dr. Daubeny detail in succession, though perhaps in a style too uniformly matter-of-fact, the various phases of agricultural life, and the manifold engagements which occupy the husbandman's attention. Delighted we range with him among the beehives and the honey-forests of Italy, entertained by the stories of the fabled origin and amazing sagacity of the tiny race, and wondering at the arrangements of their mimic commonwealth. Again we lounge into the gardens of Sallust, Lucullus, or Calvena, and as we survey the flowering parterres, and the lines of cyprus, or of laurel, pruned and fashioned into shapes of most fantastical device, we imagine ourselves transported to the environs of Amsterdam or the Hague, or thrown back to the era of the Second Charles. Extending our walk, we strike abroad into the open country, and, with the Professor as our guide and instructor, take a lesson on the Greek and Italian Flora, such as we have never been privileged to enjoy before. In conclusion we should not omit to mention that a number of beautifully executed plates, illustrative of the villa architecture and horticultural arrangements of the ancients, and of some other matters of no less interest, lend additional distinctness to the descriptions, and give a relish to the whole.

ART. VI.—LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

Tallangetta: the Squatter's Home. A Story of Australian Life. By William Howitt, Author of "Two Years in Victoria." London: Longmans & Co. 1857.

WE fearlessly affirm that Mr. Howitt's pictures of Australian scenery, society, and condition, are the best which have been yet published of that distant colony. Of the many books that annually appear upon the subject, some are ill-written and vapid; some contain solid but ill-digested matter; others again relate a few personal adventures, or a casual anecdote that unveils perhaps a corner of colonial life. But for a broad, graphic, penetrating, living description—a description which brings the inner and outer life of the colony palpably before the eye—none can compare with "Land, Labour, and Gold," given to the world two years ago, and "Tallangetta, the Squatter's Home," which we have now before us. It was a happy idea to embody in a story the various phases of scenery and life which are met with in our Australian provinces. Instead of necessitating a didactic description of the physical aspect of the country, or moralizing—for the sake of moralizing—on the manners and customs of the colonists, Mr. Howitt has wisely and kindly introduced us to the personal life of the squatter, made us familiar with his accustomed haunts, given us an interest in his daily pursuits, and omitted no trait or colour which could serve to complete a striking and speaking portrait. Further yet, we are led up into the remote rocky regions where the soil is yellow with substantial gold; where men of all colours and nationalities, English, Scotch, Irish, American, German, French, Italian, and Chinese, mingle and struggle together in the search after prize nuggets, and where a precarious regularity is preserved in the midst of what apparently seems confusion and disorder.

Tallangetta is the name of the Squatter's Home. It is a beautiful domain; too beautiful, indeed, for one who has never seen it to describe. We, therefore, allow Mr. Howitt to paint the landscape in his own vivid and animated colours:—

"Our friends at Tallangetta rose early in the morning refreshed and full of new spirits. The sadness of the previous evening was gone with it, and the beauty of the place in which they found themselves inspired them with lively thankfulness for so sweet a home in so superb a scene. The sun, as they rose simultaneously and issued from their rooms, had not yet risen over the eastern shoulder of the hill on whose slope their house stood. The braes around, as the Scotch

would call them, lay in shadow, and sprinkled with cool dews. But far away they could see the tops of the mountains bright with the sunshine, and the wide woodlands illumined like a sea by it. The lake below lay partly in shadow, and partly dazzling in radiance, and the smoke was curling up greyly from the huts at the stock-yard, or village, as it might be termed, at the right-hand corner of the lake. They could see two or three large flocks proceeding in different directions from it, appearing to roll over the plain like a white mist, followed by the shepherds, and accompanied by their dogs, whose gladsome barking reached them clearly. Large flocks of wild-fowl were travelling towards the lake from their different nocturnal feeding-places, and ever and anon they could see the flash of the water as they dashed down into it. Below, to the right, extended that magnificent prairie whose golden-hued surface was now sobered down by the absence of the sun, and around stood the primeval forest dark and solemn.

"From this splendid prospect the delighted group turned to take a more near survey of their dwelling. A sort of natural terrace had been seized upon for the standing of the house. In front, this level left ample space for walking, and this was occupied by grass, and the outskirts of it with beds of mingled shrubs and flowers. The hill then descended at its regular declination, and a considerable piece of ground was inclosed as a vineyard by a hedge of cytissus, looking most agreeable to the eye, with its light green foliage and yellow racimes of flowers. The vineyard was descended by a sort of broad steps, three or four feet wide each; and the vines occupied terraces all neatly stocked and trimmed by a French or German vine-dresser. At the bottom was a broad grass-walk, at each end of which was placed a bench, overshadowed by the silvery grey foliage of quince trees richly hung with fruit."

The occupants of this superb estate were Sir Thomas Fitzpatrick, now plain Mr. Fitzpatrick, he having been deprived of his title and property in England, by an unscrupulous and intriguing cousin, who, on the ground that Sir Thomas could not prove the legitimacy of his birth, the certificate of his father and mother's marriage not being forthcoming, takes legal proceedings against him as next heir-at-law, and gains his suit; Mrs. Fitzpatrick; Charles Fitzpatrick, the eldest son, a young man of middle height and handsome features; Georgina Fitzpatrick, a young lady of aristocratic manners, tall and well-shaped, and graceful as a gazelle; and Aunt Judith, a kind, affectionate creature—as all maiden aunts invariably are—whose life was so centred in the lives of her dearly beloved relatives, that she had refused all offers of marriage, as wanting nothing more than her independence and their society. The other members of the household were three or four domestics who had chosen to follow the ruined fortunes of their master, rather than desert him in the hour of adversity, amongst whom may be mentioned Abner

Wilks, the gardener, and his wife. Of course every one set to work actively and cheerfully to fulfil their duties in their new calling; flocks and herds were attended to and multiplied, huts were built, gardens planned, stations erected; and all went on prosperously and happily until a repetition of the "Black Thursday" occurred, and for a while, blasted the wealth and the prospects of the bush-farmer. What this Black Thursday was, the reader shall learn from the lips of old Mrs. Quarrier, a friend and neighbour who used occasionally to "drop in" with her son and daughter-in-law, upon the family at Tallangetta, and give them her experience of squatter-life.

"It was in this forest in the early morning of this memorable day, the 6th of February, 1851, that a young man opened his eyes and sat up to look about him. He had the day before driven a herd of fifty bullocks from the station of Mr. Roadknight, thus far on his way towards his own residence in the country, between Lake Corangamite and Mount Gellibrand. The morning was hushed and breathless. Instead of that bracing chill with which the Australian lodger-out-of-doors generally wakes up, Robert Paterson found the perspiration standing thick on his face, and he felt a strange longing for a deep breath of fresh air. But motion there was none, except in the little creek which trickled with a fresh and inviting aspect at a few yards from him. All else around him hung, as it were, a leaden, a deathlike heaviness. Not a bough nor a blade of grass was moved by the air. The trees stood inanimately moody and sullen. He cast his eyes through the gloomy shadow beneath them, and a sultry suffocating density seemed to change the atmosphere. The sky above him was dimmed by a grey haze. . . . But the whole troop—cattle, man, and horse—went slowly and soberly along, as if they were oppressed by a great fatigue, or the extreme exhaustion of famine. The forest closed in upon them, and they proceeded along a narrow track, flanked on each side by tall and densely growing trees; the creeping vines making of the whole forest one intricate impenetrable scene. All was hushed as at midnight. No bird enlivened the solitude by its cries, and they had left the little stream. Suddenly there came a puff of air, but it was like the air from the jaws of a furnace, hot, dry, withering in its very touch. The young settler looked quickly in the direction from which it came, and instantly shouted to the cattle before him in a wild, abrupt, startling shout, swung aloft the stock-whip which he held in his hand, and brought it down with the report of a pistol, and the sharp cut as of a knife, on the rear of a huge bullock just before him. . . . . Louder and louder, wilder and more fiercely shouted the squatter, and dashed his horse forward over fallen trees, through crashing thickets, first on one side of the road and then on the other. Crack, crack went the stinging, slashing whip; loud was the bark of dogs; and the mob of cattle rushed forward at headlong speed. The young man gazed upwards, and through the only narrow opening of the

forest, saw strange volumes of smoke rolling southward. Hotter, hotter, stronger, and more steadily came the wind. 'God have mercy!' he exclaimed; 'a bush fire! and in this thick forest!' What a scene! The woods were flaming and crackling in one illimitable conflagration. The wind dashing from the north in gusts of inconceivable heat, seemed to sear the very face, and shrivel up the lungs. The fire leaped from tree to tree, flashing and roaring along with the speed and destructiveness of lightning. On it flew, fast as the fleetest horse could gallop; and consuming acres of leaves in a moment, still remained to rage and roar amongst the branches, and in the hollow stems of ancient trees. There was a sound as of thunder mingled with the crash of falling trees, and the wild cries of legions of birds of all kind, which fell scorched, and blackened, and dead, to the ground. When the wind veered, the reek driven backward revealed a most amazing sight. The blazing skirts of the forests; huge isolated trees, glaring red; standing columns of fire; here, a vast troop of wild horses with flying manes and tails, rushing with thundering hoofs over the plain; there, herds of cattle running with bloodshot eyes and hanging tongues, they knew not whither, from the fire; troops of kangaroos leaping frantically across the rider's path, their hair singed, and giving out strongly the stench of fire; birds of all kinds and colours shrieking piteously as they drove wildly by, and yet seeing no spot of safety; thousands of sheep standing huddled in terror on the scorched flats, with singed wool, deserted by their shepherds, who had fled for their lives."

Such was Black Thursday. Robert Paterson escaped; but his herd was consumed. He, however, was not the only sufferer; many farms and stations having been burnt and depopulated, and many shepherds and overseers having perished in the heart of the flaming forest, from which there was no escape.

The hero of this matter-of-fact romance is Charles Fitzpatrick, whom we have already introduced to the reader. He is ever active in hunting and shooting, riding across country, looking after the overseers at remote stations, and ascertaining the condition of the flocks and herds in different parts of the estate. Sometimes he visits distant districts, and as we journey with him, we pass through a wilderness of beauty where hill and plain, rock and forest, river and torrent, storm and darkness, are happily blended to paint and vivify the picture of Australian scenery, and the dangers which encompass the lonely traveller on his path. In one of these excursions, Charles becomes bewildered in the forest; a storm drives furiously against him, causing him to lose the track, at all times undefined; whilst the darkness, deepened by the shadows of a primeval forest, obscures still more the direction he was taking. At length the clouds break; the wind which roared through the branches of

the spacious gum-tree, blows more temperately; a light is visible in the distance; he approaches, finds a squatter's hut, which he mistakes for the one to which he was bound:—

"'How is this,' he said. 'It is odd I don't seem to know this place; my head must be turned.' He entered and stood amazed. Round a noble blazing fire of logs sat a gentleman, two ladies, and two boys; but they were not the Metcalfes. They were utter strangers. At the sight of him they all rose. The gentleman was a stoutish man, of apparently fifty. 'Come in, sir, come in; what a night for you! Why you must be literally drowned. Let me pull away your outer garments.' 'But first,' said Charles, in some confusion, 'pray tell me where I am; I thought I was at Moolap.' 'Moolap! that's a dozen miles up the river! But no wonder you missed your way in such a storm. Give me hold of your waterproof.' Charles stripped himself of his oilskin and his dripping hat, and stood there a handsome and gentlemanly youth, but still with a puzzled look. Freed from his outer garments, and a seat placed for him by the fire, he saw that the ladies were mother and daughter; the mother a very fine, kind-looking woman, and the daughter a very fine, handsome girl. The two boys, of apparently twelve and fourteen, stood and looked at the guest in silence. 'But where, then, am I?' asked Charles, 'if I may ask?' 'Why,' said the gentleman, 'you are at Bongubine, at Peter Martin's, and very welcome there too. Sara, my dear, get tea, and let us have some good steaks; I have no doubt this gentleman will be ready for them after his ride.' But as he spoke Charles started up. The strangest astonishment was in his face. He coloured scarlet, looked at one, and then at the other. Mr. Peter Martin! Mr. Peter Martin in this country! Mr. Peter Martin!—the man of all others that his father detested; the man whom Charles from his birth had been brought up to regard as the greatest and most persevering enemy of his family,—the man whom to leave behind was the one reconciling idea of his father in quitting England for this far-off country! And he here! come like a ghost to haunt their steps, to trouble their repose, to destroy the whole charm of this south-land life! 'Excuse me,' said Charles, stammering, and hardly knowing what he did,—"excuse me, I cannot stay.' 'What's amiss?' said Mr. Peter Martin. 'What ails you, young man? Why, you have lost your wits in the storm. Go out to-night! not for worlds! It is madness!' 'No matter; give me my coat; I *must* go.' 'But why, man?'—but why?' exclaimed the squatter, vehemently, and as if at once astonished and insulted. 'Why?' said Charles, 'because you are Mr. Peter Martin, and I am Charles Fitzpatrick.' 'So—o,' said the squatter, stepping back in astonishment, and gazing fixedly at Charles,—'so—o, that is it?' Charles saw the ladies at once rise, colour excessively, and tremble with agitation as they gazed at him. They looked confounded with surprise. 'Charles Fitzpatrick!' again exclaimed Mr. Martin. 'That is extraordinary. I can understand your feelings; but a word! You look upon me as the enemy of your house; I am

its firmest friend; I always have been; I always will be, and that one day, and not a distant day now, both you and your father will acknowledge. And now mark! I am a positive man; your father knows that, and you must now know it. You will sit down quietly to-night. If you were my enemy, or I yours, I would set open the door and say, Go, and perish! But as I am your friend, I say you shall stay here till morning; I admit of no contradiction. Charles Fitzpatrick, look on these ladies; do they look like enemies—like bad people? They are your truest, kindest friends; and whatever I look like, I am the same.'"

Charles is prevailed upon to stay, and makes the acquaintance of Mrs., and especially Miss Martin, who becomes the heroine of the story. Wilful and obstinate, however, is the father of Fitzpatrick when he finds that his son has received the hospitality of his supposed, avowed, and most determined enemy.

Many incidents occur between this interview and the *dénouement* of the novel; new and varied characters are introduced upon the stage; new scenes are visited; we have a peep at life at the Diggings; we have a glorious glimpse of the "Apostle of the Wilderness," as Anthony Pennieket—the man who first devoted himself to the work of carrying the consolations of the Gospel into the bosom of the bush-land, and keeping alive in the hearts of a scattered and isolated population the sentiment of religion and the love of a crucified Saviour—was called; colonial crime, law, and justice, are strikingly pourtrayed; whilst adventures of every kind give a kaleidoscopic interest to the whole narrative. Truly touching are the stories of the "New Squatter and the Old;" and though of a different kind, the history of the "Melbourne Merchant" furnishes an encouraging picture of the struggles which a new settler had to encounter during hard times, and the success with which his patience and perseverance were crowned.

On the accessories of this narrative we have not thought proper to dwell. Of course, the usual amount of love-making takes place, and gives a pleasing interest to the series of Australian sketches which these familiar and heart-stirring episodes characterize and animate, or rather, perhaps, to tell the truth, around which they are hung—the tale being simply the silken string upon which to append the novel and instructing *tableaux*. The perplexity of Charles Fitzpatrick with regard to his love affair, gives a seasonable zest to the spirit of the romance, the termination of which, and other little mysteries, we give in Mr. Howitt's own words:—

"'Sir,' said Mr. Fitzpatrick to Mr. Peter Martin,—they had met, under peculiar circumstances, Dr. Spenser Grayson, an intimate of the Tallangetta family, having been arrested by Mr. Martin, as a

robber in disguise, and a spy upon the household,—'you are, of course, prepared to prove all this.' 'Oh, most amply prepared! Listen, Sir Thomas.' 'I beg, Mr. Martin, you will forego that title; I do not yet know that it is mine; I do not use it, and I count it in those who do simply a mockery.' 'Sir Thomas,' continued Mr. Martin, 'I know you by no other title; I have never acknowledged it in any other man, and I never will. Listen; in a few words I will tell you what concerns you on this point. From the hour you set foot on this ground your steps have been dogged, and your return to your native land withstood, if necessary, by your death and the death of your son. Mr. Patrick Fitzpatrick, the successor of your title and estate, hired a man called Mosillier, a Swiss, whom you once exposed and punished for fraud, to follow you here. He was commissioned to commit no violence, except in case you or your son contemplated a return to England. Then was selected and sent out that serpent who has found his way into your very family; and, under the title of a naturalist, into that of many others. A lucky accident has brought to light, and to an end, this villany.' When they had withdrawn, Mr. Martin said, 'Sir Thomas, it has long been my misfortune to stand in a hostile position to you. I will go no further than is necessary into this unhappy history, because it can do no good; and, happily, I hold the key to the whole, and, as I believe, the key to perfect concord and to your full restoration to fortune and title, in my hand.' The astonishment of the whole company was unbounded. He continued, 'Your mother and my mother were sisters—dear sisters. When my mother died early, your mother behaved to me as to a son. She always feared what has come to pass—the waste of your fortune, the loss of your title and estate. For some time before she died she had the information, the ambassador being dead and his chaplain not findable, that Patrick Fitzpatrick treated her marriage as apochryphal, and would some day attempt to secure the estate. She bound me by an oath to take no part, should such circumstances arise, till you were thoroughly cured by everything of your ruinous passion for the turf. There you have the secret of my standing aloof, and of never assisting you during your trials by any offer of my ample means. Well, here you are; your fortune, your title, are usurped by another; and as for you, I rejoice to say it, I am persuaded that you are thoroughly cured of your fatal passion. Your mother's whole plan is accomplished. I, therefore, now put into your hand the sealed packet of your mother, and I shall be greatly disappointed and deceived if it do not contain the long vainly-sought certificate of your parents' marriage.'"

The packet is opened, and of course contains the much-desired document; the chaplain also comes forward in the person of a free and easy squatter; there is now no impediment to the *fiançailles* of Charles with the daughter of Peter Martin; preparations are made for returning to England, and reclaiming the usurped title and estates; everything terminates

as happily as heart can wish; and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

On two or three occasions in the course of the narrative, we are presented with specimens of spiritualistic manifestations, the "mediums" being a Dr. Woolston and a Mr. Flavel, who, by-the-bye, proves to be heir to a lordly title, and a good match for Georgina Fitzpatrick. The psychological phenomena introduced into a romance like the present afford that amount of mystery which the apparition and declarations of ghosts, or the predictions of gypsies, gave to the romances of the last century. We, however, withhold our confession of belief in these manifestations for several reasons. First, in all ages, not only individuals but whole tribes have been subject to delusions of a peculiar and apparently supernatural kind; secondly, because we think spiritual communications of the kind recorded are inconsistent with the actual dispensation and superintending providence of God, at least as revealed to us in His government of the world; and thirdly, because, hitherto, we have seen no corresponding good result from the experiments said to have been performed. If any benefit had accrued to society or individuals from the reported phenomena, or did we see the probability of any good resulting from them, we might be induced at least to yield greater credence to the accounts we have heard; but until then we are constrained to acknowledge that we see no adequate cause for the effects said to be produced. The spiritualists, however, have an opportunity of increasing their reputation and creating converts. The public has been thrown into a state of extraordinary alarm and excitement by the perpetration of a most horrible and revolting murder. Let these pretenders to supernatural knowledge clear up the mystery of the Waterloo Bridge affair.

Quarterly Review of American Literature.

In accordance with an intimation given in our report of American Literature for May, we now resume and conclude our account of the literary and scientific associations of the United States.

The Fine Arts, which are an essential element in civilization, are as yet in their incipient state, but are every year receiving more encouragement.

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts received its charter in 1806, and has published four volumes relating to the objects of the society.

The American Academy of Fine Arts was formed at New York in 1808, and is supported entirely by artists.

The National Academy of Design was instituted in 1826, and is sustained by amateurs of the fine arts, and is doing much towards the advancement of the great object of its original formation. It is located in New York. Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, whose successful experiments in subjugating the elements to the service of man have given him an enduring fame, is president of this institution.

The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia was formed in 1812. The attention of the society is devoted to the following subjects, viz., zoology, ornithology, ichthyology, conchology, herpetology, entomology, botany, geology, and mineralogy. The collections on all these subjects are exceedingly valuable. The academy possesses the richest library of natural history in the United States. It has published twenty-seven volumes of original and important matter. In 1817, the society commenced the publication of the *Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences;* and in 1841, another periodical, entitled *Proceedings of the Academy*, which are still continued. The society possesses a large and beautiful building in the city of Philadelphia.

The Literary and Philosophical Society of New York was formed in 1815, and has published two quarto volumes of transactions. The Hon. William A. Duer, LL.D., is president.

The Maryland Academy of Sciences and Literature was established at Baltimore in 1821. It has a valuable collection of minerals.

The Franklin Society for the purpose of Promoting Investigation in Natural Science was formed at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1821.

The Historical Societies have exerted an important agency in collecting from various sources ancient acts and documents, which will be of great value to future historians. In addition to those named in our former report, we mention the following, which deserve a place in this notice:—

The Maine Historical Society was incorporated by the legislature of the state in 1822, and Governor Albion R. Parris was chosen its first president. The object of the society is to collect and preserve whatever "may tend to explain and illustrate any department of civil, ecclesiastical, and natural history." In 1831, the society published a volume of valuable historical matter, but there is still much of deep interest undeveloped relating to the settlement of Maine; its sufferings from Indian and French depredation; the language, religion, and almost entire extinction of the Indian tribes, which are now fast vanishing from the face of the earth,—all of which furnish an ample field for fresh contributions to American history and antiquities.

The Rhode Island Historical Society obtained a charter from the legislature of the state in 1822. The first president was Governor James Fenner, LL.D., and its first secretary, Hon. William R. Staples, who was one of its principal founders. The society has a handsome building in the Egyptian style of architecture, with a library and cabinet; the latter containing some curious specimens of the tools and warlike instruments of the American Indians. The society has published five volumes of collections, the first con-

taining Roger Williams's "Key to the Indian Language." Several distinguished gentlemen, both in America and in Europe, are honorary members. It has been one of the most efficient institutions of the kind, and we have reason to hope that its labours will continue to be honourable to its members and useful to the public.

The New Hampshire Historical Society was incorporated in 1823, and has published six volumes of collections. In Vol. V., many of our readers may be gratified to know there is a memoir of Hanserd Knollys. Great credit is due in the preparation of all these volumes to the accurate and laborious investigations of the late John Farmer, Esq., the corresponding secretary.

The Connecticut Historical Society, located at Hartford, received its act of incorporation from the state legislature in 1825. The present presiding officer is the Hon. Thomas Day, and the Hon. Henry Barnard, LL.D., is the corresponding secretary. The attention of the society has been directed principally to the collection of historical materials rather than to their publication, but it is now issuing a series of volumes under the title of the "Connecticut Historical Collections." From the indefatigable secretary of the society and its active members, much is anticipated in bringing to light interesting memorials of the early history of one of the oldest New England colonies.

The Historical Society of Pennsylvania was established at Philadelphia in 1825, and William Rawle, LL.D., was its first president. It has published three volumes.

Some other historical societies exist of more recent formation, but they have not yet published much. Among others are, the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, the Michigan Historical Society, the Indiana Historical Society, the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society, the Kentucky Historical Society, the Vermont Historical and Antiquarian Society, the Georgia Historical Society, the Illinois Literary and Historical Society, the New Jersey Historical Society, and the Maryland Historical Society. The last-named society was founded in 1844, and has an excellent library, and the collection of MSS. is peculiarly valuable and well arranged. Its collection of documents, illustrating the early history of the state, has lately been increased by a munificent gift from George Peabody, Esq., of London, of a series of abstracts from documents in Her Majesty's State Paper Office, of great interest and value to the historian.

The Boston Society of Natural History was incorporated in 1831. It has published three octavo volumes, of 500 pages each, of very interesting matter.

The American Statistical Association, located at Boston, was organized in 1839, and incorporated by the legislature in 1841. The objects of the society are to collect, preserve, and diffuse statistical information in the different departments of human knowledge. It has stated meetings every month. As yet it has published little, but it is increasing in efficiency and usefulness.

The National Institute, at Washington, the seat of government,

was organized in May, 1840, for the promotion of science and the useful arts, and to establish a national museum of natural history. It has been incorporated by Congress. The President of the United States is patron *ex officio*; all the secretaries and other heads of departments of the general government, are, for the time, with their consent, directors of the institution. Sections were planned of geology and mineralogy, of chemistry, of the application of science to the arts, of literature and the fine arts, of natural history, of agriculture, of astronomy, of American history and antiquities, of geography and natural philosophy, and of natural and political sciences. President John Quincy Adams, and the distinguished philologist, Peter S. Duponceau, among others, took an active interest in its proceedings. Francis Markoe, jun., Esq., was the early and efficient corresponding secretary. Peter Force, Esq., well known by his valuable "Documentary History of the Origin and Progress of the United States," now holds the office of president. The present corresponding secretary is Joseph C. G. Kennedy, Esq. The museum of natural history would do honour to some of the older societies of Europe. The publications of the institute contain many elaborate papers, which evince the growing activity of the country in the departments of science. The publication of a new series of Proceedings was commenced in 1855, and valuable papers have been recently read at the meetings, which are held once a fortnight from October to May.

The American Ethnological Society was formed at New York in 1842. Its principal originators were the Hon. Albert Gallatin, so well known as a statesman, a diplomatist, and a scholar, and John R. Bartlett, Esq. Mr. Gallatin was the first president, and Mr. Bartlett, for several years, the able corresponding secretary. The society has published three volumes of Transactions, full of interest. The principle articles in Vol. I. are Notes on the Semi-civilized Nations of Mexico, Yucatan, and Central America; An Account of Ancient Remains in Tennessee; On the Recent Discoveries of Himyaritic Inscriptions; Account of the Punico-Libyan Monument at Dugga, and the Remains of an Ancient Structure at Bless, near the Site of Ancient Carthage, &c. Vol. II. contains—Hale's Indians of North-west America, and Vocabularies of North America; Observations on the Aboriginal Monuments of the Mississippi Valley; View of the Ancient Geography of the Arctic Regions of America; Grammatical Sketch of the Language of the Mosquito Indians, &c. In Vol. III. we have—The Creek and Cherokee Indians; Archæology and Ethnology of Nicaragua; The Aborigines of the Isthmus of Panama; Antiquities of Cuba, &c. While various gentlemen have contributed valuable documents to the published volumes, especial credit is due to Mr. Gallatin; his paper on the semi-civilized nations of Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru, comparing their languages with those of the Northern tribes of American aborigines, is curious and of great value.

The American Oriental Society was formed at Boston in 1842, and incorporated by the legislature of the state in 1843. The objects

contemplated by the society are the cultivation of learning in the Asiatic, African, and Polynesian languages. The Hon. John Pickering, LL.D., was mainly instrumental in founding the society, and became the first president. On the occasion of its first annual meeting, he delivered a learned address on the languages, literature, science, and history of Oriental nations, which was published in the journal of the society. Mr. Pickering was widely known as a scholar of profound and various erudition, and as a philologist he had no superior in America. He enjoyed the well-earned honour of being made a member of various learned societies in his native country and in Europe. His pursuits as a scholar, and his publications, embraced a wide range, and have had an important influence on the literature of the United States. The society has four stated meetings in a year. Its publications now amount to four volumes octavo. The principal articles in Vol. I. are—Memoir on the History of Buddhism; The History of Paper Money in China; China, its Population and Trade; A Treatise on Arab Music; Notes on Arakan; Recent Progress of Oriental Researches; Comparative Vocabularies of some of the Principal Negro Dialects of Africa; The Zulu Language; Et Tabary's Conquest of Persia by the Arabs; On the Identification of the Signs of the Persian Cuneiform Alphabet, &c. Vol. II. contains—Shabbathai Levi and his Followers; Account of a Japanese Romance; Journal of a Tour from Oroomiah to Mosul, through the Koordish Mountains; Characteristics of the Peshito-Syriac Version of the New Testament; Translation of Two Unpublished Arabic Documents relating to the Doctrines of the Islamites and other Batmian Sects, &c. In Vol. III. are—Life of Gaudama, a translation from the Burmese; Catalogue of all Works known to exist in the Armenian Language of a date earlier than the Seventeenth Century; Notes on the Tamil Language, &c. Vol. IV. contains—A Synopsis of the Mystical Philosophy of the Hindûs, translated from the Tamil; On the History of the Vedic Texts; The State and Prospects of the English Language in India; On the Karens; Chinese Local Dialects reduced to Writing, &c. These volumes present a series of original contributions on Oriental literature which will be of permanent value to the learned in this department of knowledge.

The Smithsonian Institution deserves especial notice in this place, as it was founded by James Smithson, an English gentleman, who bequeathed his entire property, more than half a million of dollars, "to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Mr. Smithson was educated at Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his proficiency in chemistry, and received an honorary degree at the University in 1786. He subsequently contributed a number of scientific papers to the Royal Society, of which he was a member, and to the *Annals of Philosophy*, which were published. The trust was accepted by the United States' government, and on August 10, 1846, an Act was passed by Congress constituting the President, Vice-President, all the Members of the Cabinet, the Chief Jus-

tice of the Supreme Court, the Commissioner of the Patent Office, and Mayor of Washington, and such persons as they might elect, honorary members, an "establishment" under the name of the "Smithsonian Institution for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The management of the financial and other affairs is vested in a Board of Regents and a committee chosen from amongst the most eminent, scientific, and literary men in the country. The members and honorary members hold stated and special meetings for the supervision of the affairs of the Institution. The principal acting officer of the Institution is the secretary, who has the general superintendence of its literary and scientific operations. The edifice of the Institution was completed in the spring of 1855, and is one of the greatest attractions of the metropolis. It is in the Lombard style of architecture, and presents a noble appearance. It is four hundred and twenty-six feet in length, and of irregular width and height. The cost of the building, including furniture, is estimated at about three hundred thousand dollars. The grounds which surround it are extensive. The original sum bequeathed is to remain for ever as a permanent fund. The entire income, more than thirty thousand dollars a year, is divided into two equal parts, one of which is devoted to the increase and diffusion of knowledge, by means of original research and publications; and the other to be applied, in accordance with the requirements of the Act of Congress, to the gradual formation of a library, a museum, and a gallery of art. It is proposed "to stimulate research by offering rewards, for original memoirs on all subjects of investigation;" the memoirs to be published in quarto, under the title of "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge." No memoir on a subject of physical science is to be published, "which does not furnish a positive addition to human knowledge resting on original research;" and all unverified speculations are to be rejected. A portion of the annual income is appropriated to observations and experiments in the natural sciences, investigations in statistics, history, and ethnology, &c.; the results to be published in quarto. For the diffusion of knowledge, it is proposed "to publish a series of reports, giving an account of the new discoveries in science, and of the changes made from year to year in all branches of knowledge not strictly professional," and also to publish occasionally separate treatises of general interest. The library is to contain a complete collection of the transactions and proceedings of all the learned societies of the world, the more important current periodical publications, and works in bibliography. The beneficial influence of this institution upon the world at large has already been felt. It has printed and circulated seven large volumes in quarto, enriched with numerous plates, and a number of interesting volumes in octavo. The first of the series of original memoirs was the quarto volume on the "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley," published in 1848. This has since been followed by others, composed of papers from various eminent scholars of the United States, on special topics of astronomy, physical geography, paleontology, botany, philology, and other branches of science.

Fifteen hundred copies of each of the "Memoirs," forming the contributions, are printed, which are distributed to learned societies, public libraries, scientific institutions, &c., of North and South America, of Europe, and of the East. Gratuitous lectures of a popular character are delivered, during the winter, by some of the most distinguished literary and scientific men of the country. The Annual Reports of the Regents give an interesting account of the practical working of this important establishment. The secretary of the institution is Professor Joseph Henry, one of the most accomplished scientific men of the age, who was the first to apply the principle of magnetism as a motor, and has made many other valuable contributions to science.

Some other learned societies exist in the United States for the cultivation of literature, the sciences, and the arts. Among these are the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which has already published several volumes, and is prosecuting its labours with commendable zeal and success; the Literary and Philosophical Society of South Carolina; the Albany Institute; the New York Lyceum of Natural History; the Philological Society at New Haven; the Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania; the New England Historic Genealogical Society at Boston; the American Geographical and Statistical Society at New York, and others of a similar description.

We have barely space to notice a few recent publications. Dr. Hitchcock's "Religious Truth, Illustrated from Science,"[1] is a collection of eleven public addresses and sermons which the author has delivered on public occasions in different parts of the United States. We find among them the address on his inauguration as President of Amherst College, entitled, the "Highest Use of Learning," which contains many striking thoughts expressed in a forcible and pleasing manner. In allusion to transcendentalism the author observes: "There is always in some minds, especially in youth, a wonderful charm in a philosophy that is esoteric. They love to believe themselves capable of discovering a hidden meaning in facts and principles, which the uninitiated cannot discover. A man of talents has only to be obscure in his style and meaning, in order to be regarded by a large proportion of the world, and among them not a few recently fledged literati, as very profound. On the contrary, that beautiful simplicity and clearness of style and thought which are the result of long and patient investigation, and which characterize the highest order of talent, are regarded by the same class as evidence of a superficial mind, and destitution of genius." The celebrated discourse on the "Religious Bearing of Man's Creation" was preached at Albany, New York, in 1856, during the session of the American Scientific Association. The author maintains that science as well as revelation teaches us that man was the last of the animals created; that he

[1] Religious Truth, Illustrated from Science: in Addresses and Sermons on Special Occasions. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., late President of Amherst College, and now Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. 12mo. Boston. 1857. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

was placed at the head of all creatures, and that his creation was a miraculous and unusually important event. After presenting the facts of revealed and natural religion respecting man's creation, he deduces a presumptive argument in favour of the Mosaic chronology. He refutes, in an ingenious manner, the arguments of atheists and pantheists, and presents a new argument for the Divine existence from the design everywhere apparent in nature, that the existing processes and races had a beginning, and draws from the whole subject a presumptive proof of the truth of revelation. In the address on the "Relations and Mutual Duties between the Philosopher and the Theologian," Professor Hitchcock asserts that the facts and principles of science, to an unprejudiced mind, are favourable to piety, and form a vast store-house for the use of natural theology; but the cultivation of science, without the restraints of religion, often proves very disastrous. He affirms that the principles of theology are in harmony with those of philosophy, but the former developes principles which the sounding-line of the latter cannot reach, but as far as the two systems can be compared they coincide. And he justly says, that "we may be sure that whatever goes by the name of science which contradicts a fair and enlightened exhibition of revealed truth, is only false philosophy." Dr. Hitchcock has, at different times, rendered important service to the cause of science and religion by his valuable publications, and the field over which he ranges in this volume, is peculiarly fitted for the display of his highest gifts; and his reputation will be still further increased by this work.

Professor Turner's "Analysis and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians,"[2] is a valuable contribution to the stores of Biblical criticism. The author has long been known as an exact critical scholar, and those who may differ from him in some of his theological opinions, will appreciate his candour, learning, and piety. Among the numerous important works he has given to the public, are "Biographical Notices of Jewish Rabbis;" "Thoughts on Scriptural Prophecy;" and a series of "Commentaries on the Hebrews, Romans, and Ephesians." In the work before us the analysis of the epistle is clear and comprehensive, and the author's commentary will afford facilities to students in their attempts to attain a critical knowledge of the Scriptures. The volume is characterized by manly independence of thought, is clear and logical in its arguments, and explains the text by making the Bible its own interpreter.

American works in biography are numerous, and many of them executed with judgment and ability. In this department of literature, we are pleased to find that Parsons's "Life of Sir William Pepperell, Bart.,"[3] has reached a second edition. Sir William Pepperell, the

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[2] The Epistle to the Galatians, in Greek and English; with an Analysis and Exegetical Commentary. By Samuel H. Turner, D.D., Professor in the General Theological Seminary at New York. 8vo., pp. 98. New York. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

[3] The Life of Sir William Pepperell, Bart.; the only native of New England created a Baronet during its connexion with the Mother Country. By Usher

renowned "Hero of Louisburg," was made a baronet of Great Britain, an honour never conferred on any other native of New England. Sir William's father was a native of Tavistock, Devon, and in early life emigrated to Kittery, Maine, where the son was born in 1696. Dr. Parsons has faithfully delineated the remarkable career of the son of an uneducated fisherman rising gradually by his genius, energy, and integrity of character, not only to opulence, but to the highest military honours. He was bred a merchant, and in 1727, was chosen one of his Majesty's council, to which he was annually re-elected until his death. In 1730, he was appointed Chief Justice, in which station he displayed firmness of principle, and distributed justice with impartiality. In the expedition against Louisburg, in 1745, he was commissioned by the governors of New England to command the troops, and soon forced the city to capitulate. For his distinguished services the king created him a baronet. He died at his seat in Kittery, Maine, in 1759, in the sixty-third year of his age. The work gives a detailed and authentic account of the siege and reduction of Louisburg, written by Sir William and other chief actors in the scene. The subject of this biography was distinguished for quickness of perception, force of thought, and decision of character. It was his practical knowledge of men, and their springs of action, "stimulated by aspirations for honourable fame and distinction, and sanctioned by an enlightened conscience and Christian principles, that crowned his career with unparalleled success." Every one may learn something from the perusal of his eventful life that will make them wiser and better men. The volume does credit to the author, who is widely known in his native country by his original contributions to medical science. We are gratified to see his able pen occasionally employed in other departments of literature.

Professor Loomis's work on the "Recent Progress of Astronomy, especially in the United States,"[4] contains not only the latest discoveries, but descriptions of improved instruments and new observatories, and is enriched with plates. Professor Loomis is the author of several volumes and papers on mathematics and astronomy, and the present work is worthy of his scientific reputation.

Perry's "Expedition to Japan,"[5] is an interesting narrative of the successful efforts to open that empire to the benefits of civilization. In this attractive volume we have a full and official record of the United States' expedition to that singular and hermetically sealed

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Parsons. Second Edition, 12mo., pp. 356. New York. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

[4] The Recent Progress of Astronomy, especially in the United States. By Elias Loomis, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of the City of New York. Third Edition, mostly re-written and much enlarged. 12mo., pp. 396. New York. 1856.

[5] Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan, performed in the years 1852, 1853, and 1854, by order of the Government of the United States, under the command of Commodore W. C. Perry, U S.N. Compiled from the Original Notes and Journals of Commodore Perry, at his request, and under his supervision. By Francis L. Hawks, D.D. With numerous illustrations. 8vo., pp. 700. New York. 1856.

empire which has remained for centuries motionless amid the changes of the East. From the expulsion of the Jesuits and Portuguese traders more than two centuries ago, little, until recently, has been heard of this remarkable people. As Commodore Perry was not ambitious of being the historian of his own enterprise, at his request, and under his inspection, Dr. Hawks has arranged the materials, and collected the essential facts from the original notes and journals of the mission. The editor has performed his labour with the assiduity and intelligence to be expected from his strong interest in geographical, ethnological, and historical researches. Dr. Hawks, besides the narrative, has given us in an admirable introduction, a sketch of the history, productions, religion, and civil condition of Japan, and the previous attempts of the English, Dutch, Portuguese and Americans to keep open an intercourse with this isolated and mysterious country. Commodore Perry sailed for Japan, in the Mississippi steamship on the 24th of November, 1852; the other vessels being appointed to overtake him in the Eastern Seas. The narrative details in an agreeable manner whatever is worthy of observation at Madeira, the Canaries, St. Helena, the Cape, Mauritius, Ceylon, Singapore, and the Chinese stations on the voyage to Japan. In July, 1853, the squadron reached the forbidden land, and took up a position in the Bay of Yedo. Negotiations immediately commenced, and friendly communications opened with the natives. On the 4th of April, 1854, the treaty which Commodore Perry negotiated, was sent to the United States' government for ratification. By this treaty two ports, Simoda and Hakadi, are thrown open for the American trade; and in case of distress or stress of weather, entrance for ships of the United States has been secured to all parts of Japan. We may hope that this treaty will be a first step towards opening that rich and curious group of islands in the East—which to Marco Polo was known as the Golden Zipangu—to the commerce of the civilized world.

Mrs. Sigourney's "Past Meridian"[6] is a pleasing and graceful volume which cannot fail to gratify readers of taste. It gives interesting biographical sketches of good and happy old men, considers the duties of the aged, and the treatment they should receive at the hands of the young. The name of Mrs. Sigourney is familiar to many of our readers, and although she is now past the meridian of life, yet she manifests no disposition to lay aside her pen. Without engaging in the composition of any great work, she has been a contributor to various periodicals, and published more than forty volumes in a more permanent form, which do honour to herself, her sex, and country. Among these are "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse;" "Traits of the Aborigines," an historical poem; "A Sketch of Connecticut Forty Years since;" "Zinzendorf, and other Poems;" "Pocahontas, and other Poems;" "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands;" "The Western Home, and other Poems," &c. Her poetry possesses great sweetness and variety, and abounds in passages of

[6] Past Meridian. By Mrs. L. M. Sigourney 12mo. Hartford. 1856.

earnest, vigorous thought. Her prose is animated and instructive, and all her works evince and inculcate warm benevolence and practical piety.

Brief Notices.

PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR PUBLIC, SOCIAL, AND PRIVATE WORSHIP. (The profits will be devoted to Widows and Orphans of Baptist Ministers and Missionaries). London: B. L. Green. 1857.

EVERY one must have felt the extreme inconvenience arising out of the use of two separate hymn-books, and one of these divided into four parts, in our Dissenting places of worship. But though all felt and lamented it, the present compilation is, we believe, the first designed to remedy it in the denomination for whose special use it is adapted. We very cordially welcome this volume, and we are bound to say that the selection of hymns is, on the whole, very judicious and comprehensive. It combines nearly all those of Watts's "Psalms and Hymns," which by general consent are used in public worship; the best from the "Selection" now in use, with additions from Montgomery and Conder, and many other authors not specified by name. The arrangement of the hymns is, generally speaking, excellent, though here and there we have noticed some that might occupy with more propriety a different position; the subjects are sufficiently varied to fit the volume in an eminent degree, according to the announcement on the title-page, for "public, private, and social worship." We can fully understand that the compilers must have found it no easy matter to prepare this volume for publication, and on that account would concede to them a large indulgence, for it would be simply impossible to satisfy the tastes and predilections of all in their selection of hymns. But while we would concede thus much in regard to their choice of hymns, we think they have unnecessarily laid themselves open to criticism in their alteration of not a few of them. Granting that compilers have the license of leaving out portions of the hymns they select (as, for example, the last verse of Watts, i. 15—"So Samson when his hair was lost," &c.), we must protest against tampering with the language of writers of established reputation, whether in "prose or rhyme." At all events, it should be distinctly indicated that the original compositions are "altered." Of the typographical execution of the specimen which has been sent us, we can speak in unqualified terms of approbation. It is beautifully printed, and the price is so low, that nothing short of a very extensive sale can render it available for the meritorious object to which the profits will be devoted. In the larger editions, which we presume will in due time appear, we should hope to find indexes of subjects and of texts; and in accordance with the remarks we have already made, we would suggest, that the names of the authors be

given, and that the hymns which have been altered should be distinguished (were it only by an asterisk), from those which are left in their integrity.

GNOMON OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By John Albert Bengel; now first translated into English; with Original Notes, Explanatory and Illustrative. Revised and Edited by Rev. Andrew R. Fausset, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin. Vols. I. & III. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1857.

"QUISQUIS in Scripturâ interpretandâ aliquid navare vult, se ipse explorare debet, quo jure id faciat." ("Whosoever desires to render any help in interpreting Scripture, should examine himself, and ascertain by what right he does so.") It is to this profound consciousness of the responsibility resting upon him who would expound the Scriptures, that Bengel owes much of his excellence as a commentator. Few men were so well qualified for the task as he; for, combining the highest culture with the most child-like piety, his comments are distinguished by the accurate knowledge they display, and are, at the same time, imbued with the profoundest spirituality of mind. And it is this latter quality which constitutes his peculiar charm. He never forgets that the Word on which he is commenting, *is* the Word of God; and hence he avoids those two great stumbling-blocks of so many of our modern commentators—a rash speculation on the one hand, and an irreverent dogmatism on the other. There are few devout students of the Bible who have not long held Bengel in the highest estimation; nay, more, revered and loved him. It was not, however, without some apprehension for his reputation with English readers, that we saw the announcement of a translation of his work. We feared that his sentences, terse and condensed as they are, would necessarily lose much of their pointedness and force by being clothed in another garb. But we confess, gladly, to a surprise at the success the translators have achieved in preserving so much of the spirit of the original. We are bound to say that this first instalment, which contains the Gospels of Matthew and Mark (Vol. I.), and the Epistles to the Romans and the Corinthians (Vol. III.), is executed in the most scholar-like and able manner. The translation has the merit of being faithful and perspicuous. The spirited publishers have laid the students of the Bible under the deepest obligation; and they will, undoubtedly, receive the thanks of many for whom they have thus made Bengel accessible. Its publication will, we are confident, do much to bring back readers to the *devout* study of the Bible, and at the same time, prove one of the most valuable of exegetical aids. The "getting up" of these volumes, combined with their marvellous cheapness, cannot fail, we should hope, to command for them a large sale.

THE THREE TEMPLES OF THE ONE GOD. By Samuel Hinds, D.D., late Bishop of Norwich. Third Edition. 12mo. Pp. 127. London: Parker & Son.

THE lovers of Bishop Hinds will welcome this new edition of the "Three Temples." The contents of the book, the substance of which was delivered in two sermons preached before the University of

Oxford as far back as 1829, may be thus briefly indicated: "All revelation progressive, but especially that whereby God has revealed *Himself*. The three stages in this revelation,—why called temples? The proposed view of the three temples: 1st. Their dedication and the signs whereby they were declared to be the temples of God. 2nd. The resemblances and differences between them." But these resemblances and differences have respect to the dedication, materials, divine indwelling, services, duration, &c. It is needless for us to say that the three temples refer to the Jewish temple, the temple of Christ's body, and the spiritual temple of the church of Christ. The inquiry is exceedingly suggestive, and cannot fail to be interesting. But we are inclined to think that the author has rested his arguments for the proofs of the progressive character of revelation too much upon the externals of the several dispensations, and which are, strictly speaking, but accidentals, rather than on the spiritual truths which underlie these; and has not brought into sufficient prominence the coincident developments of the human mind; in other words, the adaptation of revelation to man's spiritual progress. But, withal, there is a healthful tone of earnestness about the book which will ensure for it a wide acceptance. Manifestly, it would be superfluous to say a word in commendation of any book of the excellent bishop's, and especially of one which has reached its third edition.

SEBASTOPOL; and other Poems. By E. Derry. London: Hall & Virtue. 1857.

IT is the province of just criticism not to withhold censure where censure is due, nor to impart praise if praise be ill-merited. But sometimes the critic finds himself in the awkward predicament of having neither censure nor praise to convey; or, perhaps, he may have both to praise and to censure; and the reviewer of Mr. Derry's poems, we believe, must confess to being in some such position as the last described. He may commend the sentiments and the purport of the poems; but then he will have to regret that Mr. Derry has not understood better his vocation. His lines, though generally smooth, are occasionally harsh and rugged. They want, moreover, the fire of feeling and the colouring of fancy. In none of his pieces do we see the slightest indication of genius; the kindling and elevating element, so essential to real poetry, is altogether absent. "Sebastopol" drags tediously along through many sections, with an outline of the events of the late war, while the accessories are feebly filled in. Occasionally a line of less than ordinary weakness is met with, as—

"Still as they tread, they quail like quivering reeds;"

but this is counterbalanced by the mass of commonplace which the reader has to wade through. The minor poems do not interfere with the verdict we have passed on the *chef d'œuvre* of the volume; on the contrary, they tend strongly to confirm our opinion, if not to

raise a suspicion that Mr. Derry is not master of the English language. Take for example:—

"The grass recovered from her tread,
Its *pressure* was so *small;*
The motion of her body made
A sudden *breeze to fall,*
That stirred the bramble-leaves which there
Composed a matted wall."

Again:—

"Mute consternation chains their speech,
As they stand round the corpse;
The *bubbles* turn to icicles,
Which from each forehead *drops.*"

Waiving the grammatical error, we presume that *drops* and *corpse* hardly rhyme.

THE PROGRESS OF BEING. Six Lectures on the True Progress of Man. By the Rev. D. Thomas, Stockwell, Editor of the *Homilist*, &c. Third Edition. London: Ward & Co.

"THE Progress of Being," as Mr. Thomas informs us, is designed to be a sequel to "The Crisis of Being." We feel that we cannot do a better service to our thoughtful young men than to recommend them to procure forthwith, if they have not already done so, these books, and studiously to read them. And we shall be much deceived if they do not rise from the perusal with their minds braced and strengthened for the contest of life. The author is one of the most vigorous and untrammelled thinkers of the present day; every page of these books bears testimony to his deep earnestness, and glows with healthful and invigorating thought. Some will probably miss the accustomed phraseology of the pulpit, but the author's explanation is to be found in the preface to the present volume. He says, "There are two methods of presenting the Gospel; the one unfolds it as a system of doctrines, the other as a provision for souls;" and we need hardly add, that Mr. Thomas professes to have chosen the latter of these two methods. Now, while we do not object to—on the other hand, extremely like Mr. Thomas's method—yet we would submit to him whether he has fairly stated these two methods; for his language seems to imply that a system of doctrines can have no provision for souls, and, of course, that the provision for souls can have no doctrines lying at its basis. Now, must not all teaching have its foundation in *doctrines?* We are sure that there are doctrines on which "The Progress of Being" rests, and doctrines which few men would contend for with more earnestness than Mr. Thomas, and without which no one knows better than himself that the "progress of being" would be a mere fiction of the brain. We would have it noted, that our objection is not to Mr. Thomas's *method*, but to his *statement* of that method. We hope that the third edition will obtain a yet wider circulation than the two first.

ANALYTICAL EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLE OF PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE ROMANS. By John Brown, D.D. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant & Son. 1857.

THE world is full of Commentaries on the Scriptures, written by men of all creeds, in all ages of the church, from the time of Origen to the present day. Of these, the greater number are of no use, except that they are occasionally consulted by the laborious scholar and inquisitive theologian. The best expositions of Holy Writ are those which are composed on particular books. When a divine undertakes to write on the whole Bible, he feels that he has engaged in an herculean task,—that he has not sufficient time and learning for the whole; and he, therefore, passes over a good deal of the ground in a superficial manner. On the other hand, the commentator who devotes himself to one portion of Scripture, can go deliberately to work, and may expect to finish the undertaking in a reasonable time. He can collect his materials and concentrate his thoughts on one object. He can search out everything in a thorough manner, allowing himself time to render his performance as perfect as possible. In this way we account for the excellence of such works as Campbell on the Gospels, Titman's Gospel by John, Henderson's Isaiah, M'Lean's Hebrews, &c. The work before us is of this kind. The learned and pious author has calmly girded himself to the execution of his project, and has given himself sufficient leisure to sift and examine everything, and call in to his aid all the helps and lights necessary. The Epistle to the Romans possesses a peculiar character among the books of Divine revelation,—a character shared by no other except the Epistle to the Hebrews. While in others, the truths of our holy religion are scattered abroad over the wide fields of revelation, here they are marshalled, harmonized, and reduced to system. Starting with the great doctrine of the ground of a sinner's acceptance with God, he shows how that one grand and simple principle spreads itself out into the entire body of gospel truth, providing for present sanctification and future glorification, as well as for pardon and peace with God. In this book, we not only learn the truths of the Bible, but we perceive them in their connexion, relative bearing, and harmony, as discoveries of the Divine character, and developments of the principles of God's moral government. We can conceive of no better method of enlightening and strengthening the mind on sacred subjects than the frequent and familiar study of this portion of the Divine Word, not taking detached passages as mottoes for subject, but going through the whole in regular order, tracing first principles to their legitimate consequences. The author brings to his work competent learning, powers of discrimination, and sound reasoning; and the result is a volume which we think will be of great service at the present time. The principal feature of the attempt is the patient and thorough investigation of the import of particular expressions, without which all such performances must be unsatisfactory. The apostle so often uses words and verbal *formulæ* in senses so different from what is usual—so Hebraistic and Hellenistic—that without such learned explanation, the writings of the apostle would

be quite unintelligible. The writer, be he who he may, who is not prepared to meet these philological difficulties, might as well spare the labour of explaining the meaning of Scripture. If he is right, he is so only by accident, or because he happens to follow a safe guide. If we were disposed to find fault with the exegetical analysis of our erudite preacher, we would say that it is in certain parts too prolix. A more condensed form of exhibiting the results of his learning would be more pleasing to the student, because more tangible and more easily retained in the memory. Instead of noticing so many interpretations of a passage and refuting them, would it not be better to go at once to the right view, and support it with proper reasons? Perhaps, however, the imperfection of which we complain is inseparable from the plan and object of the writer. As specimens of the great ability with which Dr. Brown handles his subject, we might point to the much disputed seventh chapter,—the treatment of which to our mind is most satisfactory; the section relative to election,—a still more disputed paragraph; the remarks upon the rejection of the Jews and their final conversion; and the discussion of terms of communion. Whatever be the tenets of the Presbyterian body to which our expositor belongs, he clearly commits himself to the position taken up by all open communionists when he says, "Those whom Christ appears to have received are to be received by us; and received by us because we think they have been received by Him."—P. 554. We think this work is seasonable and opportune, as well as excellent. Tacitly, though not ostensibly, it cuts away the roots of the two great heresies of our times — Romanism and Scepticism. The young divine who treads the middle path with our author, will be in no danger of falling into either of these extremes. On the one hand, the doctrines of free justification through the atonement of Christ producing, as he shows it does produce, sanctification of spirit, cannot coexist with the Romish doctrine of the magical power of ordinances; and on the other hand, the humiliating doctrine of universal sin and sovereign grace which it involves, is in perfect antagonism with the pride of Scepticism. The mind that embraces the one must repudiate the other.

AMERICA, AND AMERICAN METHODISM. By the Rev. Frederick J. Jobson. 8vo. London: James S. Virtue. 1857.

THE Rev. F. J. Jobson and the Rev. Dr. Hannah were delegated by the Wesleyan Conference to represent the Methodist Churches in Britain, at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, held at Indianopolis, in May, 1856. During his absence, which comprised something less than twelve weeks, Mr. Jobson wrote long and circumstantial letters upon all he saw and did to Mrs. Jobson, whom family affliction detained at home. The importunity of friends—the old story—led to the publication of these letters, and to the addition of one more book to the number-

less volumes of American travels which have already appeared before the public. The book begins with the usual profession of impartiality, the accustomed reprobation of the caricatures of American society presented by most writers, and the proper determination to aid in dispelling the false views derived from such sources. The prominence given to Methodism being excepted, we do not know in what particular this volume differs from the stereotyped model. One of the best books we ever read upon America was written by an author who had never left his home in Europe; and, really, we do not know that there is any necessity to travel so far if any one wishes to write a book like Mr. Jobson's. Do not let us be too severe. There are four letters on the history of early Methodism in America, and on the labours of its early preachers, which, for the interest of the subject, redeem all the rest. We can never weary of reading the history of those devoted pioneers; and although we are familiar with the romantic and spirit-stirring tales of their great deeds in the pages of Dr. Bangs, we are glad to refresh our memory of them, and shall be pleased if many, with ourselves, catch from the narrative some new impulse, although we should only remotely follow these great men in their self-sacrifice and zeal. Mr. Jobson gives also a very succinct narrative of the proceedings of the Conference, and presents the interesting and valuable statistics of the progress of Methodism furnished to the meeting. Comprising all the branches of the Methodist church in the United States, it now numbers 1,600,000 full-church members, and has under its religious instruction 6,000,000 of the population. With all this, and thankfully recognising the greatness of the work which Methodism in America has done and is doing, we doubt whether Mr. Jobson's conclusion represents the Methodist Church faithfully, when he describes it as "having the *prestige* among the churches which the Church of England has in our own country." For our own part, we are glad to think that it does not enjoy so dangerous a *prestige*. Mr. Jobson dwells also upon the subject of slavery, and the Methodist church in relation to it. He has been sorely condemned by some for the course adopted by his church, and by the Conference of 1856, in relation to this question. We confess we do not sympathize with his condemners. In his general chapters on America, there are many slips, which had he known his subject a little better, Mr. Jobson would certainly have avoided. Why does he insist on mis-spelling Massachusetts? Why write "bunkem" for "buncombe?" Whence has he derived the notion that creoles are of negro relationship? He meets "mulattoes and creoles" in Washington. Of Washington, also, he says: "Here slavery has its mart, its auction-block, &c." If the law which forbids the public sale of slaves in the district of Columbia be thus infringed, we are surprised at the publicity which Mr. Jobson's words would imply. What zealous Democrat has cozened the good man into a belief that the Democratic party represents principles similar to those of our "moderate reformers?" Probably the same who in his enumeration of the political divisions in the States, omitted the Republican party, which, at the time of Mr. Jobson's

visit, was assuming so much importance. He innocently writes down, therefore, what he has doubtless been told,—that the three principal parties are the Whigs, the Democrats, and the Democrat-Republicans, or Loco-Focos! Besides these errors, where has Mr. Jobson learnt that Baltimore is the capital of Maryland? What makes him think that in housekeeping, money will purchase more in America than with us? Why does he speak of "*Mrs. Wetherell*, the authoress of 'Queechy,'" not only assuming the young lady's *nom de plume*, but adding thereto a matronly title, which she would certainly repudiate? A little more care would doubtless have made this book acceptable to a large class of readers, especially to those connected with the Methodist Church. Throughout, Mr. Jobson is a pleasant companion; and whatever the execution, none can question the good intentions with which he sat down to write his travels.

Books Received.

Allon's (Rev. Henry) Indian Rule and Responsibility: a Sermon. 24 pp. Aylott & Co.
American Bible Union's Translations: Thessalonians. 73 pp. Trübner & Co.
Anti-Slavery Advocate, for October. Wm. Tweedie.
Atonement (The) Discourses by Bp. Gloucester, Dr. Chalmers, Butler, Robt. Hall. 108 pp. R. Tract Soc.
British Land Birds. 282 pp. Religious Tract Society.
British Quarterly Review. No. LII., October. Jackson & Walford.
Bryce's (A. H.) Notes on Virgil. (Glasgow University Classics.) 305 pp. Griffin & Co.
Cassell's (John) Art Treasures' Exhibition, for October. Kent & Co.
Cole's (Alfred W.) Lorimer Littlegood. Parts III. and IV. James Blackwood.
Commentary Wholly Biblical. Part XII. Bagster & Sons.
Congregational Pulpit, for September. No. XXX. Judd & Glass.
Cope's (Rev. Dr R.) Pietas Privata. 120 pp. Judd & Glass.
Cornwallis's (Kinahan) Yarra Yarra, or the Wandering Aborigine. 188 pp. Hamilton & Co.
Curwen's (Jno.) Sketches in Nassau, Baden, and Switzerland. 80 pp. Ward & Co.
Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society's Occasional Paper, for October.
Essays upon Educational Subjects read at Educational Conference, 1857. 383 pp. Longmans.
Fischer's (Kuno) Francis Bacon: Realistic Philosophy and its Age. 508 pp. Longmans.
Fraser's Magazine, for October. Jno. W. Parker & Son.
Graham (G. F.) English Style, with Hist. Sketch of English Language, &c. 372 pp. Longmans.
Hutcheson's (Rev. Wm.) Apocalypse Opened. 421 pp. Glasgow: Wm. Collins.
Jewish Chronicle, for October. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.
Johnstone's (Augusta) A Woman's Preachings for Woman's Practice. 160 pp. Groombridge & Sons.
Journal of Sacred Literature and Biblical Record. No. XI., October. Alex. Heylin.
Ladies' Treasury, for October. Houlston & Wright.
Liberator, for October. Houlston & Wright.
Literary Churchman, for October. J. H. & J. Parker.
London University Magazine, for September and October. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
Maguire's (Rev. R.) John Hampton's Home: what it was, and what it became. 40 pp. Knight & Son.
Memoir of Mary M. C. Methuen. By her Mother. 318 pp. Pewtress & Co.
Murphy (Dr. Jas. G.) Elements of Hebrew Grammar. 119 pp. David Nutt.
National Review. No. X., October. Chapman & Hall.
Norton's (Jno. Bruce) Rebellion in India: how to prevent another. 244 pp. Richardson Bros.
Onesimus. Papers for the People. No. I. Judd & Glass.
Philosophy of Theism: Inquiry into its Dependence on Metaphysics, &c. 171 pp. Ward & Co.
Plain Commentary on the Psalms (Prayer-Book Version). 2 vols., 472 & 478 pp. J. H. & J. Parker.
Powell's (J. H.) Phases of Thought and Feeling. 208 pp. Partridge & Co.
Pro-Puritan On the Anti-Puritan Teachings of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. 28 pp. Simpkin & Co.
Revue Chrétienne, for October. No. X. Paris: Ch. Meyrueis et Cie.
Sheepfold (The) and the Common, or Within and Without. Vol. I., 592 pp. Blackie & Son.
Smith's (Wm.) Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions. 607 pp. Blackwood & Sons.
Spurgeon's (Rev. C. H.) The Saint and his Saviour. 472 pp. Jas. S. Virtue.
Timbs's (Jno.) Things not generally known: Popular Errors Explained, &c. 247 pp. Kent & Co.
Waller and Denham's Poetical Works. By Gilfillan. 329 pp. Edinburgh: Jas. Nichol.
Webb's (N.) Annotation on Dr. D'Aubigné's Sketch of Early British Church. 212 pp. Wertheim.
Wilson's (Prof.) Works, Vol. X.: Recreations of Christopher North, Vol. II. Blackwood & Sons.
Winslow's (Dr. Forbes) Journal of Psychological Medicine No. VIII., October. Jno. Churchill.
Woodward's (B. B., B.A.) First Lessons on the English Reformation. 100 pp. Ward & Co.
Word (A) to those who desire to follow the Lord fully. 24 pp. Wertheim & Macintosh.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1857.

ART. I.—SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.

Systematic Theology. By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. Edited by James R. Campbell, M.A. In Three Vols. Pp. 710, 784, 766. Edinburgh: Black. 1857.

OVER-ESTIMATION and undue depreciation alike tend to induce re-action. The stiff, strained, painfully overwrought pedantry of the theologians of the last century, with their arid technicalities, dreary subdivisions, and acrimonious controversies, did much to produce, in prudent and practical minds, a disgust at the very name of Systematic Theology. Many causes have fostered this feeling. Among the most powerful, probably, have been the extension and improvement of Sunday School instruction, in which the Bible has been gradually superseding all other text-books; the material, practical, stirring character of the present age, opposed to all speculation which does not appear fruitful; and the natural and flattering delusion which leads us to imagine, that because the nineteenth century is wonderfully in advance of its predecessors in certain respects, therefore we must, in all respects, be much wiser than our fathers. It seems likely that a re-action, against this undue and unwise depreciation of Systematic Theology, is already setting in. The tendency to exalt the Bible above creeds, religion above theology, truth above system, and faith above orthodoxy, has been, we verily believe, productive of a great deal of good. But it is in danger of becoming one-sided and exaggerated, and, if not checked and balanced, it may work much evil. The good gained is in the increased simplicity, variety, freedom, fervour, and practical point which charac-

terize modern preaching and school-instruction. The evil to be dreaded is in the direction of laxity, shallowness, and illogical incompleteness of thought; the encouragement of intellectual indolence, both in preachers and hearers; and the substitution of stimulus for nutrition, and excitement for growth.

The age demands, loudly and impatiently, from the public teachers of Christianity, a forcible and impressive style of speech. A preacher who cannot impress, may as well hold his tongue; for his instructions, however wise and excellent, will be as water spilt on the ground. No amount of truth will be of the slightest use, if addressed to sleeping ears. But, on the other hand, it is equally true, that if the preacher can *only* impress, not instruct, he may as well hold his tongue too; for he impresses to no purpose. Whatever the age may demand in the style of preaching, human nature, in every age, demands Divine truth as the one thing which can renew and save it. Rhetoric, fancy, dramatic power, oratorical splendour, wit, pathos, originality, pointed sarcasm, and all other forms or instruments of eloquence, will never compensate for a defective exhibition of Divine truth. That truth is not to be snatched up, at a glance, from the mere surface of Scripture. It will not reveal its harmonious symmetry, and majestic proportions, to a shallow, impatient intellect, even though allied to a fervent and sincere heart. Inasmuch as it is spiritual and moral truth, it cannot be apprehended by the intellect alone; but, inasmuch as it is truth, it cannot be apprehended without the intellect. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God:" but it is equally true that we can love God worthily, only as we know Him. And we know Him, only in proportion as we know all that He has revealed of Himself,—of His character, law, designs, and dealings,—in His word. If the Bible really contain the communication, from God himself, of this Divine knowledge, there must be in it unity and system, however concealed beneath the fragmentary and concrete form in which God has seen fit to give it to us. The concealment of Divine art is as complete in the revelation of Scripture as in that of nature. Prose, poetry, history, proverbs, parables, discourses, letters, predictions afford the ever-varying media through which successive ages made their slow and unequal contributions to the sum of inspired teaching. Truths the most distinct are found inseparably interwoven, and kindred truths widely separated; a law involving a promise, a history veiling a prediction, the casket lying in one book, and the key, a thousand years later, in another. But, to infer from this that there is no systematic unity in

Scripture doctrine, would be as unwise and unwarrantable as to conclude that there can be no system in creation, because the creatures are not distributed, either geographically or numerically, according to genera and species; but as if by chance, or, at most, for convenience and beauty;—the whale having its home among the fishes and the sea-weeds, and the humming-bird being placed, in nature's cabinet, among butterflies and blossoms. God is one. His manifestations of Himself are infinite; but He is in them all; He cannot be unlike Himself, nor can He do the least act, or produce the smallest work, but what is worthy of Himself, and bears the impress of His infinite wisdom, and is by the very fact in necessary harmony —whether our dull eyes and ears can discern it or not—with all things else in the universe. To deny that there is system in the doctrines of the Bible, is to deny (if we consider the matter closely) that the Bible is the work of God. Whether theologians have discovered, or ever can discover that system in its completeness and purity, is another question. But the very attempt is noble. Wisdom and humility alike forbid us to despise it. If the systems produced by the most profound, laborious, and devout minds that have devoted themselves to the task, are still—as possibly they are—to the real system of Scripture Theology, only as the reflection of the sun in a clouded and broken mirror, or on a wind-stirred pool; yet much of Divine light is in them; and probably there is not one of them but reflects some beams which our dim, unaided vision never would have caught. Few kinds of conceit can be more outrageous and less pardonable, than the conceit which leads a man to fancy, that an amount of intellectual effort which would not make him master of a single science or language, will enable him to despise all that other men have done in expounding and systematizing the doctrines of the Bible, and put him in possession of all that an Augustine or a Calvin, a Howe or an Owen, could learn by the intense and prayerful labour of a lifetime.

True, we do not want elaborate displays of Systematic Theology in our pulpits, in place of plain, warm-hearted explanation and enforcement of particular truths, any more than we want botanical and anatomical preparations on our dinner-tables, in place of roasted joints and well-cooked vegetables. But if the preacher be ill-acquainted with the anatomy and the botany, so to speak, of Scripture truth, he will be very likely often to spread before his hearers, with the best intentions, a very unsatisfying, indigestible, or dangerous banquet. A preacher need not take off the skin of his mind, that his hearers may see its muscles and sinews, or be always holding up the skeletons of his sermons,

that we may hear their bones rattle, and see the flesh creep over them, a limb at a time. The human frame would gain neither strength nor beauty if it could be rendered transparent, and each miraculous construction, and sinewy jointure, and sympathetic throb in the secret machinery of life, laid bare to view. But every bone and every artery are indispensable alike to its strength, and to its beauty; and a single vertebra out of place would be fatal to both. Just so; a sermon must have bone and sinews, though it need not show them. And as with a single sermon, so with the habitual course of pulpit instruction: it is likely either to be deformed and maimed, or paralytic and powerless, if it lack the compact skeleton of a comprehensive orderly conception of the unity of Bible truth, and the nerves and muscles of logical, systematical, strenuous thought.

That there are great dangers attending the study of Systematic Theology, we are not careful to deny. There is the intellectual danger of narrowing Divine truth to fit it to stereotyped formulæ of human invention, and putting "the tradition of the elders" on a level with "the word of God." There is the moral and spiritual danger of losing the facts in the doctrines, putting logic for faith, and coming to regard the revelation of God as rather a field for intellectual skill and prowess than a temple for worship, a home for holy affections, a magazine of implements and weapons for noble strife and perpetual usefulness. These dangers are real and great; but they are to be met, not by neglecting the systematic study of Divine truth, but by taking care never to rest on religious knowledge as an end, but incessantly to bring it practically to bear on the heart and life,—first, our own, then those of others. The study of Systematic Theology has too often lost itself in barren logomachies; and subtle, hair-splitting refinements of speculation, such as, decide them whichever way you please, can make no man's heart better, or life more useful. But the fault lay, not in systematizing, but in systematizing on wrong principles. Theology is neither a science of deduction, nor a science of mere classification. Strictly speaking, it is not a Science at all; it is a Study. Science, strictly speaking, is of universals, as the Schoolmen expressed it, not of particulars. There is a science of Mechanics, because all the facts of mechanics can be reduced to certain primitive axioms and general laws, from which, in turn, the particular facts can be inferred by strict deductive logic. But there is no science of History, because the facts of history never recur. Every nation, every age, every man, woman, or child, and every event, is a new individual entirety, impossible to be calculated and foreseen; and logical foresight is the criterion of science. History, therefore, is a study—the grandest of all human studies, but it can

never be a science, until human beings are created in classes, instead of each one being an original "unknown quantity," capable of all sorts of incalculable variations, and also of disappearing, any moment, from our calculation altogether. Whenever the human race is in a position to assert that "all kings are just," "all philosophers are wise," "all laws are reasonable," "all good men are rich," "all scoundrels get their deserts," and so forth,—there will be a science of History. Until then, all the grand talk about philosophies of history is empty and illusory; proceeding on the mistaken notion that, where we can trace causation, we can construct science; whereas it is the *recurrence* of causes, not their existence, which is the only natural basis of science.

Now, in theology, some of the facts, though unique, are infinite, and so, in a certain sense, universal. Such are the being of God; His eternity, omniscience, justice, goodness, and so forth. But many of the leading truths of theology relate to distinct individual events: as, for example, the fall of Adam; the setting up of the Jewish church; the institution of sacrifice; the incarnation; the atonement; the second advent. We cannot logically infer the incarnation from the Trinity; or the atonement from the fall; or any one of the great fundamental facts of which the Bible alone informs us, from any other. The facts must be accepted as unique and unparalleled, stubbornly resisting our efforts to reduce them to metaphysical unity, to express them under higher laws, or to account for them scientifically and establish their logical neccessity. Our knowledge of them can never be, in this world, reduced to science.

What then, it may be asked, is the use of Systematic Theology? If it cannot reduce the particular facts of Scripture to their universal laws, and classify its doctrines under higher truth—what can it do? The answer is, it can do what is the first step towards science in the natural world. It can examine and ascertain the real character of the facts themselves. It can inquire into the fundamental principles of the Divine character or government which the facts disclose or illustrate, and which, indeed, constitute their very meaning and essence. It can trace the unity of God's dealings with mankind, with reference to the two elements from which alone History can derive unity—causation, and purpose. It can reason negatively, though not positively, from those primary truths concerning God, which, as we have seen, are virtually universal, to the truth or falsehood of particular doctrines and interpretations of Scripture. For example, it cannot demonstrate, from the perfections of God and the sin of man, the certainty that an atonement would be provided. But, taking the Atonement as a fact, it can show that

any explanation of it must be false, which would be at variance either with the love, or with the justice of God. It cannot demonstrate, from the nature of the case, that the virtue of the Atonement must be universal. But it can show, from the truthfulness of God, that any theory of its extent must be false, which would involve the insincerity of the Gospel offers and promises. So in innumerable other instances, though the revealed facts of the Divine procedure could never have been inferred beforehand, from the principles of the Divine nature and character, yet it may be shown what principles are illustrated in those facts; and every interpretation of the facts can be refuted, which is irreconcilable with those principles. In a word Theology, if we are to award it the name of a science, is a science of analysis and interpretation. It is not an organ, but a criterion of knowledge. It cannot formulate, like algebra, or predict, like astronomy, or generalize, like mechanics, or experiment, like chemistry, or observe and investigate, like physiology or geology. It can only criticise. Its facts are few, unique, familiar; but they have been more misinterpreted than any other facts, and are as yet but very imperfectly understood. And even when theology has done her utmost towards systematizing these facts, by freeing them from the misrepresentations of philosophy, and setting them in the light of full impartial inquiry, in the completeness of their individual certainty, and in the order of their mutual relationship, it will still be found that they are *fragmentary* facts, united inseparably with the unseen, the unknown, and the unimagined. We shall always be compelled to confess, of our most successful achievements in this field—"*We know in part, and we prophesy in part.*"

The views we have thus ventured to indicate, of the province and claims of Systematic Theology, harmonize perfectly, we are happy to think, with the tone and spirit of the masterly work before us. Dr. Wardlaw is equally removed from dogmatism, on the one hand, and from latitudinarianism on the other. If he shows no tendency to depreciate the value of Systematic Theology, neither does he exaggerate it. The prevailing characteristic of these Lectures is a certain masculine good sense, equally removed from a timorous attachment to antiquity, and a morbid craving after novelty. His views, it need scarcely be said, are those which are understood by the term, "moderate Calvinism." He displays no ambition to be known as an iconoclast and exploder of the past. He builds on the old foundations. He has little faith in the light to be shed on the ancient revelation by the new philosophy; indeed, he is more than sceptical whether the new philosophy, in some of its most pretentious shapes, has light enough even to see

its own doctrines, without attempting to hold the torch to Christianity. He would rather uphold an old view by a new argument, than set up a new view without any arguments at all. On the other hand, his modesty does not destroy his independence. He calls no man master, and allows no authoritative appeal but to "The Book." He builds upon the old foundations, not because they are old, but because he believes them to be sound. If he thinks an old view incorrect, he boldly says so, and gives his reasons. He eschews the tedious refinements of scholastic technicality and verbal controversy. He distinguishes conscientiously between the authoritative declarations of the Bible, and the conclusions which human philosophy draws from them. The tendency of his Lectures, if we mistake not, is to make his readers, not partizans of a system, but students of Divine truth. It would be difficult to find a finer example of the working of that difficult problem, the practical solution of which is the special vocation of the Congregational churches,—How to combine freedom of thought, with the steady and unswerving maintenance of all the essential doctrines of the Gospel.

"Although (says Dr. Wardlaw) the Bible presents no formal or systematic arrangement of its doctrinal and preceptive contents, it by no means follows that there is no system in the Bible. There are some who cry out, with a reprobation quite too unqualified, against everything that bears the name or aspect of system. The very word is nauseous to them! It is most certain, however, that, as in all the kingdoms of nature, so in the Bible, there do exist materials for a system. . . . . It is utterly impossible for any man of intelligence to read the Bible attentively, and with a sincere desire to understand its contents, without forming a system. I should desire, indeed, no surer evidence of a man's being a careless and inconsiderate student of the sacred writings (if indeed he should be called a student of them at all) than his having professedly studied them, without having formed any system. For what is a system? Can it be for a moment denied, that there is a mutual relation to each other among the truths of the Divine word? Now, a system is neither more nor less than the placing of these truths in the order of their several relations. There is a harmony amongst them, which, indeed, it is of no small importance for us to discern, and to retain upon our minds. . . . . Every treatise, every sermon, if either the one or the other be properly executed, and really worth anything, is a system on the particular doctrine or duty of which it treats. It is just a concentrating of the scattered rays of Scripture-light upon one topic."—Vol. I. pp. 49—51.

"But, as I have said, there are dangers. Let us beware of them! Whether a system has been formed by ourselves, or has been adopted from our fathers, let us beware of them. They exist in

both cases. There is danger of such a system laying us under bondage; of its imposing fetters on our mental freedom. Our minds are apt to become biased by our attachment to it. When, as we flatter ourselves, we have got the whole, and that by no little amount of labour (the greater the labour the greater the temptation) very nicely put together, every part adjusted to the rest, and all compact and symmetrical, like the various parts of a complex but regular machine; like the stories of a well-proportioned edifice, rising from the foundation to the "headstone of the corner;" or like the members of the animal frame, all in their proper places, and fulfilling their respective functions,—a perfect body of divinity; we are loth to see it disarranged. We fear the dislocation of any joint, lest, peradventure, we should not very easily succeed in reducing it, or lest, in the attempt to reduce it, we should derange and disorder other parts. The mind is thus cramped. It is jealous of whatever might militate against the system. It shrinks from the examination of all arguments that wear a threatening aspect; becomes fearful and apprehensive even of the further examination of the Bible itself; and when it does further examine, examines in the light of the system, coming to the Scriptures for confirmation of sentiments already formed and settled, rather than for correction of what may be wrong, and for further knowledge. . . . . No man is in the right way to truth, who does not maintain freedom of thought." —Pp. 52, 53, 55.

These are wise and weighty words. They display the well-balanced judgment, and calm, discriminating penetration which, much more than any brilliancy of genius, or original power in any one direction, characterised Wardlaw's mind, and fitted him to be the exponent of the recognised theology of the denomination which ranked him among its brightest ornaments. The student, who enters on the study of Systematic Theology under such a guide, will have his mind enlarged and invigorated, not cramped and narrowed. He may, or he may not, adopt all the views of his instructor. But he will, at all events, learn to avoid the weak and conceited affectation of despising orthodoxy. He will see the tenets of moderate Calvinism, not shrouded in the mists of metaphysics, or bristling with dry, hard technicalities; but expounded in plain, vigorous English, and set in the light, at once, of candour and of common sense. And if he can catch the spirit of combined reverence and independence, fidelity to truth, and charity towards those who differ, pervading these pages, there is no great fear that his own theology will be very far astray.

After three introductory Lectures (from one of which the foregoing extract has been taken), the lecturer enters on the systematic exposition of theology, by treating of the argument for the fundamental truth of all religion,—the existence of God.

The discussion of the so-called *à priori* argument, especially in the form in which Moses Lowman has stated it, and Dr. Pye Smith has adopted it, is masterly, and in our judgment unanswerable. The evidences from cause and effect, and from final causes, are ably discussed in two Lectures; and two more are devoted to a cursory but trenchant reviewal of "Various Systems of Atheism," and of "German Schemes of Cosmogony and Atheism." Of course, in the judgment of those (if the term "judgment" be applicable in such cases) to whom downwright nonsense in English is inspired wisdom in German, and Schelling and Hegel are all luminous with the "Divine darkness" of unintelligibility, the shrewd, hard-headed Scotch Divine will earn only a sublime contempt by his plain speaking. Of the frost-crusted cobwebs of speculation, which Schelling spins from one snowy summit of abstraction to another yet more inaccessible, our plain-spoken Doctor says, "We must have free-trade in thought; no contraband articles; nonsense itself must be duty-free. But we must be equally free to call it nonsense. And we do." Hegel fares no better. "The marvel is, if any man can look at such theories with so much as half an eye, and not detect their baselessness and self-contradictoriness. They are 'airy nothings,' to which their high-minded inventors have succeeded in giving 'a local habitation and a name,' but which remain 'airy nothings,' still." No doubt such criticism betokens a shocking want of philosophic discernment and Teutonic depth in him who is bold enough thus to avow his belief, that what is neither intelligible nor true cannot be very profound. But unfortunately for philosophy —that is, for *such* philosophy—this belief is shared by mankind at large. Vulgar minds—the vulgar-learned as well as the vulgar-unlearned,—are often fascinated, it is true, with the semblance of depth presented by obscurity; but common-sense will have its revenge, sooner or later. The practical experience of mankind teaches them, that it is the nature of truth to speak, not to be silent; and to speak plain, not to mutter jargon; though it is true that there is always in her utterances more than meets the ear. The greatest, deepest truths are capable of being expressed in the simplest and most unambiguous language; though the complete meaning of that language transcends our comprehension. Dumb truths, if such there be, that can only grasp and mumble the *patois* of a system, not speak with clear voice to the universal ear and intellect and heart of mankind, must be content to have their claims denied, and to be set down as impostors. If any one thinks he has discovered that they are not so, let him not find fault with us, that we will not be at the pains of hunting out the sense of the barbarous brogue peculiar to the intellectual hermits who alone can breathe among those

heights of abstraction; but let him translate it into the intelligible, current language of human thought. Philosophers that cannot teach, are as worthless as ships that cannot sail. The tide of human knowledge will flow past them, leaving them to rot on the shore of the past.

From these topics, the Lectures advance to the Christian evidences, which are handled in eleven Lectures. Of the remaining eleven Lectures of Vol. I., ten discuss "the Divine Perfections,"—Spirituality, Omniscience, Power, Wisdom, Goodness, Holiness, Justice, and Truth. The last Lecture is on the question, "How far the true Knowledge of God has been attained, or is attainable by Human Reason."

The first two Lectures of Vol. II., treat of the sublime mystery of the Trinity, which is treated with characteristic reverence and modesty. Possibly, the definition furnished of the doctrine may be considered to err rather on the side of caution, and the avoidance of dogmatism.

"The doctrine of the Trinity, so far as it is possible to put it into the terms of human language, may be stated thus:—That in the unity of the Divine essence there subsists a three-fold distinction, of the nature or mode of which we are left in ignorance; the simple fact alone being matter of revelation; or thus:—That in the Scriptures, the Divine Being is expressed under three distinct names, Father, Son, (or Word,) and Holy Spirit; and the three is but one God. But this union and distinction are a mystery, a secret unrevealed, and in all probability incomprehensible to all mankind alike."—Vol. II., p. 3.

We confess, that this cautious statement appears to us somewhat too bare and meagre: a *Sabellian* might subscribe to it without difficulty. It might at all events be added, without at all presuming to dogmatize on a topic far beyond the scope of human faculties, that "this distinction is of such a character, that certain acts are predicated (in Scripture) of each One of the Three, which can be predicated only of that One: *e.g.*, that the Father gave the Son; that the Word became flesh; that the Holy Spirit is given to every believer, and is the inward source of spiritual life."

Advancing in the two next Lectures to "the Sonship of Christ" and "the procession of the Holy Spirit," Dr. Wardlaw modestly but firmly rejects both the dogma of eternal generation, and that of the procession of the Spirit, as fictions of human theology, based on misinterpretation of Scripture. His view, clearly expounded, and ably supported, is, that the term "Son of God," applies to Our Saviour as incarnate—*including* the idea of supreme Divinity, but not expressing His relation to the Father, previous to His incarnation, to have been filial; and

that Our Saviour's words in reference to the Holy Spirit, "*who proceedeth from* the Father," simply refer to the mission of the Holy Spirit in the work of human redemption.

We then advance to the great battle-field of Calvinistic theology. The opening sentences of Lecture V., on the Decrees of God, are marked by the writer's usual calm, luminous, good sense. We should almost have expected him to substitute some other expression for the phrase, "the Divine Decrees;" seeing that the term "Decree," is used in Scripture rather for God's actual appointments in time, than for His secret purposes in eternity, and that (as President Dwight allows) other words, found in Scripture, more suitably express the meaning. But Dr. Wardlaw's reference to the "terms with which from childhood we have been familiar," probably indicates the feeling which made him unwilling to part with the accustomed sound. He thus lays the foundation of the doctrine:—

"In an intelligent creature, we are accustomed to regard it as an indication of deficiency in wisdom, to proceed without a plan or previous arrangement. And, if the system of operations be extensive, involving many interests along with his own credit and his own happiness, such a pre-arrangement is considered by us as all the more necessary. We extol the sagacity of the projector in proportion to the comprehensiveness and completeness of his plan, the amount of skill discovered in the mutual adjustment of all its parts, as well as of shrewd and penetrating foresight in anticipating and providing against difficulties, and probable or even possible hindrances and interruptions. It were surely to impute to Deity a wisdom less than human, to suppose Him, in the creation and government of the universe, to act without a plan. And if He does act upon a plan, that plan must, in all its larger and minor details, be absolutely and unimproveably perfect. Now this plan, understood in all its extent, and in all its minuteness, as existing in the mind of Deity, is what constitutes the Divine decrees." (P. 61). . . "The whole of the Divine conduct, then, we consider as the result and exponent of previous purpose or determination. And this entire plan must have existed in the Divine Mind from eternity; *i.e.*, there never has been a time in which any purpose that is now or ever was in the Divine Mind was not there. To God, in this view, there can be nothing new, nothing unanticipated. Nothing must be considered as having occurred in the form of an after-thought; of something that required to be introduced to supply a deficiency, and prevent a disarrangement."—P. 63.

It seems impossible that the position so perspicuously set forth in these sentences can be denied or assailed by any one who believes in the Divine perfection. Yet these few sentences virtually involve, by a very brief and simple process of reasoning, all that is worth contending for in the Calvinistic theory.

Eight Lectures are occupied with the closely connected subjects of the Origin of Evil, Original Sin, and the Connexion of Adam's Posterity with the Guilt of his Sin. The examination of Dr. Williams's theory of the Origin of Evil, and of Mr. Gilbert's defence of it, is masterly, candid, and, in our judgment, conclusive. Dr. Wardlaw regards the problem as in its nature insoluble by human faculties, and therefore contents himself with pointing out unanswerable objections to the theories of others, without attempting any theory of his own.

"Sin did not originate in our world. The entrance of sin into the earthly paradise was only its extension,—its communication from one class of beings to another. As God never could make a creation with unholy principles, evil must have originated, wherever it first had place, without a tempter. And this I feel to be quite beyond my reach: in what way the thought of evil, the first sinful desire, found its way into the bosom of a sinless creature without foreign suggestion. Yet so it must have been."—P. 118.

Edwards's theory of the negative or primitive character of original depravity, and Dr. Payne's able and forcible development of it, are examined with great acuteness and mastery of the subject. The objection is strongly put against Dr. Payne's theory; and it seems to place Adam, in reference to the one testing command, in the same position with his posterity. If, in the matter of the forbidden tree, Adam was left entirely to himself, without the influence of the Holy Spirit to preserve him, then, either he was already in that measure a fallen creature, or else the absence of the Holy Spirit's influence in the case of Adam's children does not constitute them fallen creatures; their depravity must be something distinct from this privation of Divine influence. From this dilemma it does not seem easy to escape.

The discussion of the doctrine of Atonement forms, as may be expected, a very important and valuable part of the course. The reality of the Atonement is conclusively vindicated against those expositions, or rather eviscerations, of Scripture, which regard the statements of the Bible respecting it as mere Jewish figures. The "true nature of Atonement" is perspicuously and instructively unfolded; the notion of an exact equivalent in kind and degree, in the sufferings endured by Christ, for the sufferings which the sinner is spared, is refuted, not without some touches of indignation at the way in which, as Mr. Wardlaw considers, this view lessens and lowers the value and dignity of our Saviour's sufferings. Indeed, it seems inexplicable how this view can be maintained for an instant, in the face of the incontrovertible fact, that the worst part of the sinner's suffer-

ings, the goading remorse of personal guilt, and the bitterness of a heart filled with enmity against a righteous God, our Divine Redeemer neither did nor could endure. In fact, to talk of an equivalent in suffering, is to use words without meaning. Suffering lies, not in circumstances, but in feeling; and feelings are incommensurable and incalculable.

The manner in which Dr. Wardlaw has met the "Objections to the Doctrine of Atonement"—especially the obvious one of the injustice of the innocent expiating the crime of the guilty—is very able; and we think a candid opponent must almost be compelled to admit that it is successful. In our judgment, however, sufficient stress is not laid on the strongest point of all, viz., the relationship sustained by the Divine Sufferer to the condemned race. Dr. Wardlaw says,—

"We need not shrink from the admission that the doctrine of substitution, in its strict and proper sense, is the doctrine of the Gospel; that doctrine is, that the undeserving or innocent suffered in the room of, and in order to the deliverance of, the deserving or guilty."—(P. 360.)

In this phrase, "need not shrink from the admission," there seems something of feebleness and concession; as though the doctrine were felt to be a weak point in the theological system, obvious to attack, and difficult of defence. Whereas, if this doctrine be the very glory and essence and strength of the Gospel, as it certainly is, it ought to be possible so to state it that it shall not merely survive, but defy all assault. Undoubtedly, the doctrine here stated, is "the doctrine of the Gospel;" but it is not the *whole* doctrine of the Gospel. The words, as Dr. Wardlaw used them, conveyed more to his mind, and they will convey more to the mind of any one who already devoutly believes the doctine, than they convey to the ear of an opponent, or than they really express. The word "substitution," is capable of such various meanings, that the defender of Atonement may be using it in one sense, and his opponent in a sense widely different. Substitution may be voluntary or involuntary, accidental or designed, based on relations which justify it, or arbitrarily effected, in the absence of any such relations. Now, the phrase, "substitution of the innocent for the guilty," fixes attention on the mere fact, apart from all its justifying reasons and explanations. It looks as if it might mean *any* innocent person; whereas there was but One in the universe who could be the "substitute" for guilty man. It looks as if the substitution might have been casual, or constrained, or arbitrary; whereas is was not only of set purpose, and voluntary, but proceeded on a basis which rendered it most

just and fit that it should be both offered and accepted. It was the substitution, not of a new victim, but of a representative. All the cases of substituted suffering, allowed by human laws, adduced as illustrative analogies of the Atonement, will be found to contain a fundamental idea, in some relationship between the parties, apart from which we could not regard them with complacency. When Judah offered to become Benjamin's substitute, it was on the ground of their relationship; we should not feel that he had *a right* to bereave his family, and sacrifice his liberty, for a stranger. In the famous case of Zaleucus, the sufferer is at once the father and the monarch, and the criminal his subject and his son. In the legend of Damon and Phintias, the intense love of the two friends supplies the moral ground of the self-sacrifice; but we cannot help questioning somewhat, if the ruler was right in permitting it. The simple substitution of an innocent person for a guilty one, without any moral ground for such a proceeding, would be repugnant to our sense of right, and would illustrate no principle of justice. The Scripture doctrine is not that of the *mere* substitution of one who was not guilty for many who were; it is the substitution a representative, of One who represented at once, in his own person, the Divine Ruler, and the rebellious and guilty race. Regarding our Redeemer as the Eternal Word, by whom "all things were made," the criminals were His creatures. This relation, while it constituted the *gravamen* of their sin, established a claim on Him; not a claim on justice, but a claim on pity and help, such as an erring child has on a loving father, only infinitely more tender. If He *could* help them, at the cost of his own suffering, it was morally fit and right and beautiful that he should do so. Regarding Him as man, He was "the second Adam;" not merely *a* man, but "*the* Son of man," the divinely appointed Head of the fallen race. In this character, it was morally right and fit that He should suffer for their fault, and that they should profit by his obedience. Lastly, the relation of the Son of God to "His Father, and Our Father," gave Him a right to assume a relation to the Divine government altogether exceptional and unique; and imparted such a character to His "obedience unto death," as that the pardon of the guilty race whose nature He had taken on Him is no less a tribute to public justice (which rewards as well as punishes) than it is an exercise of Divine Mercy. In fine, if the term "substitution" were not in such recognised use among theologians, the term "representation," would more adequately express the *kind* of substitution exemplified in the Atonement. This idea is expressed by the inspired writers in their constant use of the preposition ὑπὲρ, "on behalf of," not ἀντὶ, "instead of." We find indeed "λύτρον ἀντὶ πολλῶν

—a ransom in exchange for many;" but there the figurative term "ransom," necessitates the idea of payment or exchange. The other is the prevailing usage, and the distinction is important. Representation is not *opposed* to substitution, but includes it, and something more. It may be styled the highest kind of substitution, and is especially that form of it which has relation to law, government, public order, and public justice; without which we may almost say society could not exist, and government would be reduced to the mere exercise of power over a a multitude of individuals.

The discussion of the Atonement of course involves the question of its extent. This leads to the topics of Election, and the Perseverance of the Saints, which are treated with manly candour, cautious avoidance of violent extremes, lucid argumentation, and constant reference to Scriptural teaching. The two lectures on the "Perseverance of the Saints" are emenently judicious.

From these discussions as to the application of the benefits secured by the Atonement, the Lectures return to consider the mediatorial work itself—the condition of the Saviour's soul between his death and his resurrection; His resurrection and ascension, intercession and glory. The Thirty-ninth Lecture resumes the consideration of the benefits flowing from the mediation of Christ, and introduces the topics of Justification and Saving Faith. In reference to this topic, the lecturer observes,—

"Few things are more surprising than the variety of opinions, discussions, and debates, bywhich the minds of men have been agitated and perplexed, respecting the question, 'What is faith?' I am much inclined to think that if nineteen-twentieths, or, if you will, ninety-nine-hundreths, of all the controversial writing that has passed through the press on this subject—including, of course, my own proportion—were consumed in one bonfire, the Christian Church would be but little of a loser."—P. 712.

As might be expected from his cast of mind and temperament, Dr. Wardlaw inclines rather to the intellectual view of faith than to that which lays stress on the idea of confidence or trust in personal character. He goes so far as to say,—

"Faith is the belief of the matter of testimony, the giving credit to anything reported or affirmed, either on the ground of the veracity of the testifier, *or of evidence adduced of the truth of his report or affirmation.*"—P. 715.

But how can this last be called faith at all? If a man, whom I know to be an habitual liar, brings me any report, and at the

same time confirms it by such evidence as leaves no room to doubt of its truth, is my belief, *i. e.*, my reception of the fact stated, to be called faith? I have no faith in the man, for I know his word to be not worth a straw. Can I be said to have faith in his message? As well might I be said to have faith in the conclusions of geometry, when I have followed, step by step, the reasoning which establishes them. No two processes of mind can well be more distinct, and even opposed, than the taking of a statement upon trust, as true, and the examination and balancing of evidence, and thence concluding its truth. The one is the friendly, unsuspicious reception we give to a guest—the opening of our heart to receive a statement, simply because it comes to us stamped with the authority of one whom we can trust. The other is the cautious examination of a suspected impostor—the bringing of the statement to the bar of the mind to be tried, and, after evidence heard, pronouncing its acquittal. If, on the other hand, "faith" be restricted to the belief of testimony, simply as testimony—*i.e.*, upon no other ground but the word of the testifier—then the controversy, whether faith be the intellectual reception of the testimony, or the reliance reposed in the witness, becomes a mere verbal dispute; the two are inseparable. In discussing this point, and attempting to show that trust "is the immediate effect of believing, rather than believing itself," the venerable and gifted Lecturer has fallen into a singular oversight (at p. 722). He illustrates his view by supposing cases in which you receive testimony concerning a person's abilities and integrity, and, in consequence of your believing that testimony, you exercise trust in him. The illustration is beside the mark, since it is merely a case of trust in one person inducing trust in *some one* or *something else*. This does not prove that the belief of the testimony was not, in the first instance, the result of trust in those who gave it. We cannot believe a testimony *quâ* testimony, if we distrust the witness. Belief of God's testimony concerning His Son necessarily implies trust in God, and is the result, not the cause, of that trust, though it may be the cause of our trust in Christ. Belief of any of the promises of Christ can result only from trust in the promiser; while, at the same time, it may be the cause of a new exercise of truth, in reference to our actual reception of the thing promised. With all respect for a mind so clear, and an authority so high, as Dr. Wardlaw's, we must still think, that the attempt to dissever the belief of God's word from trust in the Divine character, is one of those attempts at simplification, by separating things inseparable, which darken what they are meant to illuminate.

We cannot follow the reverend and lamented theologian into the third volume of his course, chiefly occupied with the work of

the Holy Spirit, and with the ethics of the Bible. We dismiss the volumes, which are all that could be wished in style and appearance, with our cordial thanks to the Editor, the Rev. James R. Campbell, M.A., for the manner in which he has discharged his honourable and useful task. These Lectures are a noble contribution to the treasures of English Theology. The Congregational body may point with satisfaction to this work, and the "First Lines," of a still a more accomplished scholar on this side the Tweed, as specimens of the instruction which its colleges are providing for the future teachers of the churches. These Lectures, we trust, will powerfully contribute, not only to counteract the undue depreciation of Systematic Theology, but to aid those who are called to the sacred and onerous work of preaching, in combining fidelity to the truth once delivered to the saints with unshackled freedom of thought, and broad and clear views of the Word of God; and in throwing into their public ministrations that vigour and variety, without which they will cease to interest, and that solid thought, without which they will never profit.

ART. II.—LIVINGSTONE'S AFRICAN TRAVELS.

Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda on the West Coast; thence across the Continent, down the river Zambesi to the Eastern Ocean. By David Livingstone, L.L.D., D.C.L., &c. London: John Murray. 1857.

THE work of Dr. Livingstone has added a new, and remarkably interesting chapter to the history of African Discovery. Old traditionary ideas, respecting the physical configuration of the interior of this vast region, have been proved false; fables which had, from time immemorial, remained the hereditary belief of the learned, as well as of the ignorant, regarding the desolation of its solitudes, and the curse of sterility which had fallen upon its plains, have been corrected; the vague terrors with which this central region was invested, have been discovered, by the indefatigable exertions of the missionary-traveller, to have been the creation of the fancy. Instead of impassable deserts, inhabited by savage swarms of human beings and ferocious animals, we now know that beyond the great water-shed of the south, whose confines alone had been hitherto explored, there lie lofty plateaus clothed with magnificent vegetation, valleys

shaded by forests, park-like ranges of hills, and plains rendered brilliant by flowers. In these districts, cut off from all intercourse with the civilized nations of the world by jungle-forests or desert-horizons, there live tribes of simple and industrious natives, whose chief occupation it is to hunt the elephant, defend themselves from the attacks of the terrible lion, accumulate the eggs of the ostrich, feed numerous herds of oxen, and barter with neighbouring clans the ivory they collect from the chase. The narrative of this adventurous traveller is rendered wonderfully fascinating by incidents of fatigue and dangers, anecdotes of curious manners, descriptions of grotesque people, and pictures of alternately wild and beautiful scenery. The importance of the labours of this zealous apostle cannot yet be estimated; it has been his great and glorious privilege to open up a highway between the isolated sons of Africa and the rest of the world, thus introducing the swarthy races of the interior to the knowledge of the civilized nations of the earth.

Dr. Livingstone opens his volume by a brief but interesting account of his earlier years, and indulging in a little innocent pride, commences his autobiography with a short list of his pedigree. His great-grandfather, it appears, fell at the battle of Culloden; his grandfather was a small farmer in Ulva, one of the Hebrides, who, finding it impossible to support a growing family on his paternal acres, removed to Blantyre Works, a large cotton manufactory above Glasgow; where, also, his father, in time, became employed as clerk. The history of his own early career is very instructive. At the age of ten he was sent to the factory as a "piecer;" and contrived, out of his first week's earnings, to purchase a Latin Grammar, with which he commenced the study of that language—a study he continued with unabated ardour, at an evening school, until he had mastered all difficulties. Sometimes he laboured as late as twelve o'clock, when his mother, knowing that he had to be at the factory by six in the morning, would, with prudent solicitude, interfere and snatch the book out of his hand. However, many classical authors were read in the intervals of factory labour; and, in addition to Virgil and Horace, scientific works and works of travel were devoured with equal avidity.

This part of his life becomes peculiarly interesting. He had been carefully trained in the principles and practice of the Christian religion, but it was only at this time that he felt the necessity, and could realize the value, of a personal application of its truths to his own case. Then the fruits of the Spirit began to manifest themselves; he resolved to devote his life to the alleviation of human misery, and imagining that a field was open to him as a pioneer of Christianity in China, he prepared to

obtain a medical education, in order to be qualified for that enterprise. He was still engaged at the factory; nevertheless he pursued his studies, and the plan he adopted shows the ardour with which he devoted himself to the task he had set before him. "My reading, while at work, was carried on," he tells us, "by placing the book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of the machinery." Such determination and persistency were not likely to be baffled, and we see in the young student, thus early, indications of that character which afterwards carried him over the pathless sands of the great Kalahari Desert, enabled him to cope with unimaginable difficulties, and still pursue his way undismayed by any of those terrors, real or imaginary, which might have daunted a less intrepid spirit. His steady zeal in the acquisition of knowledge was at length rewarded; he was enabled to attend the Greek and medical classes in Glasgow, as well as the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw, during the winter, by working vigorously in summer. Having then finished his medical curriculum and obtained his diploma, the lad Livingstone joined, at the suggestion of a friend, the London Missionary Society, on account of its perfectly unsectarian character; but as the opium question had embroiled this country in a war with China, it was deemed inexpedient to put his original plan into execution, and as a new and a no less inviting field had been opened by the unwearied labours of Mr. Moffat, he turned his thoughts to Africa, and in the year 1840, set sail from England, for the Cape of Good Hope.

We have thought these few biographical details would be highly interesting, as putting the reader at once in possession of the character of the man, whose discoveries have enriched the geographical and ethnical knowledge of the world. It will, however, be impossible to give more than an outline of his adventures amongst the natives of Southern Africa, though we shall endeavour to enable the reader, as far as possible, to judge from copious extracts, of the value of the work which he has given to the public. The novelty of the scenes it depicts, the grotesqueness of the people it describes, the enterprise with which it abounds, render it one of the most fascinating volumes that have been written since Humboldt laid bare the interior of South America.

On arriving at the Cape, Dr. Livingstone at once proceeded to Kuruman, the farthest inland missionary station, and then after a short stay to a place called Lepepole, in the Bakwain country, where in order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the language of the country, he cut himself off from all European society,

and in about six months gained an insight into the habits, laws, and ways of thinking of this tribe which eventually proved of incalculable advantage in his intercourse with them. The study of the language and manners of this people was not his sole occupation. He was desirous of proving to his coloured neighbours the superiority of the white man over the coloured, as well as to confer real benefits upon his new friends. He accordingly constructed a canal—a most valuable acquisition in a dry country—for the purpose of irrigation. Occasionally he made excursions northward, to the Bakáa, Bamangwato, and Makaláka tribes; and it was during one of these expeditions, that he came within a short distance of Lake Ngami, the discovery of which was however accidentally postponed for nearly eight years. His journeys were usually performed in a lumbering cart or waggon drawn by oxen; but on this occasion, owing to the sickness of the cattle, on foot. His white face, his slim person, and his general conformation failed to inspire the natives with any very formidable idea of his physical strength. Unconscious that Dr. Livingstone understood their language, they discussed his powers and personal appearance. "He is not strong; he is quite slim, and only appears stout because he puts himself into those bags (trousers); he will soon knock up." Now was the time to undeceive them. The Highland blood of the young Scotchman was roused; he felt he could despise all fatigue; and for the whole of that day's journey kept his companions to the top of their speed, until he heard them, with a pardonable vanity, recant their opinion of his powers of exertion.

In 1843, Dr. Livingstone, returning towards Kuruman, selected the beautiful valley of the Mabotsa as a site for a missionary station. He had not been long there before his life was endangered in one of those frequent excursions common to the country—a lion hunt. The Bakátla of the village, it appears, were much annoyed by this terrible animal, which, emboldened by hunger, leaped into the cattle-pens by night, devoured the cows, and committed other depredations.

"So the next time the herds were attacked, I went with the people, in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebálwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebálwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown

at him; then leaping away, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was re-formed, we saw two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If the Bakátla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps towards the village; in going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, 'He is shot, he is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!' I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the Carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebálwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebálwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebálwe. He left Mebálwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakátla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcase, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm." —Pp. 11—13.

Each tribe among the Bechuanas is named, according to Dr. Livingstone's statement, after a certain animal; and a not im-

probable inference is drawn, that in former times they were addicted, like the Egyptians of old, to animal worship. The term Bakátla signifies, "they of the monkey;" Bakuena, "they of the alligator;" Batlápi, "they of the fish," and so on, and it is a curious fact that the tribes have a superstitious dread of the animal after which they are named, and never use it as food. The clan to which Dr. Livingstone attached himself was the Bakuana or Bakwains, a pastoral race, the chief of whom, Sechele, an intelligent and amiable man, resided at Shokuane. A close and intimate friendship sprang up between this native chieftain and his guest. The father of Sechele had been murdered by his subjects, owing to some domestic quarrel, whilst the son was still a boy, and the latter was deprived of his inheritance. A friendly neighbour chief, however, reinstated him in the sovereignty of his tribe by a *coup de main*, and put the usurper to death. The interviews of the missionary with this prince are highly interesting. He was deeply impressed with the glad tidings announced to him, and though the other chiefs, or rather sub-chiefs, refused to listen to the words of the preacher, this excellent native received with gratitude the Gospel of peace.

"On the first occasion in which I ever attempted to hold a public religious service, he remarked that it was the custom of his nation, when any new subject was brought before them, to put questions on it; and he begged me to allow him to do the same in this case. On expressing my entire willingness to answer his questions, he inquired if my forefathers knew of a future judgment. I replied in the affirmative, and began to describe the scene of the 'great white throne, and Him who shall sit on it, from whose face the heaven and earth shall flee away,' &c. He said, 'You startle me—these words make all my bones shake—I have no more strength in me: but my forefathers were living at the same time yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner? They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going.' I got out of the difficulty by explaining the geographical barriers in the North, and the gradual spread of knowledge from the South, to which we first had access by means of ships; and I expressed my belief that, as Christ had said, the whole world would yet be enlightened by the Gospel. Pointing to the great Kalahári desert; he said, 'You never can cross that country to the tribes beyond; it is utterly impossible even for us black men, except in certain seasons, when more than the usual supply of rain falls, and an extraordinary growth of water-melons follows. Even we, who know the country, would certainly perish without them.' Re-asserting my belief in the words of Christ, we parted; and it will be seen further on, that Sechele himself assisted me in crossing that desert which had previously proved an insurmountable barrier to so many adventurers."—Pp. 15, 16.

Although Sechele eventually believed for himself, the superstitious alarm of his subjects interfered greatly with the propagation of the Gospel. The whole district was suffering at this time from a severe drought, a calamity which the professional "rain-doctors" associated in their minds with the presence of a white man and Christian amongst them; so that when Dr. Livingstone, at the request of Sechele, began family worship with him in his own house, none except the family of the prince, whom he ordered to attend, came to the meeting. "In former times," such was the affecting lament of the new convert, "when a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs, and became fond of hunting too. If he was fond of dancing or music, all showed a liking to these amusements too. If the chief loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But in this case it is different. I love the Word of God, and not one of my brethren will join me." In fact, many of his people imagined that the chief was beside himself, or rather bewitched by the missionary, and when he received baptism, shed tears of pity and compassion.

Still the relations of Dr. Livingstone with the rest of the tribe were of the most amicable character. They regarded him as a man of probity and benevolence; for when he first came amongst them, he refused to accept the plot of ground they assigned to him without paying an equivalent, and he was assiduous in his attendance upon the sick, relieving their sufferings as far as his skill and medicines availed. He further convinced them that he had no desire to interfere with, or control, their affairs in the slightest degree; his influence, he told them, must be that of persuasion alone, and seeing that he acted up to the profession he had made, they saw him move amongst them without fear or desire of molesting him, although they fervently believed he had thrown a glamour over their chief, and was the immediate cause of the drought which afflicted them. Yet the Doctor's teaching proved an indirect blessing to the people. Their standard of morality was imperceptibly raised; new and better motives were brought into play; five times was war prevented by his influence; and it may be safely asserted that where the missionary failed to exert any individual influence, the people acted no worse than they did before a European had set foot in their country.

We regret that we have not space to linger longer in the beautiful valley of the Mabopsa, with the reverend Doctor seated amongst this interesting community. One feature in the superstitions of the natives we, however, must allude to — we mean the belief in the gift or power of rain-making, one of the most deeply rooted articles of faith in the country. The chief

Sechele himself, Dr. Livingstone informs us, was a noted rain-doctor, and found it, as he frequently confessed, one of the most difficult points to abjure, when he became a Christian. For four successive years the terrible drought continued; the Kolobeng, a large river, was dry; needles lying out of doors for months did not rust; a mixture of sulphuric acid and water used in a galvanic battery, parted with all its water to the air instead of imbibing more, as it would have done in England; the leaves of the mimosa closed at mid-day; and the bulb of a thermometer placed three inches under ground, stood at 132 to 134 degrees; and there was apprehension that all vegetation would die; deputations of old Bakwain counsellors waited on the Doctor, believing that he had bound Sechele with a magic spell; and entreating him to allow the chief to make only a few showers. "The corn will die if you refuse, and we shall become scattered. Only let him make rain this once, and we shall all, men, women, and children, come to the school, and sing and pray as long as you please." It must have been distressing to the missionary to have appeared so hard-hearted to the natives, amongst whom he dwelt, as they evidently believed in his power to create rain. There was, however, only one answer; but the cleverness and ingenuity with which all replies were met, may be illustrated by the following dialogue between the rain-doctor and medical doctor, the arguments of the former being those usually employed amongst the native faculty:—

"*Medical Doctor.* Hail, friend! How very many medicines you have about you this morning! Why, you have every medicine in the country here.

Rain Doctor. Very true, my friend; and I ought; for the whole country needs the rain which I am making.

M. D. So you really believe that you can command the clouds? I think that can be done by God alone.

R. D. We both believe the very same thing. It is God that makes the rain; but I pray to him by means of these medicines, and, the rain coming, of course it is then mine. It was I who made it for the Bakwains for many years, when they were at Shokuane; through my wisdom, too, their women became fat and shining. Ask them; they will tell you the same as I do.

M. D. But we are distinctly told in the parting words of our Saviour that we can pray to God acceptably in His name alone, and not by means of medicines.

R. D. Truly! but God told *us* differently. He made black men first, and did not love us as he did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns, and gunpowder, and horses, and waggons, and many other things about which we know nothing. But towards us he had no heart. He gave us nothing, except the assegai, and cattle, and rain-making; and he did not give

us hearts like yours. We never love each other. Other tribes place medicines about our country to prevent the rain, so that we may be dispersed by hunger, and go to them, and augment their power. We must dissolve their charms by our medicines. God has given us one little thing, which you know nothing of. He has given us the knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. *We* do not despise those things which you possess, though we are ignorant of them. We don't understand your book, yet we don't despise it. *You* ought not to despise our little knowledge, though you are ignorant of it.

M. D. I don't despise what I am ignorant of; I only think you are mistaken in saying that you have medicines which can influence the rain at all.

R. D. That's just the way people speak when they talk on a subject of which they have no knowledge. When we first opened our eyes, we found our forefathers making rain, and we follow in their footsteps. You, who send to Kuruman for corn, and irrigate your garden, may do without rain; *we* cannot manage in that way. If we had no rain, the cattle would have no pasture, the cows give no milk, our children become lean and die, our wives run away to other tribes who do make rain and have corn, and the whole tribe become dispersed and lost; our fire would go out.

M. D. I quite agree with you as to the value of the rain; but you cannot charm the clouds by medicines. You wait till you see the clouds come, then you use your medicines, and take the credit which belongs to God only.

R. D. I use my medicines, and you employ yours; we are both doctors, and doctors are not deceivers. You give a patient medicine. Sometimes God is pleased to heal him by means of your medicine: sometimes not—he dies. When he is cured, you take the credit of what God does. I do the same. Sometimes God grants us rain, sometimes not. When he does, we take the credit of the charm. When a patient dies, you don't give up trust in your medicine, neither do I when rain fails. If you wish me to leave off my medicines, why continue your own?

M. D. I give medicine to living creatures within my reach, and can see the effects though no cure follows; you pretend to charm the clouds, which are so far above us that your medicines never reach them. The clouds usually lie in one direction, and your smoke goes in another. God alone can command the clouds. Only try and wait patiently; God will give us rain without your medicines.

R. D. Mahala-ma-kapa-a-a!! Well, I always thought white men were wise till this morning. Who ever thought of making trial of starvation! Is death pleasant then?

M. D. Could you make it rain on one spot and not on another?

R. D. I wouldn't think of trying. I like to see the whole country green, and all the people glad; the women clapping their hands and giving me their ornaments for thankfulness, and lullilooing for joy.

M. D. I think you deceive both them and yourself.

R. D. Well, then, there is a pair of us (meaning both are rogues)."—Pp. 23—25.

The character of the Bakwains is that of a primitive and simple people; though slow in the acquisition of religious ideas, or the discernment of things that come not within the sphere of their observation, they are said to be remarkably quick in the comprehension of whatever concerns their worldly affairs. Their knowledge of cattle, sheep, and goats is very accurate, and they understand exactly what kind of pasturage is suited to each. They select also, with great judgment, the varieties of soil best adapted to different kinds of grain; and are familiar with the habits of wild animals; nor are they deficient, says Dr. Livingstone, in the maxims which embody their ideas of political wisdom. Their principal enemies are the Boers of the Cashan Mountains. These unprincipled descendants of Dutch settlers—or, rather, one section of them—penetrated into the territory of the Bechuanas. This helpless tribe having just escaped from the tyranny of a Zulu, or Caffre, chief named Mosilikátze, received them as friends and deliverers. But instead of making a virtuous use of the confidence reposed in them, these ruffian marauders overpowered the race and made slaves of them. Even those who still retain a semblance of independence are forced to perform all the labour of the fields, such as manuring the land, weeding, reaping, building, making dams and canals, and at the same time to support themselves. The Boers opposed, as far as lay in their power, the steps of Dr. Livingstone, and from their impertinent and hostile interference alone did he find any obstruction to his journeying to and fro amongst the entire nations of Southern Africa.

We have already stated that Dr. Livingstone, in 1843, approached within a few miles of Lake Ngami without discovering it. Now, in 1849, he determined to undertake an expedition in search of this central sheet of water. To reach it, however, it would be necessary to cross the great Desert of Kalahari—a flat tract of light-coloured soft sand, that stretched for several hundred miles away beyond the Orange River. The peculiarity of this vast solitude is, that is is not destitute of vegetation, but, on the contrary, is covered with grass—the abundance of which has astonished those even who are familiar with the plains of India—a great variety of creeping plants, bushes, and trees. The absence of running water, and the fact that there is little of that valuable beverage even in the wells, has given to this desiccated region the appellation of Desert. Bushmen, and Bakalahári tribes, as well as prodigious herds of a certain kind of ante-

lope which requires little or no water, inhabit its trackless plains. For the sustenance of plants and shrubs, however, the economy of nature is wonderful. Plants not generally tuber-bearing, such as the grass, a species of vine, and a small scarlet-coloured esculent cucumber, here produce bulbous roots which supply nutriment and moisture, when, during the long droughts, they can be procured nowhere else.

"Another plant, named leroshúa," says the Doctor, "is a blessing to the inhabitants of the desert. We see a small plant with linear leaves, and a stalk not thicker than a crow's quill; on digging down a foot or eighteen inches beneath, we come to a tuber often as large as the head of a young child; when the rind is removed, we find it to be a mass of cellular tissue filled with fluid much like that in a young turnip. Owing to the depth beneath the soil at which it is found, it is generally deliciously cool, and refreshing. Another kind, named mokuri, is seen in other parts of the country, where long-continued heat parches the soil. This plant is an herbaceous creeper, and deposits underground a number of tubers, some as large as a man's head, at spots in a circle a yard or more horizontally from the stem."—Pp. 47, 48.

But the most surprising plant of the desert is the "Kengwe, or Water-Melon." This valuable fruit abounds in seasons when a little more rain than usual falls, and then the ground is literally covered with them. Not only does man rejoice in the rich supply, animals of every sort and name—elephants, lions, hyenas, rhinoceroses, antelopes, jackals, and mice—revel in the water-bearing food. The inhabitants also have an ingenious method of obtaining the water to be found in wells, and keeping it in curious reservoirs underground.

"The dread of visits from Bechuanas of strange tribes causes the Bakalahari to choose their residences far from water; and they not unfrequently hide their supplies by filling the pits with sand, and making a fire over the spot. When they wish to draw water for use, the women come with twenty or thirty of their water-vessels in a bag or net on their backs. These water-vessels consist of ostrich egg-shells, with a hole in the end of each, such as would admit one's finger. The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach; then ram down the wet sand firmly round it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises into the mouth. An egg-shell is placed on the ground alongside the reed, some inches below the mouth of the sucker. A straw guides the water into the hole of the vessel, as she draws mouthful after mouthful from below. The water is made to pass along the outside, not through the straw. If any one will attempt to squirt water into a bottle placed some distance below his mouth, he will soon perceive

the wisdom of the Bushwoman's contrivance for giving the stream direction by means of a straw. The whole stock of water is thus passed through the woman's mouth as a pump, and when taken home is carefully buried. I have come into villages where, had we acted a domineering part, and rummaged every hut, we should have found nothing; but by sitting down quietly, and waiting with patience until the villagers were led to form a favourable opinion of us, a woman would bring out a shellful of the precious fluid from I know not where."—P. 51.

On the 1st of June, 1849, Dr. Livingstone set out to cross this waterless wilderness, in company with Messrs. Oswell and Murray. Their conveyances were waggons drawn by oxen. The route lay through a range of tree-covered hills to Shokuane, and thence along the bed of an ancient river or wady, now completely dry, to the Bamangwato. From the Bamangwato they struck away to a desert fountain, called Serotli, which consisted of a few hollows, holding so small a quantity of water that the dogs of the party could easily have lapped it up, had they not been driven away. "Yet this was all the apparent supply," remarks the Doctor, "for some eighty oxen, twenty horses, and about a score of men." By digging, however, below the surface a few feet, until they arrived at the hard stratum, a small quantity of water flowed slowly; and this, being allowed to collect, proved sufficient for the men and horses, but not for the cattle, which had to be sent back to another, after thirsting full four days. By the following morning the water had collected in sufficient quantity to allow the cattle a good drink, and, thus strengthened, the little band pushed on, though, owing to the intense heat of the sun, very slowly. The difficulties of the journey were very great.

"Ramotobi was angry at the slowness of our progress, and told us that, as the next water was three days in front, if we travelled so slowly we should never get there at all. The utmost endeavours of the servants, cracking their whips, screaming and beating, got only nineteen miles out of the poor beasts. We had thus proceeded forty-four miles from Serotli; and the oxen were more exhausted by the soft nature of the country and the thirst, than if they had travelled double the distance over a hard road containing supplies of water: we had, as far as we could judge, still thirty miles more of the same dry work before us. At this season the grass becomes so dry as to crumble to powder in the hands; so the poor beasts stood wearily chewing, without taking a single fresh mouthful, and lowing painfully at the smell of water in our vessels in the waggons. We were all determined to succeed; so we endeavoured to save the horses by sending them forward with the guide, as a means of making a desperate effort, in case the oxen should fail. Murray went forward with them, while Oswell and I remained to bring the

waggons on their trail as far as the cattle could drag them, intending then to send the oxen forward too."—Pp. 59, 60.

After enduring much toil and privation the party arrive at water, in the vicinity of the dry bed of the river Mokoko, and having slaked their thirst, proceeded onwards, only to lose their way in this dreary desert. They discover a Bushwoman, however, who conducted them to the water of the Nchokotsa; and, on the 4th of July, they reach the Zouga, a river running to the north-east and flowing out of Lake Ngami—the object of their search. The natives, who possessed large herds of horned cattle, and lived principally upon the water, informed Dr. Livingstone and his companions, that, by following the stream which lay at their feet, they would at last reach the "broad water." After pursuing the course of this beautifully wooded river for ninety-six miles, they came upon the native settlement of Ngabisane, where they left their waggons, finding it impossible to push on further with these *impedimenta;* and twelve days later—that is, on the 1st of August, or two months after their departure from Kolobeng—their long-protracted toil and patience were crowned with complete success, the north-east end of the lake appearing in sight. From where they stood no horizon was visible, except that of the sky and water; and from the computation then and since made, and from the accounts rendered of it by the natives, it is estimated that this inland sheet of water cannot be less than from eighty to a hundred miles in circumference. It is doubtful, however, whether it can ever become a great commercial highway; it is very shallow, except in the rainy season, and its water, when the lake is not full, brackish and hard. The water of the Tamunak'le, a tributary of the Ngami, is clear, cold, and soft, and this fact led to the idea that it must have descended from some snow-clad range of hills further in the interior. After several vain attempts to reach Sebituane, the chieftain of a tribe dwelling still further inland, but which were thwarted by the jealousy of the natives, Dr. Livingstone and his friends commenced their return down the Zouga. This river, as we have before mentioned, is beautifully wooded; its banks are steep and grassy, and our traveller was reminded, as he passed along, of some of the features of his native Clyde. The trees he describes as being enormous—one of two baobabs or mowanas being seventy-six feet in girth. There were, also, mokuchong or moshoma, which bear an edible fruit, and would be an ornament in any gentleman's lawn or park; the motsouri, producing a pink plum, and resembling the orange tree in its dark evergreen foliage, and the cypress in its form; and the

stately palmyra. Elephants abound in the country, as well as a new species of African antelope, never found a mile from water. As a curious illustration of the manner in which the natives entrap the wild animals of the desert, we quote the following extract. Speaking of the Zouga, Dr. Livingstone says:—

"We had now time to look at its banks. These are very beautiful, resembling closely many parts of the river Clyde above Glasgow. The formation is soft calcareous tufa, such as forms the bottom of all this basin. The banks are perpendicular on the side to which the water swings, and sloping and grassy on the other. The slopes are selected for the pitfalls designed by the Bayeiye to entrap the animals as they come to drink. These are about seven or eight feet deep, three or four feet wide at the mouth, and gradually decrease till they are only about a foot wide at the bottom. The mouth is an oblong square (the only square thing made by the Bechuanas, for everything else is round), and the long diameter at the surface is about equal to the depth. The decreasing width towards the bottom is intended to make the animal wedge himself more firmly in by his weight and struggles. The pitfalls are usually in pairs, with a wall a foot thick left uncut between the ends of each. So that if the beast, when it feels its fore legs descending, should try to save itself from going in altogether, by striding the hind legs, he would spring forward, and leap into the second with a force which ensures the fall of his whole body into the trap. They are covered with great care; all the excavated earth is removed to a distance, so as not to excite suspicion in the minds of the animals. Reeds and grass are laid across the top; above this the sand is thrown, and watered so as to appear exactly like the rest of the spot. Some of our party plumped into these pitfalls more than once, even when in search of them, in order to open them to prevent the loss of our cattle. If an ox sees a hole, he carefully avoids it. And old elephants have been known to precede the herd and whisk off the coverings of the pitfalls on each side all the way down to the water. We have known instances in which the old among these sagacious animals have actually lifted the young out of the trap."—Pp. 69, 70.

Having returned to Kolobeng and recruited his strength, Dr. Livingstone again sets out, with indefatigable energy, for the far interior. After various casualties, which compelled him to retreat for awhile—such as the sickness of his children, failure to obtain guides, &c.—he at length reached Nchokotsa; whence he continues in a northerly direction, instead of turning off in his former north-westerly route to Lake Ngami. Here, passing by some curious salt-pans, he encounters the formidable "tsetse," an insect resembling a bee, whose poison proves invariably fatal to horses, cattle, and other domestic animals; whilst it produces no injurious effects upon the human body, game, or

even a calf until it is weaned. The way in which the virus of this deadly insect operates is too curious to be omitted:—

"A slight itching irritation follows, but not more than in the bite of a mosquito. In the ox this same bite produces no more immediate effects than in man. It does not startle him as the gad-fly does; but a few days afterwards the following symptoms supervene: the eye and nose begin to run, the coat stares as if the animal were cold, a swelling appears under the jaw, and sometimes at the navel; and, though the animal continues to graze, emaciation commences, accompanied with a peculiar flaccidity of the muscles, and this proceeds unchecked until, perhaps months afterwards, purging comes on, and the animal, no longer able to graze, perishes in a state of extreme exhaustion. Those which are in good condition often perish soon after the bite is inflicted with staggering and blindness, as if the brain were affected by it. Sudden changes of temperature produced by falls of rains seem to hasten the progress of the complaint; but in general the emaciation goes on uninterruptedly for months, and do what we will, the poor animals perish miserably." —Pp. 81, 82.

Pursuing their way across this wild region, our little band of adventurers came among the Makololo, the acquaintance of whose chief Sebituane, Dr. Livingstone had desired to form, on his visit to Lake Ngami. Curiously enough the old chief lived only long enough to see the white man, being attacked by an inflammation of the lungs, which carried him off during Dr. Livingstone's stay at his head-quarters. After the death of Sebituane, Mr. Oswell and Dr. Livingstone pushed on one hundred and thirty miles to Sesheke, and in the end of June, 1851, discovered the Zambesi in the centre of the continent—an important discovery, the Portuguese maps having represented it as rising far to the east of this point. "We saw it," says the author, "at the end of the dry season, at the time when the river is about at its lowest, and yet there was a breadth of from 300 to 600 yards of deep flowing water." In the centre of the African continent, this discovery was indeed a stupendous acquisition. With this reward of their toil, Dr. Livingstone returned to Cape Town, safely passing through the frontier districts, though a Caffre war was raging at the time, and having sent his family to England, prepared for his third, his last, and his longest expedition. One short episode we must notice, since the extract will serve to show the reader that these expeditions were not exactly pleasure-trips or pic-nic parties; but that they who resolve to penetrate into a strange and wild country, either for the purpose of carrying the Gospel to its savage population, or for the advancement of science, must be prepared to encounter

unimagined trials, and be overwhelmed at any moment by unforeseen perils.

"It is impossible to convey an idea of the dreary scene on which we entered after leaving this spot: the only vegetation was a low scrub in deep sand; not a bird or insect enlivened the landscape. It was, without exception, the most uninviting prospect I ever beheld; and, to make matters worse, our guide Shobo wandered on the second day. We coaxed him on at night, but he went to all points of the compass on the trails of elephants which had been here in the rainy season; and then would sit down in the path, and in his broken Sichuána say, 'No water, all country only;—Shobo sleeps;—he breaks down;—country only;'—and then coolly curl himself up and go to sleep. The oxen were terribly fatigued and thirsty; and on the morning of the fourth day, Shobo, after professing ignorance of everything, vanished altogether. We went on in the direction in which we last saw him, and about eleven o'clock began to see birds; then the trail of a rhinoceros. At this we unyoked the oxen, and they, apparently knowing the sign, rushed along to find the water in the river Mabábe, which comes from the Tamunak'le, and lay to the west of us. The supply of water in the waggons had been wasted by one of our servants, and by the afternoon only a small portion remained for the children. This was a bitterly anxious night; and next morning, the less there was of water, the more thirsty the little rogues became. The idea of their perishing before our eyes was terrible. It would almost have been a relief to me to have been reproached with being the entire cause of the catastrophe, but not one syllable of upbraiding was uttered by their mother, though the tearful eye told the agony within. In the afternoon of the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, some of the men returned with a supply of that fluid of which we had never before felt the true value."—P. 79.

We have, perhaps, dwelt too long upon the previous exploring expeditions of Dr. Livingstone, and left too slight a space for his third and, decidedly, most important journey. We have deemed it advisable however to give copious extracts, to enable the reader to understand the nature of the country the missionary traveller had to traverse, and the difficulties which assailed him at every step. Having thoroughly comprehended these points, the reader can more thoroughly appreciate the labours of this intrepid adventurer, and sympathize with him, as he advances, stage by stage, further from the haunts of European civilization into the unrevealed solitudes of Central Africa.

It was in the June of 1852, that Dr. Livingstone left Cape Town for the interior; and he was absent, exploring and discovering, for a period of four years. On looking at the map it will be perceived that, at its southern extremity, the great African continent terminates in a vast cone-shaped promontory.

Dividing this country into three distinct portions, we have on the east the territory of the Zulus or Caffres, mountainous, wooded, and well-watered; inhabited by a race of tall, athletic, and handsome men, shrewd, energetic, and brave; on the west, a vast level plain, including the Kalahari Desert, with little water, but abounding in vegetation; and in the centre a tract of land gently undulating, with few springs of water, and still fewer running streams. It was through this central division that the route of Dr. Livingstone lay; his conveyance consisted of a lumbering waggon drawn by ten oxen, and his personal attendants two Christian Bechuanas from Kuruman, and two Bakwain men. We have already described the features of the country, and the incidents of travel, as far nearly as Linyanti—a spot farther than was reached even by the adventurous Gordon Cumming. Beyond the district of the Bakwains, the vigorous black-ant, the land-tortoise, lions, buffaloes, mice, serpents, ostriches, and hippopotami were met with in abundance, and interesting and instructive is the chapter devoted to the habits and customs of these dwellers in the desert. Linyanti is upwards of 1,200 miles from Cape Town; and making this place, as it were, his head-quarters, Dr. Livingstone ascended the Leeambye and the Barotse valley, descended the Chobe, explored the bulk of various tributaries, surveyed the country on every side, traversed numerous native states, and crossing the territory of the Quibogue entered Angola, and arrived at St. Paul de Loando, on the shores of the Atlantic. It would be impossible, in the space of a few pages, to give any idea of the wonderful indigenous riches and varieties of nature which excited Dr. Livingstone's admiration; we must refer the reader to the fascinating volume itself, which reads more like a work of fiction than anything we have seen for some time. At every step the country became more lovely; trees which he had never seen before were discovered; the grass green as in the meadows of England, overtopped the waggons; vines stretched from branch to branch in elegant festoons; the beautiful banian frequently spread its majestic branches; large sheets of water lay in hollows; and as he proceeded northward, streams and rivers became more numerous, till at length his progress was impeded by a vast inundation — the result of the overflow of the Chobe river. The Leeambye, which was ascended in three-and-thirty canoes, revealed a still more surprising picture. Often was this magnificent river more than a mile in width, and the country on each side beautiful and prolific. The population nowhere hostile, was here found to be of a superior character, ingenious and industrious.

"We proceeded rapidly up the river, and I felt the pleasure of

looking on lands which had never been seen by an European before. The river is, indeed, a magnificent one, often more than a mile broad, and adorned with many islands of from three to five miles in length. Both islands and banks are covered with forest, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banian, or *Ficus Indica*. The islands at a little distance seem great rounded masses of sylvan vegetation reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The beauty of the scenery of some of the islands is greatly increased by the date-palm, with its gracefully curved fronds and refreshing light-green colour, near the bottom of the picture, and the lofty palmyra towering far above, and casting its feathery foliage against a cloudless sky. It being winter, we had the strange colouring on the banks which many parts of African landscape assume. The country adjacent to the river is rocky and undulating, abounding in elephants and all the other large game, except leches and nakongs, which seem generally to avoid stony ground. The soil is of a reddish colour, and very fertile, as is attested by the great quantity of grain raised annually by the Banyeti. A great many villages of this poor and very industrious people are situated on both banks of the river; they are expert hunters of the hippopotami and other animals, and very proficient in the manufacture of articles of wood and iron. The whole of this part of the country being infested with the tsetse, they are unable to rear domestic animals. This may have led to their skill in handicraft works. Some make large wooden vessels with very neat lids, and wooden bowls of all sizes; and since the idea of sitting on stools has entered the Makololo mind, they have shown great taste in the different forms given to the legs of these pieces of furniture.

"Other Banyeti, or Manyeti, as they are called, make neat and strong baskets of the split roots of a certain tree, whilst others excel in pottery and iron. I cannot find that they have ever been warlike. Indeed the wars in the centre of the country, where no slave-trade existed, have seldom been about anything else but cattle. So well known is this, that several tribes refuse to keep cattle, because they tempt their enemies to come and steal. Nevertheless, they have no objection to eat them when offered, and their country admits of being well stocked. I have heard of but one war having occurred from another cause. Three brothers, Barolongs, fought for the possession of a woman, who was considered worth a battle, and the tribe has remained permanently divided ever since."—Pp. 212, 213.

Ascending the Leeba, a considerable tributary of the Leeambye, Dr. Livingstone came upon the Mambari—a tribe of traders, whose high privilege it has been to introduce English cotton-fabrics into the heart of Africa. The cotton prints of Manchester appear so wonderful in the eyes of the Makololo, that they can scarcely believe them to be the work of human hands. "An attempt at explanation of our manufactures,"

says the Doctor, "usually elicits the expression, 'Truly ye are gods.'" In this part of the country the Salique law by no means prevails, several of the most influential chiefs being women. With some of these our traveller had occasional interviews, and curious indeed is the account which he gives of the etiquette established at these native courts, and the ceremonies which a person must observe who wishes to enter into the presence of their swarthy majesties. As Dr. Livingstone approached nearer to the coast, the signs of semi-civilization began to appear. Numbers of young girls, the property of Portugese traders, were constantly met with, with chains on their limbs—the badges of their degraded condition. Nevertheless, in these western regions beauty was to be found amongst maidens, and the droll fashion of stretching the hair out upon a hoop, to produce, in some cases, the appearance of the glory round the Madonna's head; in others, the form of crowns, peaks, and horns of cattle prevailed.

Twelve hundred miles of journey had thus been performed from Linyanti to Loando. Nothing daunted, Dr. Livingstone returned by the way he went, and having reached the central point of Linyanti again, set out afresh in a north-easterly direction to reach the town of Quilimane, or Kilimane, on the eastern coast of Africa, by descending the river Zambesi. We would we could find space for the description of the magnificent Victoria Falls, called by the natives, Mosioatunya, (Smoke-sounding) owing to the vast quantity of foam and mist sent up, and the ceaseless roar it produces. The description of this stupendous torrent would occupy too much space. The road which Dr. Livingstone pursued, lay through landscapes so beautiful, that he tells us, "Scenes so lovely must have been gazed on by angels;" but as he neared the coast, however, he found that the natives had lost that simplicity of character, which, to a certain extent, belonged to the tribes of the far interior. The population became denser and displayed more vicious habits; and though cultivation was carried on to a considerable extent, the soil and its products were shared by large herds of wild animals, all of colossal size.

Throughout all his wanderings, Dr. Livingstone never forgot the missionary character he had undertaken. He healed, where it was in his power, the sick of every district; but he did not fail to elicit their ideas respecting religion, the worship of their gods, and their notions of morality; and on all occasions he strove to impart to them a knowledge of a purer and more ennobling faith, and of elevating the native character. The success which attended upon his individual labours, could be but very imperceptible. He has, however, been the pioneer to the natives of Central Africa; he burns to revisit the tribes he has left; and

having shown what a mighty field is open for the efforts of Great Britain, and enlisted the sympathies of all classes with the simple but degraded Africans, we do not doubt strenuous efforts will be made to carry the Gospel still more effectually amogst them, and let its glorious light shine into their degraded and benighted minds.

ART. III.—THE INDIAN MUTINY.

1. *Indian Rule and Responsibility: a Sermon.* By the Rev. H. Allon. London: 1857.
2. *The Rebellion in India: How to prevent another.* By John Bruce Norton. London. 1857.
3. *The Mutiny of the Bengal Army.* By One who has served under Sir Charles Napier. London. 1857.
4. *A Bird's-eye View of India.* By Lieutenant Edward King. London. 1857.
5. *Tracts on the Native Army of India.* By Brigadier-General John Jacob. Reprinted. London. 1857.
6. *A few Remarks on the Bengal Army.* By a Bombay Officer. Reprinted from the Edition of 1851. London. 1857.
7. *Complete Narrative of the Mutiny in India.* By Thomas Frost, Esq. London. 1857.
8. *The Indian Mutiny: a Lecture.* By the Rev. Micaiah Hill. London. 1857.
9. *India: its Crimes and Claims: a Sermon.* By Rev. C. Stovel. London. 1857.
10. *England's Faults and India's Claims: a Sermon.* By Rev. T. Aveling. London. 1357.
11. *A Fast-Day Sermon.* By Rev. John Glendenning. London. 1857.
12. *Congregational Pulpit.—Fast-Day Sermons.* London. 1857.
13. *Papers on the Indian Mutiny.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament. 1857.
14. *Statement of the Troops which have embarked for India, from the 1st of July to the 10th of September; and from the 10th of September to the 10th of November*, 1857, *according to the Returns received at the Adjutant-General's Office.*

WE earnestly and confidently hope that the profound and anxious interest which has taken possession of the whole nation during the last six or eight months, in the affairs of our Indian Empire, is destined to continue long after the calamities and horrors by which it was excited have disappeared. The dis-

asters, the crimes, the heroism, which have made up the history of the fairest and richest provinces of British India since last January, will surely be talked of in every English home, and thoughtfully pondered by every English heart, for many years to come. No political struggles, no commercial vicissitudes, no social excitements, not even the heaviest private sorrows, will ever cause the men and women, or even the boys and girls, of this generation, to forget Delhi and Cawnpore; and while self-sacrifice and invincible courage are held honourable, the names of Willoughby, Havelock, Nicholson, Lawrence, and Neill will kindle boyish enthusiasm, nerve manly strength, and inspire heroic song. The agony which filled our hearts at the arrival of one Indian mail after another in the summer and autumn of 1857, we shall all of us remember most vividly and mournfully to our dying day; and we trust that henceforth it will be impossible for us to ignore or even grossly to neglect the duties which, both as Englishmen and Christians, we owe to the vast territories and enormous populations over which we reign in the East.

Infinite grief and pity for the brave men who had been treacherously murdered; for the gentle women who had endured sufferings, humiliations, and tortures, to which all common deaths would have been slight and inconsiderable misfortunes; righteous indignation against the perpetrators of these foul and cruel deeds, and a stern resolve to punish their atrocities with unrelenting severity, occupied at first, and had a right to occupy, our whole soul. The cry for vengeance meant that Justice must inflict her swiftest and most awful penalties; crimes so horrible demanded the instant and complete destruction of the miserable wretches who committed them. But already we are beginning to remember duties long forgotten, and to feel as we never felt before the pressure of solemn and weighty responsibilities.

To millions of Englishmen, India has been a land of romance. A golden haze has rested on the country and the people. The mysteries, and marvels, and supernatural wealth which gratified our childish imagination in the Arabian Nights, have had an unrecognised influence over our maturer thoughts. When we spoke of India, we thought of the barbaric splendour of the Great Mogul, of rajahs on thrones of ivory, of the diamond mines of Golconda, and the paradisiac beauty of the Valley of Cashmere. This vain dream has been rudely disturbed; we are all of us learning at last that India is no fairy land, but a country in which we have to perform some of the most perplexing, arduous, and costly of our natural duties.

We cannot expect that this new solicitude to be faithful to neglected and unfamiliar obligations, will be guided by infallible wisdom. However honest and zealous, it will be sure to blunder.

It will be the duty, therefore, of all who possess or have the time and faculty to acquire accurate information, and to form an intelligent opinion on this great question, to endeavour with the utmost earnestness and courage to communicate their convictions to their countrymen. We entreat our readers not to imagine that the whole thing "lies in a nut-shell," or that any popular cry about the "double" government, Vernon Smith, or the civil service, is the utterance of inspired wisdom, and needs only to be listened to, in order to remedy all the evils of which India has a right to complain.

The subject is surrounded with the most disheartening difficulties. It is hard to procure reliable information; it is even harder to use it when procured. If we want to learn the actual condition of the various races subject to our Indian rule, or the equity, and energy, and wisdom of our government, whom shall we trust? Evidence is volunteered by ex-rajahs and dethroned kings—by princes who were stripped of their authority, because charged with the most oppressive and ruinous policy, and the blackest crimes: such evidence is worthless. If witnesses from among the native merchants and agriculturists of India are brought forward, we cannot forget that habits of treachery and falsehood have so long corrupted the heart and conscience of the Hindoos, that their testimony, even after the most careful sifting, can have very little weight. The servants of the Company must be listened to with caution, for they are interested parties. The general English residents are too jealous of the honours and wealth of the civil service to observe very accurately, or to judge very impartially, however honest may be their intentions. Even the ablest, most trustworthy, and most unprejudiced witnesses may not always be in the best position for helping us in such an inquiry as this. Sometimes their sympathies with distresses which no government can avert, or their indignation at social wrongs which have descended from remote ages and are not susceptible of a sudden remedy, or their close personal contact with the evils which have resulted from arrangements made at first in ignorance of the native rights which they violate—arrangements too complex and extensive to be instantly set aside—will colour very gloomily all their opinions and statements about the influence and justice of British rule. And sometimes, perhaps, their intimacy with the good and noble-hearted men, who abound in the Company's service, and who are honestly anxious in all things to act justly and honourably, to benefit the native population, and not merely to increase their own wealth or assert their own importance, may incline the coolest and wisest Europeans in India to think too well of all our doings there. It would be a gr t on, however, if we did not bear our emphatic and co imony to the

value of the evidence to be derived from one important class of European residents, whose opportunities for becoming acquainted with the condition of the people are great, and whose anxiety that the English Government should be faultlessly upright, is strengthened by the highest and holiest of all possible considerations—we mean the representatives of our various missionary organizations. They are a body of men for whose great natural abilities, eminent accomplishments, sound judgment, and fervent zeal, the churches of Europe should be devoutly thanked.

But great as are the obstacles which lie in the way of securing reliable information on the subject, the difficulties of using well the fullest and most accurate knowledge are greater still. Can the evils which are demonstrated to exist in India, be remedied, and remedied at once, by changes in the general government, or repeal of particular laws; or, are they the necessary result of the moral and social conditions of the people? Bad as things are in some parts of the country, are they gradually mending; and mending under the influence of the very arrangements which, at first sight, would appear likely to perpetuate them? Anomalous as are some of the institutions by means of which India is ruled, would their destruction secure for us an abler or more honest race of public functionaries than those that now administer her affairs? Grave questions these, and not to be hastily answered.

The root of the difficulty lies here: no man can dream of giving India a popular government, and yet we are all anxious to give her the benefits which hitherto only such a government has produced. In the long run, no country has ever been well governed which did not govern itself; and yet we are resolved that India shall be governed well, though self-government is impossible. The problem is, how to confer on a vast disorganized continent, after centuries of confusion, all the blessings which we in England enjoy after centuries of social order; how to secure for the corrupt natives of India by means of the despotic rule of a foreign race, the safety, justice, and prosperity which have never yet been secured for any country, except by means of free institutions, worked by an intelligent, virtuous, and patriotic people.

But these perplexing questions must be met, and some solution speedily found. The interests at stake are too serious for indifference to be a venial fault: it would be a great crime. We are the recognised rulers in India of a hundred and thirty millions of people, and have paramount influence over fifty millions more. We dare not neglect them. The mere material resources of the country are far too rich to be thoughtlessly or ignorantly wasted, without great guilt. All the elements of

material prosperity are abundant; between the Carnatic and the Himalayas, the Burrampooter and the Indus, may be found the productions of nearly every climate and nearly every soil. India could supply the world with sugar, hemp, and cotton. Every year vast tracts of land in the north-western provinces are covered with golden corn; and with increased facilities for internal traffic, India might become a corn-exporting country. Millions of sheep and cattle might feed on her boundless and luxuriant pastures. Her mountain-sides are clothed with immense forests of oak, elm, teak, ebony, satin-wood, and cedar, and of all trees valuable for strength or beauty. She produces the most brilliant and the richest dyes, the most gorgeous flowers, the most luscious fruits, the most valuable medicines. Her soil glitters with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. She has mines of iron and coal. The fabulous wealth which Europe expected to find in India, Europe may create there, by transferring to the East the science, the industry, the political justice of the West.

We need not go through the strange story of how this magnificent empire became ours. Our readers know that the first adventurers sought wealth, not dominion; that one of their earliest and most sagacious advisers, Sir Thomas Roe, counselled them to avoid acquiring territory, if they were anxious for their commerce to prosper, and that, as a rule, the East India Company have always tried to act on this counsel, having discovered, to their cost, that as their empire extended their funds diminished; that, nevertheless, their most faithful servants, sometimes, no doubt, fired with political ambition, but more frequently compelled by irresistible necessities, have always left the territories of the Company more extensive than they found them, until, at last, all India is virtually ours. Nor shall we waste a single line in trying to prove that the kingdom, which has thus come into our hands, ought to be firmly held—for the welfare of India as much as for our own. For England to leave the country now, would be to abandon its vast population to the tyranny of wretches like Nena Sahib, and to the ravages and cruelties of those villanous troops whom we ourselves have made formidable. At all costs, we must govern India still, whatever improvements we may introduce into the constitution or the administration of the Indian government—and many improvements are possible.

But it cannot, and need not, be disguised, that we can never hope to maintain peace and order throughout dominions so extensive, peopled, in some of its innumerable provinces, by brave, warlike, and restless races, except by a strong army, as well as just and wise laws. Our first duty to India is, to re-

establish our military supremacy. We are foreigners, and the more vigorous nationalities will sometimes become impatient of our dominion; we are aliens in faith, and superstition and fanaticism will sometimes rise against us with all their malignity and fury; we are sometimes obliged to punish the wickedness of subordinate princes, and all the black arts of Asiatic treachery will be employed, by a spirit of diabolic revenge, to effect our fall. To protect the weak we must be able to check the strong. Our best laws, our most beneficent institutions, will sometimes be misunderstood through ignorance, and sometimes calumniated through malice; and if we are not powerful enough to maintain them, spite of the most formidable resistance, no purity of intention, no political sagacity, will save India from anarchy, and ourselves from ruin. Hence the gravity of that misfortune which has lately fallen upon us. We ruled India by the strong arm, and that arm is suddenly palsied. Military strength is essential to the very existence of our dominion, and in our immense regress, the army has ceased to exist; and more than that, what we relied upon for our safety has aimed at our destruction.

We shall not trouble our readers with a detailed chronological narrative of the sad events which have marked the progress of the mutiny. The innumerable pamphlets and review-articles, which have already appeared, must have made them very familiar with the general outlines of the story. There are a few important aspects of the question, however, which have not, perhaps, received enough notice, and to the consideration of these we shall devote all our space.

It is very certain, that, long before the recent outbreak, the Bengal army had been in a very unsatisfactory state. The causes, we think, are not hard to describe; but whatever doubt and controversy may exist about the origin of disaffection, its existence for months, perhaps years, before its late manifestation can scarcely be questioned. At a special court of inquiry, which sat at Barrackpore, last April, by order of Major-General Hearsey, it was given in evidence by Captain Aubert of the 34th Native Infantry, that as early as May, 1856, he observed a great want of respect on the part of the men towards their European officers. He frequently noticed, for instance, that when he went to the lines, on duty and in uniform, the men did not stand up and give the usual salute; for this, he says, he punished men of his own company, and reported men belonging to other companies.

"Again, when the regiment was coming down by water, in October and November last year (1856), we encountered a severe gale, in

which three boats were wrecked; but not a single sepoy came forward, voluntarily, to assist the European officers in getting their boats out of danger. And, likewise, when the men's boats came into collision with those of the officers, the sepoys who were seated above and looking on, never lent a hand to save their officers' boats from being damaged."—*Appendix to Parl. Papers on Indian Mutiny*, p. 143.

Surely these facts were enough to show that there was reason for infinite caution and vigour in dealing with the native troops, and that some change in the elements or organization of the army was urgently required. We do not believe that the 34th was a whit worse than the rest of the native regiments; for months, 130,000 men had been ripe for revolt. A mere spark was all that was required to produce a tremendous explosion. At last the spark fell. It will be worth while to state minutely the circumstances connected with the original outbreak.

Less than twelve months ago, a Brahmin sepoy belonging to a regiment stationed near Calcutta, was walking to his Chowka to prepare his food, carrying in his hand a lotah (brass pot) full of water; he was met by a low-caste man attached to the magazine or arsenal, who asked for a drink. The sepoy refused, saying, "I have scoured my lotah; you will defile it by your touch." The low-caste man replied, "You think much of your caste; but wait a little, the Sahib-logue will make you bite cartridges soaked in cow and pork fat! and then what will your caste be?" The sepoy spread the report among his comrades, and they instantly became instruments ready for any plot that might be directed against our power.

On the 22nd of January last, Captain Wright, of the 70th Native Infantry, reported this conversation and its results to Major Bontem, the commanding officer at Dum Dum. The same evening, Major Bontem paraded all the native portion of the troops at the depôt, and called for any complaints that the men might wish to prefer; at least two-thirds of the detachment immediately stepped to the front, including all the native commissioned officers. In a manner perfectly respectful, they very distinctly stated their objection to the method of preparing cartridges for the new rifle; the mixture employed for greasing cartridges was opposed, they said, to their religious feelings, and as a remedy, they suggested the employment of a mixture of wax and oil.*

On the next day, Jan. 23rd, Major Bontem communicated the

* Letter of Major Bontem.—Appendix to Parliamentary Papers on Indian Mutiny, p. 3.

letter of Captain Wright, and a statement of the action he had already taken on it, to General Hearsey, the Commander of the Presidency Division of the Bengal Army. General Hearsey forwarded these letters immediately to Calcutta, with the recommendation that the suggestion of the sepoys should be adopted.

Among the thousand and one reckless and unfounded charges brought against the Government, by "One who has served under Sir Charles Napier," is a charge of "apathy," on hearing of the rise of disaffection. We shall quote the paragraphs in which he states this charge, as an illustration of his accuracy, and to convey to our readers just impressions of the caution with which popular pamphlets on this subject should be read. He says:—

"By the middle of the month of February, the discontentment amongst the native regiments at Barrackpore had assumed such an appearance, and had risen to such a height, that General Hearsey, commanding the Presidency Division, found it necessary to assemble the troops, in order to point out to them the absurdity of the fears they entertained for their religion. General Hearsey was a very gallant cavalry officer, well acquainted with the native character; he spoke the language also with rare facility. It was not in his power to do more than harangue the troops, and report their state of mind to the Government; the first he did well, and at the outset with some effect; *but as the second measure produced no explanation or sign* from the head of the military department, the sepoys, still secretly instigated, soon returned to their former state of murmuring against their masters.

"To give one instance of the apathy of the Government at this momentous period, it will suffice to state, that although disaffection had been manifested in the most marked manner, by the sepoys at Barrackpore and Dum Dum, on account of the greased cartridges, towards the end of January, it was not before *the middle of the following month, that Colonel Birch telegraphed to the schools of musketry at Sealkote and Umballah*, to prohibit the use by the sepoys at these stations of the greased cartridges. Long before the message reached Sealkote (in the heart of the Punjab), these cartridges had been distributed to, and used by, the native troops there located."—P. 20.

On page 18 of the same pamphlet (which, by the way, we observe is in its fourth thousand) we are informed:—

"That when the mistake [about greasing the cartridges] was discovered, no disavowal was made by Government for *four months*, and then only in consequence of the outbreak at Meerut! Well aware that the idea had taken possession of the sepoys' minds, Colonel Birch *made no attempt to counteract it*—gave no intimation that the manufacture of greased cartridges had been stopped. He calmly surveyed the mischief his acts had caused, and did—nothing."

Nearly every sentence contains an inaccuracy:—

1. It was not "by the middle of the month of February" that General Hearsey found it necessary to assemble his troops at Barrackpore, and report to the Government: he reported the existence of ill feeling at *Dum Dum* on January 23rd; and on January 28th, nearly three weeks before "the middle of February," he reported disaffection at Barrackpore; on February 9th, he delivered the harangue which the pamphleteer most justly eulogizes.

2. The pamphleteer says that, Colonel Birch, the military secretary to the Government of India, "calmly surveyed the mischief his acts had caused, and did—nothing."

What are the facts? Captain Wright's report of the conversation between the Brahmin sepoy and the arsenal man, communicated by General Hearsey, reached Colonel Birch on the 26th or 27th of January; and on the 27th, he wrote to the Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army, authorizing General Hearsey's suggestion to allow the officer commanding the depôt of musketry, to obtain from the bazaar the ingredients required for the greasing of the cartridges, which the men themselves were to be permitted to make up.

And having thus dealt with the immediate occasion of anxiety, on the same day the dilatory secretary wrote to the Inspector-General of Ordnance, requesting immediate suggestions for removing the objections raised by the sepoys; and saying that if enough goats' or sheep's fat was not procurable, some substitute must be found for it, and means be taken to satisfy the sepoys that nothing which could interfere with their caste would be used. The Inspector-General replied that it would be better to allow the men to receive cartridges free from grease, and to apply with their own hands whatever mixture they might prefer.

How long did the apathetic secretary wait before he resolved to act on this suggestion throughout the army? Let the following telegram, which Colonel Birch transmitted to the Adjutant-General on January 28th, explain:—

(Telegraphic.) "Calcutta, January 27th, 1857.*

"In order to remove the objections the sepoys may raise to the grease used for the cartridges of the rifle-muskets, *all cartridges are to be issued free from grease*, and the sepoys are to be allowed to apply, with their own hands, whatever mixture suited for the purpose, they may prefer."

* This is the date given in the copy of the telegram in the Papers presented to Parliament, and it may possibly have been sent on the 27th; but a letter written by Colonel Birch on the next day, speaks of the telegram as "of this date."

3. It is alleged by "One who has served under Sir Charles Napier," that disaffection having been manifested at Barrackpore and Dum Dum, on account of the greased cartridges, towards the end of January, "it was not before *the middle of the following month* that Colonel Birch telegraphed to the schools of musketry at Sealkote and Umballah, to prohibit the use of the greased cartridges by the sepoys at those stations." But on the 28th of January, within two days after the information reached him, he writes :—

"Electric telegraph messages, on the subject, have been sent to the officers commanding at Umballah and Sealkote."—*Parl. Papers, Appendix*, p. 5.

We confess that we can find in these facts nothing to sustain the charge of "apathy;" but they have very fully convinced us that we ought not to accept without great caution any statement which rests on the unsupported authority of "One who has served under Sir Charles Napier."

The measures adopted with such promptitude, appear to have accomplished for a time their purpose at Dum Dum; but the report had gone abroad that Government intended to destroy the caste of the sepoys by polluted cartridges, and it was already beginning to work mischief from one end of Bengal to the other. At Barrackpore, the authorities were startled by the burning of the telegraph bungalow, and of several officers' houses; the fires were evidently the work of incendiaries, for Santhal arrows, with lighted match attached to them, were taken out of the burning thatch. The men were paraded, and it was explained that no greased cartridges were to be issued to them; but now a new cause of suspicion was discovered. The *paper* sent from Calcutta for the men themselves to make up, was rather highly glazed, and the sepoys, both officers and men, expressed their fear that, though the Government had withdrawn the greased cartridges, it had resolved to destroy their caste by means of greased paper. General Hearsey spoke to the troops in his manly, energetic way, and it seemed that their fears were removed. But it was soon found that secret meetings continued to be held, and that communications were being made with regiments at neighbouring stations. At Berhampore there was open violence. Even at Calcutta there were symptom of disaffection early in March. On the 25th, a fanatical sepoy, excited by bhang, occasioned disturbance at Barrackpore. On the last day of the month, the 15th was disbanded. The army was evidently in a most critical state, but the appalling extent and deadly nature of the revolt were not revealed till the outbreak

at Meerut, on the 10th of May. The horrors of that Sunday, and of the following Monday and Tuesday, must still be fresh in the memory of our readers. They taught the Indian Government that the Bengal army was rotten throughout.

We have very little sympathy with those who are so busy just now charging the Indian Government, at home and at Calcutta, with enormous and systematic crime; but we cannot acquit the Board of Control, the Directors in Threadneedle Street, or the Council at Fort William, of serious blame, in connexion with the condition of the army. It is very possible that they have been guilty of nothing more than a terrible blunder; but even blunders are sometimes blameworthy. We do not imagine for a moment that, if the Company had been destroyed in 1834, or that if Mr. Bright—for whose earnest interest in the condition of India, however, we feel the most cordial respect, and earnestly hope that his health will soon permit his wisdom, energy, and eloquence, to re-appear in the House of Commons—we do not imagine that if Mr. Bright had presided at the Board of Control instead of the much-abused Mr. Vernon Smith, the condition of the army would have been different. We admit that there is very much to be alleged on behalf of the system which has now been for ever exploded, and that military authorities were so conflicting, that civilians might well excuse themselves from active interference; but we cannot think that any single branch of the Indian Government can be wholly free from blame for permitting the Bengal army to continue so long in a state of utter disorganization. It is true that men of the greatest eminence in the military profession differed about the best means of achieving a reformation: but the greatness of the evil was too obvious not to call for more serious attention than we believe it received.

It is certain that for a long time the Bengal army has been [illegible]. Its "normal state," said General Jacob, some [illegible] "must appear to an officer of the Royal or of the [illegible] army, as a state of mutiny." He declared that he had [illegible] leave the ranks by hundreds at a time, without [illegible] or to plunder, and that the European officers had [illegible] accustomed to this disorganization, that they imagined [illegible] It is easy enough to invest the sepoy with [illegible] of European armies. "He is dressed in [illegible] in which he can hardly walk, and cannot [illegible] bound to an immense and totally useless [illegible] can hardly breathe; he is strapped, belted, [illegible] hair's-breadth of his life; he wears a [illegible] head, which requires the skill of [illegible] and cuts deep into his brow if worn

for an hour; and to complete the absurd costume, he wears a leathern stock round his neck."* But the discipline and order of the European soldier he has never learned, or quite forgotten.

Among the numerous causes which have been alleged for this monstrous state of things, we attach special importance to the following four: the frequent absence of the European officers from their regiments; the inadequate powers granted to the regimental commander; the mischievous system of granting promotion to the native officers only by seniority; and the recognition of caste prejudices.

Great difference of opinion exists among professional men as to whether the number of European officers attached to each native regiment should be increased or not; on this question we cannot pretend to form a judgment; but, however this may be settled, there can be no doubt that an officer's regiment should be his home. He should find his pride in promoting the order and comfort of the men under his command; their vigour, courage, and loyalty it should be his delight to cultivate. He should take special care to know most thoroughly the native officers; should try to inspire them with attachment to his person, and with confidence in his character, energy, and skill. An army not thoroughly well governed will be dangerous only to its masters; and to leave almost to themselves a hundred and thirty thousand foreign soldiers on whom we rely for maintaining our dominions over their fellow-countrymen is a suicidal policy. Of this policy we have been guilty. "Every officer of a native regiment of the line," writes General Jacob, "now endeavours to get away from his corps, to escape from regimental duty, by every effort in his power. The '*refuse*' only remain. All proper feeling is thus totally destroyed between the native soldier and his European superior."† The system which leads to this must be thoroughly changed. The inducements for officers to leave their regiments must, as far as possible, be withdrawn; faithful service, of a strictly military kind, must be recognised as a claim to promotion; the sick furloughs must be more cautiously granted. The officers in the East India Company's Service are chiefly drawn from the middle classes of English society; we are sure there must be moral elements in them which, if rightly cultivated, would make them the noblest race of soldiers in the world. The system has been at fault rather than the men. The Government has given them no motive to live with their regiments; and though there have been numerous and

* Quoted, with slight verbal alterations, from General Jacob's Tracts.
† Tracts, p. 24.

glorious exceptions, it cannot be wondered at, that ambition and love of ease have led them to prefer work which has brought more profit and more fame.

Another grave defect in the system of our Bengal army has been its excessive tendency to centralization. In regiments scattered over a vast extent of country, it is especially necessary that the regimental officer should have great power. If he is guilty of gross tyranny, appeal may be made to the highest authorities, but for his control over the men to be firm and vigorous, he should be able swiftly to punish and promptly to reward. So long as the present and visible ruler is fettered by remote and invisible interference, the men will be without any very practical sense of the existence of any authority at all; let him be their master in power as well as in name, and they will speedily get the habit of unhesitating submission. An illustration of the evil of the system of centralization occurred early in the mutiny. When Mungul Pandy was guilty of the outrage at Barrackpore, a Mohammedan orderly, Sheikh Pulta, who courageously and loyally effected the rescue of Lieutenant Baugh, was promoted at once to the rank of havildar by General Hearsey. It was a wise and righteous thing to do; and the moral influence of the promotion evidently depended on the promptness with which it was granted. But, although the Government thoroughly approved of what the General had done, and confirmed it, he was reminded that he had exceeded his powers, in advancing the man without applying for sanction to head-quarters. There is very loud and just complaint on the part of the Bengal officers against this foolish, enfeebling element of the old system.

But the evils we have already referred to, have been grievously aggravated by the inefficiency of the native officers. There was a time, when the native gentlemen of India were glad to carry commissions in our sepoy army. To the influence of their military rank they added the influence of birth and fortune; they were able, therefore, to govern the men. By the system at present existing, they are repelled from our service. The highest military rank open to natives is a very poor affair, and many years must pass before they can arrive at that; and they do not care to spend the prime and vigour of their life in obscure and subordinate positions. Hence the ambition and vigour of the native gentry are lost to us. It would be their pride to rival the Europeans in diligence, in loyalty, and in the hearty and vigorous working of the army, if we only gave them a fair chance; and it is a folly to throw away the kind of service which they would be glad to give us. We have two courses before us: to take the energy and spirit of India into our own

pay, and use them for our own purposes; or to exclude themf rom all chance of military glory, and so prostrate the most vigorous and manly of its population to perpetual restlessness, plotting, and revolt.

It is alleged that our army would not be safe, if we made its higher appointments open and attractive to the native Mahometan and Hindoo; that in a moment our very strength might become our weakness. But which is safer, to have genius, and ambition, and daring employed in our own ranks, or looking on us with jealousy and secret hatred? And if we cannot find room for the free development of all the higher and more energetic elements of the population of India; if we are not strong enough to rule the strongest of her sons; if our dominions must be sustained by paralyzing her arm and making the currents of her life-blood flow sluggishly, it is time we gave the sceptre into nobler hands. But we believe that the just and the generous path would be the safest path too.

At any rate, the miserable system of promotion only by seniority, which existed among the native officers, must be abandoned. The venerable gentlemen to whom we granted commissions, were the strangest set of officers the world ever saw; objects of compassion to their men, rather than awe, and of ridicule to the enemy, rather than fear. There was no motive to stimulate zeal, or to repress unsoldierly neglect of duty. The stupid were as sure of promotion as the most intelligent; the dullest as the most alert; the most discontented as the most loyal. If they pleased their officers or displeased them, the result was the same —when the time came, they received promotion. If they did their duty well, or shammed it, their chances of higher rank and of higher pay were equally unaffected. And yet, the very highest authorities in the military profession have made this element of the Bengal system, the theme of their special and emphatic eulogy!

The last cause we assigned as having helped to originate the confusion in the Bengal army, out of which this mutiny arose, is the most serious of all. We prefer to state the case as it is put in two of the pamphlets we have named at the head of this article.

Our first extract shall be from the Tracts written by General Jacob. He says:—

"In the Bengal army there is a constant studying of men's *castes*, which the European appears to think as much of, and to esteem as highly, as do the natives themselves; and the sepoys, instead of looking upon the European officers as superior beings, are compelled to consider them as bad as Hindoos! Instead of being taught to pride themselves on their *soldiership* and discipline, the sepoys are trained

to pride themselves on their absurdities of caste, and think that their power and value are best shown by refusing to obey any orders which they please to say do not accord with their religious prejudices. It is a grave mistake to suppose that religious feelings have any real influence on these occasions; it is a mistake which would be ridiculous, if its consequences were not so serious; but it is certain that the Bengal sepoy is a stickler for his imaginary *rights of caste* for the *sake of increased power;* he knows well that Government never intends any insult to his creed, however absurd it may be; but he knows that by crying out about his caste, he keeps power in his hands, saves himself from many of the hardships of service, and makes his officers afraid of him. This is proved by what takes place in the other armies of India. In the army of Bombay, even a Wurwarree may, and often does, rise to the rank of subahdar by his own merit; in Bengal, such a man would not be admitted into the ranks, for fear of his contaminating those fine gentlemen, the Brahmins; yet in the Bombay army, the Brahmin (father, brother, or son, may be, of him of Bengal) stands shoulder to shoulder in the ranks, nay! sleeps in the same tent with his Wurwarree fellow-soldier, and dreams not of any objection to the arrangement. If this subject be mentioned to a Bombay Brahmin sepoy, as it is sometimes by *Bengal* officers, who are always asking the men about their caste, the ready answer is, 'What do I care; is he not a soldier of the state?' The reply speaks volumes, and shows a state of affairs which the officers of the Bengal army *cannot conceive.*"—P. 7.

Still more remarkable is the language of the "Bombay Officer;" and, let it be remembered, these words were written six years ago. On page 13, he writes: —

"The effect of enlisting men of a certain caste, or creed, to the exclusion of others in the Indian army, is to subject that army to the control, not of the Government and of the articles of war, but to that of Brahmins and Goseins, Moolahs and Fakheers. By this system, a man is not to be chosen on account of his fitness to be a soldier, his willingness and strength, docility and courage; but because he is a twice-born worshipper of Vishnu. Whatever his other qualifications, if a man think that a stone with a patch of red paint on it is not to be worshipped as the Creator, still more, if he have been a shoemaker, etc., then he is not to be admitted into the ranks of the Bengal army, for fear of offending the lazy and insolent Brahmins. The consequences are ruinous to discipline. BY REASON OF THIS A NATIVE SOLDIER, IN BENGAL, IS FAR MORE AFRAID OF AN OFFENCE AGAINST CASTE, THAN OF AN OFFENCE AGAINST THE ARTICLES OF WAR, AND BY THIS MEANS A DEGREE OF POWER RESTS WITH THE PRIVATE SOLDIER, which is entirely incompatible with all healthy rule.

"TREACHERY, MUTINY, VILLANY OF ALL KINDS, MAY BE CARRIED ON AMONG THE PRIVATE SOLDIERS, UNKNOWN TO THEIR OFFICERS, TO ANY EXTENT, WHERE THE MEN ARE OF ONE CASTE OF HINDOOS,

AND WHERE THE RULES OF CASTE ARE MORE REGARDED THAN THOSE OF MILITARY DISCIPLINE. To such an extent does this evil exist, that I have known a Bengal commanding officer express his regret at being compelled to discharge an excellent sepoy, because the other men had discovered him to be of inferior caste, and had demanded his dismissal. To a Bombay officer, such a state of affairs appears incredible; it amounts to open mutiny; but it is the normal state of the Bengal army at present. It is curious, that though the Bengal sepoys have contrived to have it believed that their religion is concerned in this business of caste, in our ranks nothing is further from the truth. In conjunction with the system of promotion which prevails, this ATTENTION TO CASTE KEEPS ALL REAL POWER IN THE HANDS OF THE PRIVATE SOLDIERS; and, as they think, saves them from much trouble and annoyance; but, when they assert that this evil is a necessary consequence of their religion, the Bengal sepoys state the contrary to the truth. This is positively proved by that which takes place in the army of Bombay, wherein hundreds and thousands of men from Hindoostan, from the same villages, of the same caste, and even of the same families, brothers by the same fathers and mothers, as the fine gentlemen of the Bengal army, are seen in the ranks, shoulder to shoulder, nay, even sleeping in the same tent with the Mahratta, the Dher, and the Wurwarree, without scruple or thought of objection. The one prides himself on being a Hindoo; the other on being a soldier. Which pride is the best for our purpose? This system of regarding caste is the original cause of many other evils in the Bengal army; and much of what has been said, regarding the adoption of Asiatic manners, tells again heavily here. The Bombay sepoy, whatever faults he may have, has one great excellence, which is, that he looks on the European soldier as his model in all things pertaining to soldiership, and endeavours to imitate him. Like the European soldier, the native sepoy of Bombay will turn his hand to any labour which he may be ordered to execute.

"If the lines require clearing, &c., &c., a working party of sepoys is ordered out as a matter of course, with pickaxe and powrah, and the work is well done. The technical term 'working party,' is as familiar in the mouth of a Bombay sepoy, as 'shoulder arms.' Nay, I have known more than once, the men of a Bombay regiment to volunteer for such work as building their officers' houses, mess-room, &c., and to do the work well too, making the bricks, mixing the mud, &c., &c., entirely themselves. This would not be credited by the greater part of the Bengal army, and to such a state of helplessness has the recognition of caste in the ranks brought the Bengal sepoy, that a regiment of native cavalry, as I have repeatedly witnessed, is unable to picket, unsaddle, or groom its horses, until the arrival of its syces and grass-cutters, sometimes, as I have seen, for several hours after the arrival of the regiment at its ground. In a Bombay regiment, before that time had elapsed, the horses would have been picketed, groomed, fed, and watered, stables would have been over, the tents pitched, and the men have had their breakfast. To such

an incredible extent has this helplessness been carried and recognised by authority, that a Bengal sentry cannot think of striking the gong at his own quarter-guard; and men called 'Gunta-Wandays' are actually maintained, and paid for by Government, to do this duty for them. It is the *Khansamann*, *Kitmutgar*, *Hookah-burdar*, &c., &c., over again. The remedy is obvious; never allow any reference to caste when enlisting the men. If others now in the service object, let them be told that Government does not care one pin whether its sepoys be Hindoos, or Mussulmans, or Brahmins, or Wurwarrees, so long as they be good soldiers, and that, if they do not like the rules of the service, they may leave it. If they still object or make any difficulty about the matter, discharge them on the spot. There are millions of better men ready to occupy their places."

We prefer to leave the strength of these statements unimpaired by any comment. Whoever may govern India in future, and whatever may be the form of her government, as long as she still remains among the possessions of England, we are confident that this homage to one of the vilest and most pernicious institutions of heathendom will never be suffered to be re-established.

The army, then, from these causes being in a state of complete disorganization, was a terrific instrument ready to the hand of any whose ambition or malignity might aim at our destruction. We had not only suffered the sepoys of Bengal habitually to violate all military discipline; we had petted and patronized their absurdest prejudices, humoured their most monstrous whims, treated their religious scruples with a veneration more devout than they obtained from the devoutest of their own faith and people; and, at last, the punishment of our folly came upon us. The army had not been thrown into a state of disaffection by the imprudent zeal of the missionaries, for missionaries were not suffered to enter the sepoy lines; and the regions where the mutiny has assumed its most terrible form, were precisely those most recently, and most inadequately, occupied by the great Evangelistic societies. Nor can the disaffection be traced to the policy of Lord Dalhousie; it had begun before his lordship's reign commenced, and sprang from causes which "annexation" neither originated nor strengthened. But were not our sepoy regiments largely recruited from Oude, and must not the extinction of the monarchy of Oude have excited the patriotic fervour of her people? Look at the facts. Out of every thousand men in a regiment, eight hundred were commonly Hindoos, the remaining two hundred were chiefly Mahometans and Sikhs. The government of Oude was Mahometan and was guilty of systematic and horrible oppression. The Hindoo subjects of that kingdom—and these

constituted an immense majority of its inhabitants—groaned under the despotism which crushed them—a despotism which, by treaty, we had obliged ourselves to maintain. But the treaty which required us to keep the King of Oude on his throne, carried with it the duty to see that the administration was not intolerably corrupt; and when it proved, that to preserve the government would be to ruin the people, our duty was clear and urgent. If the ranks of the sepoy army had been crowded with men devoted to the princes of Oude, we trust that the justice and courage of the British government would have been equal to the stern task of daring the malcontents to do their worst. But the natives of Oude had fled into our ranks to escape the tyranny of their native rulers—rulers who professed a faith surrounded with traditions which must make it infinitely more hateful to the worshippers of Vishnu and Siva than the faith of Christ. In dethroning the King of Oude we crushed a government which was cordially hated by four-fifths of the men who have revolted against us; we crushed a government which the people of Oude were indignant and astonished we had so long sustained.

It is a remarkable fact that even the Mahometan sepoys do not appear to have laid to heart what some English writers have spoken of as the real cause of the rising. It is evident, from the Appendix to the Papers recently laid before Parliament, that the Mahometan sepoys, instead of being the moving spirits in the revolt, were among the last to join it.

But we have no doubt that this last act of Lord Dalhousie's reign has had something to do with the calamities which have recently come upon us. We do not believe, for a moment, that the annexation of Oude kindled a flame of indignation through our sepoy army, and that it was by the fierce revenge for insulted national honour that British power in the East nearly perished; but we do think that there are tolerably clear signs that the princes of Oude who had been stripped of their pomp, and the statesmen who had lost their power, determined to revenge, and if possible, to retrieve their misfortunes, by employing against us the disaffection of our native troops. The time has not yet come for tracing to its remote and secret origin that web of conspiracy in which we have been involved; but we have little doubt that the guilt will ultimately be traced to the servants of these princes, who through the combined influence of the hospitality and the love of sight-seeing so characteristic of Englishmen, we recently "lionized" from one end of the kingdom to the other.

This, then, is our theory of the "origin of the mutiny." The Bengal army was corrupt to its very core; the explanation of

this corruption we have attempted to offer. Old traditions were floating about India, that as the battle of Plassey had been the beginning of our greatness, its centenary would witness our fall. Mahometan statesmen were eager to make a last attempt to recover their old supremacy; the splendid but absurd pageant of empire at Delhi was fast fading away, and the kingdom of Oude had recently been extinguished. They thought their time had come. They knew that our native army, numbering 140,000 men, could easily be prevailed to mutiny; and they probably believed what the journals of England had said but a year or two before, about the wretched condition of our army at home, and the miserable feebleness of our Government. Their emissaries tampered with the remaining loyalty of the sepoys, by working on their religious prejudices—and tampered successfully. And hence came Meerut and Delhi—the cowardly slaughter of brave men—the fiendish desecration of gentle women—the torture of little children: and hence will come in the future, an interest far deeper in all English hearts in the condition of our Indian empire; a bolder policy on the part of our Indian government; and a new and brighter epoch for the millions subject to our sway.

After all that we have read and thought about this matter, it is impossible for us in England to conceive the portentous magnitude of this disaster. Last January, the native army of Bengal and the North-West Provinces numbered nearly 140,000 men, who carried English arms, knew something of the military tactics of the West, and had proved their prowess on many famous battle-fields. These myriads rose *en masse*, under the inspiration of natural antipathy against an alien race, and under the inspiration of religious fanaticism against the followers of an antagonistic and aggressive faith. At the outside, the number of English troops in the country could not have been more than 27,000 men; and these were scattered in small detachments over an immense country. It would have been no wonder if the "hearts of men had failed them for fear;" but through the darkest and most terrible hours of the calamity, the little bands of our countrymen with their women and children, settled in all the great native towns, had no apprehensions concerning the ultimate issue of the struggle. Their hearts were cool and firm even in their agonies. Those who died, died all of them with the courage of heroes, and many of them with the triumphant hopefulness of Christians.

The government at Calcutta and the Government at home showed a spirit and energy for which it is shameful not to give them credit. Early in the revolt, Lord Canning sent for the 84th, from Rangoon, and it is probable that within six weeks

after the outbreak at Meerut, he had procured from the Cape, Ceylon, the Mauritius, and the China expedition, about 9,000 men. As soon as the tidings from India became at all serious, regiment after regiment was sent out from England with marvellous rapidity. As late as the 1st of June, a letter from the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times*, had appeared in that journal, expressing a hope that the mutiny had received a check, and would soon be over. On the 8th of June, however, a short telegram appeared in the same columns, with the news about the outbreak at Meerut and Delhi. This was the signal for action. During the month of July, three-and-twenty ships, crowded with troops, left our shores; and during the month of August, two-and-twenty more. By the 10th of September, 26,000 men had been despatched; and by the 10th of November, the number had risen to 36,000. We believe that the promptness and energy of the English Government, in this crisis of our affairs, can scarcely be paralleled.

Though our troubles are not quite over, we think that we may congratulate ourselves that we have endured the worst. Our concern now begins to turn towards the future. That there will be great debate about Indian affairs during the next few years is certain. Perhaps, the time has come, not only for changes in policy, but also for changes in the constitution. It is by no means improbable that the government may be re-organized.

Great care, however, will be necessary lest changes of policy, most honestly designed, should result most ruinously. There will certainly be need for unremitting watchfulness and courageous action on the part of all who believe in the great principles of civil and religious liberty, to prevent the adherents of the Establishment founding innumerable bishoprics, and endowing an army of mercenaries. Whatever obloquy may come upon us for resisting these measures must be unflinchingly met. All we have a right to ask for Christianity—all she really needs to secure her triumph—all it would be well for her to have—is a fair and open field, and no hindrance from Government. This we shall be sure to obtain.

And organic changes will also require calm, intelligent, patient consideration, as well as a philanthropic zeal for the welfare of India. At present there is the wildest confusion of thought among the most honest men with regard to what ought to be done. In one breath they complain of the policy of annexation as the root of all our misgovernment; and in the next, demand that the Court of Directors should be abolished, because they have governed the country on mere trading principles.

Now, as the spirit of conquest and the spirit of commerce are utterly antagonistic in themselves, and have proved, throughout the history of India, to be inconsistent in practice, these two points in the long indictment against the Indian government need a little revision. The great cure for India, it is said, is to bring her completely under the control of the Crown; and hardly is the panacea proposed before all her wrongs are traced to Cannon Row and Mr. Vernon Smith, or to Fort William and the Governor-General. But those who cry for the destruction of the Company, *ought* to show that governors-general and presidents of the Board of Control have been always trying to do right things for India, but have always been thwarted by the "traditional policy" of Leadenhall Street.

We shall have other opportunities for expressing our convictions in reference to the principles on which any organic changes in the Indian government should be conducted.

ART. IV.—MONARCHS RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

Monarchs Retired from Business. By Dr. Doran. In Two Volumes. London: Richard Bentley. 1857.

Old Curiosity Shop is the title that should stand like a sign-board on the front of all Dr. Doran's books,—nay, if we might use the lawyers' privilege, we should say without prejudice it ought to hang on the Doctor's own frontispiece; for certainly his brain and his books are filled with the rarest, queerest, richest collection of oddities that were ever crammed together, in any storehouse, *mental* or *mural*, on this side of the lunar limbo. We have heard of pudding-stone in which glittering flakes of mica and green fibres of hornblende are wrapped up with the broken stumps of an ichthyosaur's teeth, the splintered curls of an ammonite's shell, the bark and leaves of *oolites*, ferns, and myriads of *nodules*, containing other relics of the past, from every geological epoch. No such conglomerate can give an idea of Dr. Doran's books, which are studded with historical facts, thick [illegible] limestone with shells; all of them, too, as odd a[illegible] comic, blotchy beings that creep over the polis[illegible]

stone marble, brought from the Derbyshire quarries. There is no age of the world's history, from which he has not raked up some monster, graceful or horrible, and set it in the cabinet of his works for the amusement and edification of his countrymen.

Surely, such a man is as valuable a national institution as the British Museum, where sawdust mummies, dainty humming-birds, and other rarities are collected and preserved, at a most costly expense, for the enlightenment of the British nation—not one of them either more worthy of preservation or more effectually preserved than the facts concerning human life, which Dr. Doran has so laboriously accumulated, and so courteously exhibited to the public. Amber is good not merely to preserve, but also to exhibit the creatures which have had the good fortune to die and gain a golden immortality amidst its lustre. So, while we have referred to pudding-stones to show the number, to encrinital leaves to illustrate the oddity, and to the British Museum to express the value of the facts which Dr. Doran collects; we must betake ourselves to amber, to convey an idea of the brief style in which he narrates his facts. His language is lucid as amber, so that you see clearly whatever it may be his whim to embalm therein; whether it be the description of an extinct species of fly, or of Domitian the fly-killer. But there is also a polish and a warm colouring about his style, which may not inaptly be represented by the glossy, yellowish, electric light of amber. It is never a pure white light which shines in the Doctor's pages, and which we should imagine is abhorrent to his soul. He loves best that glowing light which glitters behind trees at sunset, and makes them stand like spectres amid its burning; which overflows the skies like a sea of fire, bathing the clouds with spray-dashed waves of flame, till they catch the bright reflection, and seem the jaspered walls of a heavenly city, and which gives a strange, mysterious, yet beautiful aspect to everything, in earth and heaven, which it tinges. So it seems to us as if, in his books, there were the flushing of that orange sunset colour, which best represents to our mind the humorous and brilliant temper of an Irishman, and which, as shed on his pages, powerfully enhances the fantastic effect of the quaint objects among which it plays.

We have assumed in these remarks, that our readers were acquainted with the name of the author, whose recent work again brings him before them; even if they have only heard the titles of his works, they will have got a very accurate notion of the man. There is no disguise about him; like a true Irishman, he lets you know, by the first sentence he speaks, from what country he comes, and what sort of entertainment you may expect. Mark the pun of the title of his first book, which only

wants the roll of a genuine Irish accent to excite at once the good-humour of the reader from its native and covert wit: "Knights and their Days." So his next work is entitled "Table Traits, and Something on them," which introduces them to a most savoury feast of every conceivable dish that history records or fancy suggests, as having pleased, or being likely to please, the palate of man. And so again, with irresistible drollery, he indites his present work, filled with the sayings and doings of deposed or abdicated monarchs, "Monarchs Retired from Business." Such humour as is seen to twinkle roguishly through these eyelets in the title-pages of his works, overflows and runs, like an indescribable sense of titillation, through the entire body of them. There is not a single page but glows tremulously, like rubbed amber, with that quick, merry light of humour: quips and quirks, puns and *bon-mots*, are let off as fast and plentiful as crackers on the fifth of November. Pleasant half-incredible stories are told with a cautious elegance, which wins our belief, till, at the close, with a sudden dash of persiflage, and a quizzical look, he lets us see the hoax he has been playing. Even grave and true historical incidents cannot be told by him, without some little episode occurring in which, as by a safety-valve, he lets off the surplus laughter, which has been generated while the serious portion of his narrative has been going on. There must be for him something gay and cheerful, even among sternest and saddest facts, just as we see flowers bloom and children romp over the graves of a churchyard.

Regiments march to battle accompanied with the roll of drums; gay pennons flutter at the edge of the deadly lance-points; and soldiers wear, in recruiting times, long ribbon stripe whistling around their ears. So, at least, Dr. Doran sees them, as he sees everything else, when they wear an air of gaiety upon them, and may inspire his readers with a similar mood. Happy man! instead of sitting down to criticize him and his works, how much we wish that we had grasped his hand in friendly welcome, and were sitting down with him on a sofa, in order to hear from his own lips some more of those exquisite tales, which gives such a charm to his writing, but *must* be yet *more* piquant and interesting when told, as we are sure he is able to tell them, with accent and action to suit. Our readers will sympathize with this wish, which, if we may venture upon the soft impeachment, is one they are often guilty of. Have they not often wished, after reading a genial book, that they could spend an evening with the author, and listen to his humour when effervescing in the free and happy licence of a social party, and set off with its natural accompaniments of a laughing eye, a brightening face, and rapidly varied modulations of the voice? In

a certain epoch of a young man's literary history, author-hunting is a mania. A glimpse of a favourite author in a crowd, an hour spent with him in a drawing-room, a day's privileged companionship with him in a summer pic-nic, will be found calendared in the memory of a youth passing through this stage of development, like saints' days in the almanack, by blood-red marks. Long acquaintance with authors and authorship, and that rude familiarity into which, as reviewers, we are often driven with members of that craft, have disenchanted us from any such illusion, if ever it possessed us; and we regret to say, even the most distinguished men appear, to our imagination, very much in their common flesh-and-blood aspect, with heads shorn of the aureolus halo, but mercifully covered, like our own, with good black or brown, native or borrowed hair.

So it is not with any romantic fancies, but from a thorough liking of the man, that we wish our office were somewhat different; that we were friendly listeners, instead of being the critics of Dr. Doran. Yet, after such an introduction, neither the Doctor nor our readers need fear that we shall be unamiable critics. The Doctor has taken the best means to prevent harsh treatment at our hands. It would be as difficult and as base to buffet the smiling face of a friend, as to attack savagely such an honest, good-humoured writer as Dr. Doran. He has infected us with his own spirit; and so, for once, we intend to play truant to our profession, and hold a pleasant parley with our natural enemy—the Author.

The first chapter is a medley, and reads like a short-hand report of an evening's gossip with literary friends about his own book; so diversified are its contents, and yet so pleasantly grouped and linked together. All the probable derivations of the word King are traced, and its cognate forms, Cynung (Anglo-Saxon), Konung (Swedish), Kuningas (Finnish), Khan (Tartar), are given; while in skittish mood the hyperbolic conjectures of zealous antiquarians are detailed with ironical gusto; as in the case of those who affect to see the grand original of King in Kenan (an uncle of Seth), who was especially appointed by Heaven ruler of the universe, or the few who assert that the original of the word is in Cain, which may mean "a profession," or "to envy," or "to lament," with all of which kings have much to do! Then with the graceful ease of a conversation, which is most agreeable in an introductory chapter, the Doctor begins to tell old and marvellous tales, both fabulous and true, about crowns, titles, and dynasties, interspersed with many wise saws about the philosophy, rights, and responsibilities of royalty. Our readers will like to learn whence came the shape, and along with it the virtue of a royal crown, which was first made and

worn by Nimrod, according to the story which the Doctor has pilfered from the Rabbins, for our behoof. "Nimrod was abroad one day in the fields, following his vocation of the chase. Happening to look up, he beheld in the heavens a figure which resembled that subsequently so familiar to man—the figure of a crown. The mighty hunter summoned to his side the most skilful craftsman in gold who resided in the vicinity, and pointing out to him the still glittering shape in the sky, asked if he could fashion a headpiece like that visibly intended for Nimrod by Heaven, whence the pattern had expressly come. The artist answered confidently in the affirmative, sketched the model, and, in a short time, produced a radiant crown, which the king for ever wore, and at which his subjects could seldom look without peril of being blinded by its dazzling glory. This is, perhaps, the first suggestion on record of the right divine of monarchs; and it is not impossible, that from Nimrod is derived the grand syllable—King—here discussed."

That potentate was styled the mighty hunter; and Kenaz, which implies "hunting," is thus supposed to typify that regal government to which people of old were subjected by their rulers.

Once in the realm of traditions, however, and there is no end to the misty phantom legends that glide out of the graves of the past.

So, although Nimrod, who lived three hundred and forty years after the Flood, be the first king named by Moses, it seems there is a tradition of a royal Chaldean dynasty before the Deluge; of this apocryphal line, there is said to have been ten kings. One monarch is said to have reigned upwards of ten thousand years; the sway of another lasted, we are told, above sixty-four thousand years; and the dynasty itself endured the amazing period of nearly half a million of years!

Who that has drawn up an address or petition to any royal or noble personage, but has had to ransack court-book, or letter-writer, to know the precise epithets with which to preface his paper, and the order of etiquette in which those select adjectives should be arranged? An omission of one of those pompous polysyllables, decked out flunkey-wise in the most gorgeous attire, through which we must cautiously spell our way to the sacred name enshrined within their glory, were a fatal crime, insuring the instant and contemptuous dismissal of our suit. Dr. Doran, therefore, to help us to perfect correctness in such an important matter, gives us a brief history of those titles by which royalty and other eminences have been encumbered. "Grace," "Excellent Grace," were assumed by Henry IV. and Henry VI. Henry VIII. was the first complimented by the title of "Majesty,"

and James I. prefixed to the last title "Sacred and most Excellent." Such inferior and commonplace titles as "Illustrious," "Excellence," were early dismissed by the higher magnates, and left for the petty, mud-blooded nobles, who picked up the crumbs falling from their tables. Then their brains were racked to discover some terms more magniloquent, and worthy of their altogether unutterable greatness. Cardinals, despising to be illustrious, and not choosing to share excellence, first with princes and next with their representatives, pronounced themselves "Eminent," and have since remained so. If cardinals have screeched so high in the gamut of flattery, to what an intolerable pitch must we rise, to express the quality of King!

Some of them became "Super-illustrious;" but the new word Majesty, formerly ascribed to the Heavenly King, was happily descried by Charles V., as befitting his state, and the high-sounding appellation was immediately adopted by all existing sovereigns, as it has been by their successors. In such foolish rivalry, as might be imagined, the more helpless and wretched the monarch, the more swelling was the retinue of mighty sounds with which his name was attended. "Most Serene" is the title of many a royal tattooed savage; but all, savage or civilized, are eclipsed by the King of Ava, who, if any of us should address him, must thus be styled—God, King of Kings, Preserver of all Life, Regulator of the Seasons, Absolute Master of the Ebb and Flow of the Tide, Brother to the Sun, and King of the four-and-twenty Umbrellas!

Dr. Doran has wisely confined his survey to the more luminous periods of history, when the light of civilization gives relief and brilliancy to the chief national events that occur, and at the same time photographs them distinctly in the contemporary annals of the time. We *get glimpses*, however, into the dark, outlying sphere of savagery, which surrounds the luminous zone. There kings seem plentiful as crows. The chief of every miserable tribe, or the tyrant of every shepherd hamlet, is dubbed a king, and engaged in perpetual conflict; their wars are as unworthy of notice, in Milton's words, "as the wars of kites and crows, flocking and fighting in the air."

Had Dr. Doran recorded the abdications of those times, his work had been interminable; for if kings' thrones were as numerous as crows, and their wars as worthless, they fell from their perch as easily and as thickly as rooks on a shooting day. In the Book of Judges we are told that Adoni-Bezek made seventy of them abdicate their thrones, and crawl, thumbless and great-toeless, beneath his table for their food, till Joshua, the leader of the Israelites, avenged their ignominy and torture, by condemning him to a like fate. Let his history suffice as a

specimen of the barbarity so happily shrouded from us in those dark ages.

No maxim of political philosophy is better grounded, than that the restraints to the power of a monarch, whether constitutional or otherwise, must be drawn from the moral strength of a people. No matter whether there be restrictive laws or not, if there be not a majesty in public opinion that can overawe the majesty of the throne, these laws will be summarily dispensed with. Among a feeble, faithless, and cowardly people, despotism is the best, as it is the only possible form of government. Self-rule, with such a people, would be morally impossible, and if possible, would be the most diabolical and destructive policy that can be conceived. Hence, among the nations of the East, despotism has been universal and prescriptive. The people have never risen even to the conception of another sort of policy. Dynasties have succeeded each other, kings are murdered, plots and counterplots keep their courts in a perpetual fray; but the poor, submissive people look on with dull, ox-like patience, nor dream that the power for which the tyrants brawl, belongs to themselves. *In the East*, then, we see the perfect development of despotism; there its influence has been unadulterated by other commingling elements. One of its evils is forcibly presented in this work, viz., its insecurity.

It has show of strength. Power, when concentrated in the hands of a single man, may be wielded with an energy, directness, and immediate success impossible to a constitutional government; but it is sooner expended. The caution necessary in a constitutional government seems to check, but in fact reserves the national strength, which, coming more slowly into play, tells as long as the trial lasts, with continually increasing effect. Then, in despotism, everything depends upon the king; according to his caprice or capacity, the character of the government is determined. At his death it ceases. Ambition, therefore, is pointed to but one end, namely, to reach this sublime, irresponsible position; and it uses the most nefarious means to accomplish its object.

While the despot, haunted by suspicion, defends himself by a system of espionnage and cruelty, which feeds the very suspicion that uses it, and exasperates his secret enemies to open violence. In such a state of things, we are not surprised that the despot's life is everywhere unsafe, and that terrific convulsions frequently burst out in despotic governments, during which kings are slain and dynasties changed; while the suffering country settles down, after enduring the horrors of a civil war, under new but equally arbitrary rulers.

"One characteristic of the Asiatic sovereignties," writes Dr. Doran,

"is their want of permanency. With an appearance of solidity, there has been a continual crumbling away. There are admirers of Asiatic despotisms who assert the contrary, and who point to China in support of their assertion. But, with regard to the various sovereign families which have reigned in China, from Sai-Long to Sint-Choo, it may be observed that the last, and reigning dynasty is *not* Chinese, and also, that of the twenty-two dynasties which have been permitted to govern China, each one, without exception, since the first, has succeeded by rebellion, assassination, deposition, or the suicide of the last king of the preceding dynasty. It was the want of affection and duty on the part of his people, which drove the very last emperor of the Chinese race, Whay-Tsang, to hang himself in despair, and leave his throne to the Mongol line of traitors, by whom it is still usurped."

Since nothing is known, however, of the countless monarchs who have been rudely obliged to retire from their beggarly business of despotism, in these Eastern nations, Dr. Doran is unable to write anything of them; but when he comes to Western lands and more modern times, the light of history breaks upon him, and he tells us what he has learned about the different kings in different countries, who have willingly or moodily resigned their high office. His sketches are interesting historical studies; but they are equally interesting to the philosopher, showing him how these men comport themselves in such a tremendous transition; with what whimsical weakness they condole themselves, or with what heroism they brave their fate. To this catalogue of retired monarchs, Britain, France, Prussia, and other European nations contribute their quota, while others come from ancient Rome and the Eastern Empire.

We select one from the catalogue, the greatest and most famous of all; whose life in retirement pales before the splendour of his fearfully glorious reign, but yet attracts us with an intense curiosity. We shall condense the narrative given by Dr. Doran, to bring it within the limits of an article. From our epitome, however, our readers will learn what sort of information is treasured in the book, and the interesting style in which this information is conveyed.

Napoleon the Great. Corsica was his island home. His family originally came from Florence in Italy; when, strange to say, it was zealously anti-French, in those days when France sought a preponderating influence in the conclave of cardinals, and election of the pope. His father was a sorry advocate with but a poor practice, and had a large family of thirteen children, of whom eight survived. Joseph was the eldest son; Napoleon the second, but by teazing and thumping

soon gained the ascendancy over his indolent eldest brother. Those who have looked upon the face of his mother Letitia know from which of his parents Napoleon derived that majestic countenance, which embodied so strikingly his imperious soul. Her portrait has impressed us almost as much as her son's; and we have been struck with the exact similarity, both in the splendid type of their features and the unique expression that irradiates them. Who that visited that family, and saw the romping group of children in the lawyer's garden, with their stately mother moving gently among them, could have foretold their future destiny, when they shared among themselves the crowns of Europe? No fairy romance has ever painted anything more gloriously improbable. And yet, in the lawyer's home, there was a severe simplicity which seemed anything but romantic. "The children," says the Abbé Nasica, "were brought up simply, after the fashion of their country, and with primitive strictness. It was almost as if you were being in a convent; prayers, sleep, study, refreshment, pleasure, promenade—everything went by rule and measure. The greatest harmony, a tender and sincere affection prevailed among all the members of the family. It was, in those days, a pattern to the town, as it afterwards became its ornament and boast."

In his tenth year, young Napoleon was sent to the military school, at Brienne. This was the year 1779, when the first mutter of the awful simoom that was to whirl its murderous crest towards heaven, and sweep over France, began to be faintly heard. For eight weary years he served as lieutenant in the army, waiting for promotion; but when, by his bold and brilliant *coup-de-main*, he saved the revolutionary army from the shame of defeat, and delivered Toulon into their hands, he was instantly exalted to the rank of general of brigade. Again, when the sections of Paris rose in revolt against the Convention, and in the depths of revolution the lower depths of anarchy were yawning, Napoleon, with a resolute daring which alone could save his country, faced the hordes that poured along St. Antoine, and repulsed them with the red glare and murderous boom of the cannon he had rattled up to the charge. No other man in France could have quelled that revolt. His sovereignty was instantly confessed. He sprang into reputation, and, now there remain twenty years between his rise and his final fall, in 1815,—exactly a score of years, the memory of which has been seared upon the heart of Europe by fiery wounds that will never be forgotten.

These we pass over, with the exception of his first retirement from business into private life at Elba. On the 3rd of May,

1814, he landed on the island which he had selected for his kingdom. The inhabitants of the island were proud of his sovereignty and faithful in their homage, and he was faithful to them. From the first day, Napoleon entered into the business of his kingdom—its revenues, productions, prospects, alliances, army, and national flag—as though he were content to reside there for ever; but he was not content. His vast, impetuous mind had managed the interests of an entire continent, and been roused to a fixed, unnatural wakefulness by the insatiate hunger of ambition. Such petty trifling as now engaged his attention only chafed his mind by its littleness; it was sufficient to keep the great energies of his mind awake in their utmost play; but it gave them nothing to work upon, so they revolved upon themselves like millstones that grind into dust. His mother and sister lived with him, and his house was alive with gaiety; but the desperate gloom of his soul was not dispelled, till it broke into the fiery purpose of re-conquering France. He despised, and knew that France despised, the imbecility of the Bourbons. *Little words* passed, like electric sparks, between him and his army. He felt, by sympathy, the smothered sentiments of wrath and shame that smouldered over France. He determined to give them vent in another wild conflagration.

The congress of monarchs was sitting at Vienna, on the 1st of March, 1815, adjusting the affairs of France, when Napoleon landed on its shores. Quickly the die had been cast, and quickly his doom was sealed; at the end of three months, he and his opponent met, reminding us of the encounter, so magnificently described by Schiller in his Thirty Years' War, between Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein at Lutzen: a place—Schiller says, in words we may apply to Waterloo—which made Europe know its greatest warrior, and gave a conqueror to him, who had never yet been conquered. (Sollte Europa seinen ersten Kriegsfursten kennen lehren, und einen Uberwinder dem nie Uberwundenen geben.)

When defeated, Napoleon wisely preferred to commit himself to the generosity of that nation he had envied and feared in his proudest days. He placed himself under the protection of the British flag, on board the *Bellerophon*, Captain Maitland. He was then transferred to the *Northumberland*, in which he was conveyed to St. Helena, the prisoner of Europe. Though only forty-six years of age, he was now politically dead, and even his soul seemed suddenly to die away, entombed beneath the miseries that had fallen upon him. No more painful contrast has been witnessed on earth, than between the strong, majestic, and defiant air of Napoleon the Emperor, and the puny fretfulness of

Napoleon the Prisoner. French poets have sung frantic odes about his sublime, unvanquished heroism, chained upon that island, like Prometheus upon the rock, and defying as grandly the vulture oppressors that lusted and preyed on the agonies of his torn and quivering heart.

It is but a pitiful tale, however, when we turn to read the sober narrative of facts.

There is no grandeur in his bearing. He had strength—terrific strength to command; but he had no strength for that infinitely higher task, to endure. He who ruled armies could not rule himself. Hence, instead of a calm, proud submission to a fate which was inevitable—which had been, next to death at Waterloo, the noblest termination to his career—he writhed in weak and furious impatience; he resented the restraint put on him as insults, and inhaled, as his only anodyne, the fumes of flattery which his devoted attendants burnt in perpetual incense before him. It is amusing to read of the petty strife, the mimic war of diplomacy, in which Napoleon and his troupe engaged to retain the name and style of Emperor. In this *matter* there was loss of honour on both sides, for it was weakness on our part to deny, what it was so unutterably weak in him to pine for, and storm about, as a child about its bauble.

Sir George Cockburn sternly refused to acknowledge his title as Emperor, and styled him General Buonaparte. Sir Hudson Lowe proposed, as a compromise, that the name Napoleon Buonaparte—a name too glorious in itself to borrow lustre from any prefix—should be employed as one which might be as justly used on the one side, as acknowledged on the other.

There was another point of discipline which gave exquisite annoyance to Napoleon, while it had to be enforced with the most rigorous care by the governor of the island; namely, the keeping of a proper surveillance over his person. To manage this with as much delicacy as was compatible with security, it was only required that he should be seen twice within the twenty-four hours by an officer. The ludicrous incidents to which this gave rise are given in Dr. Doran's own words. The Emperor himself had once remarked that from the sublime to the ridiculous there was only one step. That step was the one between the fallen Emperor and the officer who was for ever endeavouring to get a glance at him, and from whom the illustrious captive was constantly "dodging."

Poor Captain Nichols was sometimes on his feet during twelve hours, hovering round the house at Longwood, endeavouring his very utmost to perform his painful duty courteously, and finding constant obstruction in his way. At one time the best proof that could be got of the safe custody of

he captive, was the ringing of the bell of his private room! On nother occasion, the officer was obliged to be content with erceiving Napoleon's cocked hat swaying from side to side at he dinner-table, but he could not tell on whose head it might ave been. Again, considerable was the satisfaction, on another ccasion, at perceiving Napoleon on horseback, taking a healthy ide within his limits, and attended by one of his household. The officer had the captive in view during this equestrian xcursion, by means of his glass.

The ride occurred more than once, but suspicion seems to ave been aroused with regard to the chief horseman.

With the arousing of suspicion, down went delicacy; and the ider, on being confronted, turned out to be a priest, who had ssumed something like the dress of the Emperor, and was roud to pass for the great man, who was on his sofa, or in the ath, laughing at the trick put upon those who had him in ustody. The fatigue to the officer who had to report the resence of the Emperor was excessive. On his delicately ntimating to some of the chief officials of the household that is duty might be facilitated by them without inconvenience to heir master, it was gravely proposed to him to "peep through he keyhole."

To this degradation, however, he would not submit; and vhen they were almost as weary as he, they would come to his elief by lifting a blind for him, so that from the exterior of the ouse he could obtain a rapid glance into the interior of the oom in which Napoleon was walking or sitting; or his officers, y means of some of the children about the establishment, vould allure him, for a moment, to the window overlooking the garden. The overseer, if we may so speak, once reported his aving seen Napoleon, in this way, with a red handkerchief ound his head, and looking ghastly. In fact, his health was uffering from his obstinate refusal to go out, or take exercise. The refusal was natural enough in such a man.

It must have been in the highest degree irksome to him to be vatched; and the idea that every occurrence out of the common vay which took place at Longwood, was telegraphed to the overnment house, was insupportable.

After four years' confinement, his health began to fail. He ad moodily kept indoors. His favourite luxury was the bath, f which he was passionately fond, and which he followed by ubbing his body over with eau-de-Cologne, and then by putting n a change of linen, which he changed, in this way, several imes during the twenty-four hours. When his health failed, e was obliged to seek exercise out of doors; and he betook imself to gardening. Short and fat, and round as a China pig,

(so Sir William Doveton describes him,) with a broad-brim hat on his head, and a loose dressing-gown flowing around body, Napoleon might be seen, digging vigorously with spade, or superintending his Chinese gardeners in their w One pleasing feature is here recorded of him, which make think charitably, and as we like to think of Napoleon. In captivity he loved to have children about him; he would r with them out of doors, or amuse them and himself indoors games; allowing them to drop sealing-wax on his lily fair h or tease and please him in other child-like ways. His he however, continued to decline. In November, 1820, he walking in his garden, with a little daughter of an En soldier as a companion, when he suddenly became so faint, s be compelled to lie down by the side of the road: he then the hand of Death was on him. And so it was, though it some months ere it closed its grip around him. His appe failed. His disease, which the doctors failed to discover, rap developed. Cancer gnawed slowly the folds of his stomach, made him loathe the most tempting food. Spasms of crushed his decaying strength; he tottered out of doors like infant, and braced his feeble body by the gentle exercise see-saw. He who had, in the eyes of his triumphant hosts, loo like a god enthroned, in his saddle on the field of battle, ma now be seen, seated on a plank supported only in the mid and at the other end of which was placed a weight equal his own.

The crisis quickly followed. On the 13th of April, 18 the cold sweat of death broke out on his body. His mind, wh till then had been unclouded, was suddenly disturbed. W reeling clouds rose in terrific haste and gloom from the p sunk beneath the horizon, and swept across his listless fac driven there by the shrieking winds of death.

What remembrances shot their lurid fire into the frenzie that dying man! Occasionally still, as though spell-bound in s of the coming catastrophe! Again, his mind broke from moorings and rolled ungovernably like a ship at sea, when storm that is to wreck her has begun its fury. So, in alterna repose, and wild unresting, he lingered till the 5th of May; th within his bed-room crept the hushed silence of death. sound was there, save the sobs of his loving attendants, a his own intermittent gurgling breath; but outside there was such peace; the elements of nature were at deadly strife. "Su a storm had not thundered over the island for many years; a amid the deluge of the descending rain, the gleaming of lightnings, and the peal of its batteries of thunder, the once gr Napoleon, murmuring the words '*Tête d'armée!*' passed aw

to the tribunal, whither he had sent millions by his over-reaching ambition."

Similar information as we have condensed for our readers concerning the great Napoleon, will be found in Dr. Doran's volumes, concerning Charles V., Christina of Sweden, our own James II., Louis Philippe, or whatever other retired monarch we may be interested in.

The facts, so far as we have tested them, are accurately stated, and there is a buoyancy in the style, which, like oxygen in a clear atmosphere, fills the reader with a sort of vivacity so as never to flag in reading these facts. Ere, however, we close this article we must be allowed one friendly word of criticism: we would warn Dr. Doran that there are unmistakeable signs of haste in the composition and arrangement of this book, which do not exist in his former books. Let him remember, that he has to maintain the high position in literature he has reached, and that it is easier to fall than to rise. We trust that he will resist what we fear is his evil genius—a fatal fluency with the pen—*a cacoethes scribendi*. We are astounded to hear that already he has another book in the press, ere we have been able to review the present. At such a rate, we critics must sharpen our pens to overtake this ready writer. Let him take care lest these pens become sharper than he could wish, and his next work be severely pricked, to expose the patch-work and let out the saw-dust with which it has been so hastily manufactured.

ART. V.—THE FAIRY MYTHOLOGY OF EUROPE.

The Fairy Family: a Series of Ballads and Metrical Tales illustrating the Fairy Mythology of Europe. London: Longmans. 1857.

THE intention of the present paper may be stated at once with little introduction. In the ancient time, the woods and fields, the rivers, hills, and caves, were peopled by innumerable strange denizens, of every variety of form and feature—half of mortal mould, and half of some inhuman lineage—of singular caprice and power. Concerning these beings, some said that they came to the zones inhabited by mankind, from some unseen wonder-land called Faerie; but others gave them no other abode than the lonely places where the traveller might chance to meet them—the tree-boughs, from which they swung across his path; the water-falls, which they dashed into his face; and the

mountains and hollows, from which they mockingly returned his cries. Those who thought thus did not know of the Fées or Fairies; they only knew the Elves. Much was reported and written of the doings of the Elves and Fairies, and the happiness and perfect beauty of Faerie, where some had been; these things were the objects of a firm faith, though fluctuating creed, for many centuries. These super-mortals were strangely tricksy, wild, and antic; sometimes, even terrific; so that all men dreaded to meet with them; but it was nevertheless remarked, that there was a sort of moral principle in their actions towards men; that their vengeance pursued the wicked, the careless, or the slothful; while they sometimes beneficently rewarded the good. On the whole, therefore, they were regarded with fondness, and cherished in households; their usual designation was the "Good People," and their land was the retreat where the best and bravest of mankind lay lapped in choicest delights, until, at the time appointed, they should return in fairy strength and arms to rid the oppression of the earth.

We who now seek to inquire into this Fairy faith of our ancestors, are compelled by the state of the world and the nature of things, to make our investigations most simply as matter of history regarding what has been, and is no longer; much that we shall meet with will be very beautiful, and will, therefore, still have voice to speak to us; all that we shall meet will be of attractive potency, since it gives to view the quaintness, the grotesqueness, the poetry of man, cleared from the commoner and viler things which clod his nature. These things we shall look and wait for; in other respects, the Fairy Mythology to us is duly matter of antiquarian research and curiosity. We must, therefore, boldly approach our subject, without a sigh of regret over what, so beautiful and dramatically true, has perished beyond recovery; we must give no way to the indulgence of that merely modern thing, the romantic spirit—a thing essentially morbid, sad, ignorant, and inert. The language in which the ancient romances were written, in which the sweetest of the Fairy lore is shrined, has changed into that which is its own very opposite, the language of modern France—a change scarcely paralleled, so entire it is, by the difference between the English of the present day and the English of Chaucer. And this one change or revolution is the signet of how vast and innumerable revolutions in manners, and habitudes of thought and credence! We must not then, after endeavouring our utmost, like Scott, to destroy the peculiar faith of a bygone age in the supernatural; then, like Scott also, strive by elaborate imitation to restore it in our own work,—imparting to this a sadness through unsatisfied desire, and the

untruthfulness of striving after what is now no more. Let us admire the beauty of the Fairy faith of our ancestors, and reverence the strangely poetical spirit which was in them, prompting to the creation of beings who lived a life of human enjoyments, intensified and purified by separation from all that hinders poetry in the actual condition of mankind; but let us do so even in the same manner and to the same result, as we admire and venerate the power displayed in the paintings and other arts of past ages, namely, so as to be stimulated by their example to draw more largely upon that poetry of nature and of life, into which they looked, and which is God's surrounding to us, as it was to them. There is no symptom of weakness more fatal in this age than the romantic spirit, which would turn the green hillocks of the Fairies into graves to weep upon, neglecting true faith and true service to the present in its effort to believe about believing. Surely we have life and liberty enough still left us to build each one his own Faerie or ideal world, without striving for ever to appropriate the creations of other men. Our present purpose is, therefore, to attempt to give a little delight to present livers, who make it their desire to seize and hold fast the poetry of life, by gathering something of the radiance of the imaginings of the past. In confirmation of what we say, it may be remarked, as we shall see, that the greatest alterations in the Fairy Mythology have been effected by men most imbued with the Fairy spirit. Spenser, for example, so habitually and purposely did away with the fundamental distinctions between Fairies and Elves, that since his time, the terms have been interchangeable, and one critic observes, though very unfortunately, that the title of his poem—the *Faerie* Queen—is a remarkable misnomer. True imagination must energize for itself; it cannot remain content to imitate. Let not then the modern world turn editor.

We have already observed that the Fairy family is divisible into two distinct septs or clans—the Fairies or Fées of romance or fiction; and the proper mythologic fairies, whose real name is not Fairies, but Elves. These latter were the spontaneous growth of popular fancy and superstition in different countries; and it is of these that we shall mainly treat; but it is necessary, both to the completeness and true purpose of this article, that something be said concerning the former.

Regarding the etymology of the word Fairy, we think that Keightley has established beyond doubt that its root is the Latin word *fatum*, through the verb *fatare*, to enchant, which was in usage in the Middle Ages, and adopted into the Italian, Provençal, and Spanish languages. The *Fées* or *Fées dames* of romance were originally women skilled in magic, and Faerie

was an illusive appearance or deceit raised before the eyes. We shall find it needless to enter upon the discussion as to the influence of Eastern mythology upon the Middle Age romance, and the relation of the European Fairy to the Persian Peri. Nothing can be established beyond the probability of some interfusion of ideas between the Asian and European minds. We must take in one hand the picture of Giuriestan with its people; and in the other, the still more glorious realms of Mommur and of Avalon. Both the one and the other are to us interesting and attractive, mainly as examples and products of the human imagination; and both have this great feature, that they are to all intents and purposes *human beings*, invested, for the sake of poetry, with superhuman attributes of strength and beauty, and surrounded with conditions of super-mundane felicity. This marks them at once for the studied and serious creations of imagination, seizing upon the crude element supplied to it by popular faith, which element it completely absorbs in the process of reproduction. Just as the poets and genealogists of Greece systematized and harmonized while they adorned with song the hearsays of the people concerning gods and heroes, and endowed with human interest the multiform impersonations of the powers of nature—nymph, nereid, and dryad—and then presented to the people for worship their own glorified faith, even so did the great imaginative romance-writers of Middle-Age Europe transform into a trueness and beauty which still enchants the world, the wild roughly legended terrors of men to whom magical power was a real dread; so that the Fée, or magic woman, was lost in the strangely beautiful or heroical Fairy, and Faerie or magical illusion became the real land of Faerie, where these brave shapes inhabited, and, from time to time received those of mankind who were likest to themselves. Moreove , in the Greek mythology, at times conflicting or mutually exclusive, accounts were received of the exploits and lineage of the most popular heroes: and, in like manner, concerning the Fairy people and realms, might many different lays be sung, without disturbance of the wide-spread faith therein. The imagination in seeking, as its nature is, for the elevated and heroic, cannot go beyond what is human, divested of the meaner parts and surroundings of humanity. The romance Fairies in their mightiness and beauty are the true children of the imagination.

The Romanz or Romance language is divided into two great dialects, the Romance-Provençal and the Romance-Wallon: which are also known respectively as the *Langue d'Oc* and the *Langue d'Oil*. Of these two the river Loire, not rigidly taken, was the common boundary. The former, or southern dialect

was intermingled with words derived from the languages of the Ostregoths, Visigoths, and Alani; the latter, the northern dialect, was adulterated by a large infusion of Frank and Norman. The characters of these dialects, though they were each founded on the basis of the Roman, were thus marked by strong lines of difference. The Romance-Provençal was soft and harmonious, retaining a closer affinity to the mother-tongue; while the Romance-Wallon, or French Romane, was harsher, as retaining more of its northern mixture. The destinies of the two were also very different. While the former never prevailed beyond the kingdom of Arles, or Southern France, including Provence, Savoy, the Lyonese, and part of Burgundy—a kingdom which reached its greatest extension by the accession of Raimond, Count of Barcelona, to the throne, and the consequent mixture of the Provençals with the Catalans; the latter, the Romance-Wallon, overflowed its natural boundaries and became familiar to distant nations. It passed with the Conqueror into England; and with the other northern settlers into Sicily and Naples. In the *Langue d'Oc* are preserved the compositions of the Troubadours, of thousands of minstrels, who contemporaneously announced in their lays the birth of chivalry, of the underived spirit and genius of Mediæval Europe, independent of antiquity. In the *Langue d'Oil* we receive the works of the Trouvères—romances and tableaux—which are of loftier character than the lays of the Troubadours, and display like them independence of what had preceded, and a dissimilarity to all that has been subsequent, which mark them out as the most singularly original, and perhaps the highest efforts of the human imagination. The spirit of chivalry; the invention of love, the true delineation of which great passion had hitherto been unknown to the world; the heroic life of purity, honour, and magnanimity, set forth therein; and the supernatural creations which are totally diverse from everything else in the world; mark these compositions with a force and glory of imagination which may well be held for unsurpassable. These romances, in a word, present us with the highest truth; and nowhere do so more effectively than in the "happy lond of Faerie," whither they seek to transport us. As chivalry did actually pass over the world with a transfiguring power of magnificence, grandeur, and beauty, even so does the realm of Faerie teach us more fully than we can receive elsewhere, the true grandeur and import of those influences which wrought so greatly in the actual world.*

* It is to be observed that the chivalric spirit seems to have been produced exclusively among the Romance nations. It appeared in its

The romances of chivalry have been divided into three great classes: those of Arthur and the Round Table; those of Charlemagne and his twelve Paladins; and those of Amadis and Palmerin; with their numerous imitations. The latter, we are told, do not exhibit any Fairy agency, nor does the name occur in them, and it is doubtful whether they belong to the romance literature. Arthur and Charlemagne are the first and original heroes of romance; these grand personalities hold together the innumerable characters which live in the pages of the Trouvères, and drew into themselves the various materials which came from the East and the South. In each of these we see the Fairies in their power and brilliancy; but the Fairies of King Arthur and his Knights have a more meagre character than those of Charlemagne, which are in attributes confounded with the Eastern Peris.

The principal writer of the Romancers, who celebrated the court of Arthur, was Chrestian de Troyes, author of "Launcelot du Lac," and of "Saint Grael," in the twelfth century. They were originally metrical; but rendered into prose in the fifteenth century. Indeed, all the French metrical romances were of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and the prose romances, in general, were made from them in the fifteenth century. We give an instance of Faerie, from the magnificent prose romance, "Launcelot du Lac":—

"The damoiselle who bore Lancelot to the lake was a Fée; and in those days all the women who had to do with enchantment and with charms were called Fées; and many of them did then appear, principally in Great Britain. And they knew the force and virtue of words, of stones, and of herbs, by the which they were kept in youth and in beauty, and in great riches, as they devised."

The lake was a *Faerie*, or illusion, raised by art taught by the devil to Merlin, and which Merlin taught the lady. The romance goes on:—

"The lady who reared him conversed only in the forest, and dwelt upon the summit of a hill, much lower than that where King Bau had died; in this place, where only appeared large and deep woods, had the lady many houses, fair and very rich; and in the plain below was there a gentle little river abounding plenteously in fishes; and this place was so secret and well-hidden, that right difficult it was for a man to find it, for the appearance of the said lake so covered it that it could not be perceived."*

full meaning at one burst among them: people have puzzled themselves in vain to account for it. The Niebelungen Lied, the most ancient poem of Germany, is not chivalric: but it appeared after the first French romance.

* We give, from Keightley's Fairy Mythology, the original of these extracts, as specimens of the Romance-French, or Wallon:—

The principal writers in the other series of romances which have for their subject Charlemagne and his Paladins, are Huon de Villeneuve, who wrote the romance of "Renaud de Montauban" and of "Huon de Bordeaux," in verse; and Adenez, the king-at-arms of Philip the Bold (about A.D. 1280), who wrote the romances of "Bertha-au-grand-pied," of "Ogier the Dane," and of "Cleomadis." The romances of the court of Charlemagne are later than those which celebrate King Arthur; they were perfected about the close of the thirteenth century, when the Crusades had introduced a knowledge of the East. It is these, together with the famous chronicle, attributed to Archbishop Turpin, that have been seized upon and rendered familiar to modern Europe by the renowned poem of Ariosto. The more sombre mythology of the Normans, in this brilliant system of romantic chivalry, is animated by the lighter and more playful fancy of the East. The whole of the world lies open before the eyes of the errants of the Charlemagnean cycle. They perform, with the ease of those who dwell in an enchanted region, the most fantastic journeys from Spain to Carthage, from Denmark to Tunis; and their adventures are crowded with the glories of all lands. Vast and gorgeous palaces rising in deserts; groves of myrtle and orange breaking forth in the sands or upon the rocks of the sea; sudden islands waving with palm-trees; bowers of vine and rose; castles of wonder and delight, sparkling with gold and diamond, sapphire and emerald;—these are the works of the Fées of this cycle, who are no longer merely the terrible dealers forth of unnatural destinies, but themselves lovely beyond human loveliness, and the rewarders of the true

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"La damoiselle qui Lancelot porta au lac estoit une Fée, et la cellui temps estoient appellées Fées toutes celles qui sentremeloient denchantements et de charmes, et moult en estoit pour lors principallement en la Grand Bretaigne, et savoient la force et la vertu des parolles, des pierres, et des herbes, parquoi els estoient en jeunesse, et en beaulte, et en grandes richesses, comment elles devisoient.

"La dame qui le nourissoit ne conversoit que en forest, et estoit au plain de ung tertre plus bas assez que celui ou le roy Bau estoit mort; en ce lieu ou il sembloit que le bois fust grand et par font avoit la dame moult de belles maisons et moult riches; et au plain dessoubs y avoit une gente petite riviere moult plantureuse de poissons; et estoit ce lieu si cele et secret que bien difficile estoit a homme de le trouver, car la semblance du dit lac le couvroit si que il ne pouvoit estre apperceu."

The Fées, or magic women, in this cycle of romance, were, on the whole, objects of terror rather than of attraction, not being yet endowed with the wild beauty of the Peris of the East. Thus the romance just quoted goes on to say: "Celle-ci avoit appris tout ce qu'elle savoit de aygromancie de Merlin le prophète aux Anglois, que sçut toute la sapience qui des diables peut descendre. Or fut le dit Merlin ung homme engendré en femme par ung diable, et fut appellé l'enfant sans père."

toils of the warrior with their love. The Fairy land is now thickly peopled with denizens of either sex, beautiful and strange. We read of Morgana's castle of Avalon, and Oberon's kingdom of Mommur.

Thus is Ogier the Dane entertained at the castle of Avalon, by Morgana, the Fée giver of pomps and pleasures:—

"Now when Morgue drew nigh unto the castle, her Fées came before Ogier, singing more melodiously than ever man hath heard; but he entered into the bower that he might give himself wholly up to the delight. Then saw he many Fée ladies in fair array, and which all were crowned with crowns of costly workmanship and much richness; and all the day long were they singing and dancing in that life of joyance, without thinking of any evil thing except to take their pleasure of the world. And as that Ogier was conversing with the ladies, presently there arrived the King Arthur, to whom Morgue the Fée spoke thus: 'Approach thou, sir and my brother, and bid welcome the flower of all chivalrie, the honour of all the noble men of France; him in whom goodness, honour, and all virtue is comprehended. Behold this is Ogier of Denmark, my loyal friend, and my only joy, in whom reigns all the hope of my exceeding happiness.' Then came the king and embraced Ogier very lovingly. 'Ogier, thou thrice noble knight, be thou thrice welcome. And thanked be our Lord, for that he hath brought hither, unto me, this most prowest knight.' So he made him unawares to serve at the siege of Machar, for great honour, wherewith the King Arthur abundantly rewarded him: but Morgue the Fée placed upon him, upon his head, a crown, very rich and precious, so that no living man could at all tell the price of it. And withal that it was so rich, there was in it a virtue marvellous; for every man who took it upon his head, straightway he forgot all dolour, melancholy, and sadness; he remembered no longer his country nor his parents. So long as that was upon his head he thought not at all upon the lady Clarice, who was fair and noble, nor of Guyon his brother, nor of his nephew Gautier, nor of any creature that was in live; for all was sent into oblivion."*

In this romance of Ogier we have our fullest information as to that great Faerie land, Avalon, the castle and isle where abode Arthur, Oberon, and the Fée Morgana. Like the Islands of the Blessed, and Plato's Atlantis, it was placed in the midst

* The original may be seen in Sismondi's "Literature of the Trouvères." It is not so fine as the earlier Romance-French, of which we have given a specimen:—

"Or quand la Morgue approcha au chateau, ses Fées vinaient au-devant d'Ogier, chantant le plus melodieusement qu'on sauroit jamais ouir; puis entra dedans la salle pour soi deduyre totalement. Adonc vit pluisieurs dames Fées aornées et toutes couronnées de couronnes très-somptueuse-

of the sea, and only after many storms and shipwrecks does Ogier gain "the castle of loadstone, which is named the castle of Avalon, which is not far on the side of the terrestrial paradise, whither was rapt in a flame of fire Enoc and Helye, and where was Morgue la Fée." In Ogier's adventures with the horse Papillon, who was a Luiton or Genie conquered by Arthur, and transformed, and with the serpent whom he slays, may be traced still further the influence of Arabian literature in the scenery of this Faerie. Further on we learn that Avalon was still on earth, and, therefore, subject to earthly dangers and evils. "One day Arthur took Ogier aside, and informed him that Capalus, king of the Luitons, incessantly attacked the castle of Faerie, with design to eject King Arthur from his dominions, and was accustomed to penetrate to the basse-court, calling on Arthur to come out and engage him. Ogier asked permission to encounter this formidable personage, which Arthur willingly granted. No sooner, however, did Capalus see Ogier than he surrendered to him; and the knight had the satisfaction of leading him into the castle, and reconciling him to its inhabitants. This Faerie of Avalon, then, was in the midst of the sea.*

Others were placed within the castle, as in the beautiful romance of Orfeo and Henrodis, the king and queen of Winchester, copious extracts from which are given in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." And others again in the woods, as Mommur, the domain of "Le petit roi Oberon," who appears

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ment faites, moult riches; et long du jour chantoient, dansoient, et menoient joyeuse vie, sans penser à nulle quelcunque meschante chose, fors prandre leurs mondains plaisirs. Et ainsi que Ogier il devisoit avec les dames, tantôt arriva le roi Arthur, auquel Morgue la Fée dit: Approchez vous, monseigneur mon frère, et venez saluer la fleur de toute chevilerie, l'honneur de toute la noblesse de France, celui où bonté, loyauté, et toute vertu est enclose. C'est Ogier de Denmarck, mon loyal ami et mon seul plaisir, auquel régit toute l'esperance de ma liesse. Adonc le roi vint embrasser Ogier tres-aimiablement. Ogier, très-noble chevalier, vous soyez le très bien venu, et regratie tres-grandement notre Seigneur de ce qu'il m'a envoyé un si tres noble chevalier. Si le fit servir incontinent au siége de Machar, par grant honneur, dont il remercia le roi Arthus tres-grandement: puis Morgue la Fée lui mit une couronne dessus son chef, moult riche et prétieuse, si que nul vivant ne le sauroit priser nullement. Et avec ce qu'elle etoît riche, elle avoit en elle une vertu marveilleuse; car tout homme qui la portoit sur son chef, il oubiloit tout deuil, melancolie et tristesse, ne jamais ne lui souvenoit de pays ni de parens qu'il eut: car tant qu'elle fut sur son chef, n'eut pensement quelconque ni de la dame Clarice, que tant estoit belle et noble, ni de Guyon son frere, ni de son neveu Gautlier, ni de créature qui fut en vie, car tout fut mis lors en oubli."

* Keightley's "Fairy Mythology," a book of great research, to which we are much indebted; amongst other things, for the division of the three kinds of Fairy lands—in the sea, within the earth, and among the woods.

to form a connecting link between the Fairies and the Elves. This Faerie comes in the splendid romance, "Huon de Bordeaux." King Oberon, "le nain Fée," whom Sir Huon encounters, haunts a wood sixteen leagues long on the road to Babylon, and besets the knight with storms of thunder and lightning, and right marvellous drenches of water, and the sounds of a magic horn, until he induces him to speak with him. He then relates to the knight his genealogy, and informs him that he is king and lord of Mommur, and that when he should leave the world his seat was prepared in Paradise; "for Oberon, like his prototype Elverich, was a veritable Christian," says Keightley. Further on in the romance, the time for Oberon's departure to Paradise draws near, and he directs Huon to appear before him at his city of Mommur within four years, where he will crown him as his successor. After many perils, Huon and the fair Esclair Monde arrive at Mommur. We continue from Keightley:—

"Here, in despite of Arthur, who, with his sister Morgue la Fée, and a large train, arrives at court, and sets himself in opposition to the will of the monarch, but is reduced to order by Oberon's threat of turning him into a Luyton de Mer, Huon is crowned king of all Faerie, 'tant du pais des Luytons comme des autres choses sécrètes reservées dire aux hommes.' Arthur gets the kingdom of Bouquant, and that which Sybilla held of Oberon, and all the Faeries that were in the plains of Tartary. The good King Oberon then gave Huon his last instructions, recommending his officers and servants to him, and charging him to build an abbey before the city, in the mead which the dwarf had loved, and there to bury him. Then falling asleep in death, a glorious troop of angels, scattering odours as they flew, consigned his soul to Paradise."

It is probable that from this romance Shakspere took his Oberon, whom he severed from his real kindred, and placed amongst the dwarfs and elves whom he so much resembled. The Faerie land of Spenser is also, we may conjecture, taken in great part from Sir Huon, which we are told had been translated some time before by Lord Berners. Spenser, indeed, expressly alludes to it in the "Faerie Queene." After the time of Shakspere and Spenser, the distinction between Fairies, or the Fées of romance, and the elfish creatures of popular mythology, became quite lost. The Fairies lose their greatness, and are diminished to the proportion of dwarfs.

We must now proceed to the consideration of these Elves, or mythologic Fairies proper, which have, in most of the European countries, been discovered in existence, as if from some immemorial time, the spontaneous growth of the popular superstitious fancy. And, first, concerning their nature. Even more venerable than the elfish or Fairy tales themselves, are those tales in

which beasts support the leading characters. That which would soonest and most universally strike the imagination of mankind, must have been the strange life of beasts, placed so singularly between man and inanimate nature, with looks and cries easily interpreted by man, and yet in some sort one with what is expressed in the aspects and voices of nature. Full of gravity and quaintness, moving in their helpless ferocity and helpless painfulness, their passionate nameless distress, they in no little show forth the strange, sad, and restless life of man; even more strongly than the wind that wanders for ever round the world, seeking rest and finding none, and than the wide, discoloured waters of the earth, which for ever must flow and ebb, and whirl away with saddened murmur; and more strongly than hurried sky, and storm-defaced cliff and scar. To invest these beasts with human motives, human reason, human manner of life, was an easy step, soon taken. After their kinds the beasts were humanized. The elfish mythology, which perhaps was subsequent to this lore of beasts, is, so far as we can theorize upon such a subject, in part an impersonation of the blind powers of nature and their voices; partly also a transference of the bruto-human grotesqueness to these personified powers. As it is impossible to enter into details, we must content ourselves with some of the leading characteristics of this Fairy Mythology.

The Mythological Fairies, numerous as they are, may be divided into bands, presenting similarities according to the nature of the place which they haunted. Although known in different regions by different names, the Fairies of each particular kind of locality will be found to have the same nature. This is an important fact, in proof of the autochthonic derivation of the Fairy faith. Thus we have Fairies of the woods and groves, known in the British Islands, Northern Germany, and Scandinavia, as the Elf-folk, who, on Midsummer's Eve and St. John's Eve, used to steal away their mortal loves to their own sylvan abode. In Brittany they went under the name of the Korrigan, beautiful enchantresses, who at night time could invest the various forms of the forest with the semblance of towers and palaces, so that he who danced with them upon the enmassed turf, believed that it was upon a carpet of emerald, and between pillars of ivory and gold, instead of the tufted tree-stems. In Southern Germany they were the Map-Folk, or Tree-Folk, who were veritably of true woodland nature, being the trees themselves endowed with the power of locomotion. In Servia they were the beautiful Vili. Then there were Fairies of the fields and meadows, the Fairy folk of the

West and North of Europe, the most widely diffused branch of the family, who lived in the sunny meadow country, and traced them in their fairy circles of the deepest green; to them belong the more dangerous Lutin, or horse-fiend, of Normandy. There were Fairies of the hills and caves, as the innumerable Duergar or Dwarfs and Trolls of Scandinavia, the black, white, and brown dwarfs of the island of Rügen, the Still-Folk of Central Germany, and the Hill-Men of Switzerland (Härdmändlene). These led a life of the strangest enchantment beneath the hillocks of the fields, which though inconsiderable without, were of immense extent within. Sometimes the hills were seen lifted up on pillars of coral, beneath which sported their fairy occupants. Some had been admitted to these realms of Faerie, which they said were spacious and magnificent beyond conception, the walls studded with precious stones and gold and silver; that they were lit up with a magical moving sky of bright carbuncles and diamonds; they had crystal rocks and flowers, and birds of heaven. These were called the realms of glass. There were Fairies of the sea and rivers, conspicuous among whom was the powerful Fata Morgana, probably identical with Morgue la Faye, in the romance of Ogier le Danois, and one of the connecting links between the Fées and Damoiselles of romance, and the fancy-folk of superstition.

"There is a grandeur, a mystery, and a terror connected with this potent enchantress," writes the author under review, "which distinguishes her from every other personage of the Fairy family. Never was she seen by man; and the appearing of her spell-created palace, like the upriding thunder-cloud, was at once the herald and the instrument of storm and death: fascinating the imagination of the spectator by its beauty, terrifying him by the evidences of its power. Many have seen, and spoken, and written of this palace, islanded on the ocean midway between the Italian and Sicilian shores, engirt with garden, and terrace, and tower; and every succeeding spectator has thought that it surpassed all that has been said or written in its praise."

Then we have the Rusalki, or beautiful river-fairy of Southern Russia; concerning whom, says our author:—

"Shy and benevolent, she lived on the small alluvial islands that stud the mighty rivers which drain this extensive and thinly peopled country, or in the detached coppices that fringe their banks, in bowers woven of flowering reeds and green willow-boughs; her pastime and occupation being to aid in secret the poor fishermen in their laborious and precarious calling."

Of a more elfish kind are the wide family of the Mermen and Mermaids, who lived under the sea, and have been seen on most

of the shores of Europe; to which family belong the Havmand and Havfrue of Scandinavia; the Sea-Troll of Shetland, the Merrow (Sea-maid) of Ireland, the Morverch of Brittany, and the Nix of Germany. "Mermen are uniformly represented as of an amiable and generous disposition: Mermaids, as more uncertain; on some occasions showing great gentleness, on others, great severity; at one time tracking from sea to sea the ship of a faithless lover, and on his first appearing within arm's reach of the water, dragging him beneath the surface; at another, directing a sorrowful youth where to find medicinal herbs that will cure the malady of which his sweetheart was dying." We must not omit the Neck, or River-spirit of the North, a singularly wild and melancholy being, who sat upon the water and played upon a golden harp very sweetly, in strains of Orphean power, and who was himself uncertain and eager to know what should befall him in the after-world. Lastly, we have Fairies of the hearths and homesteads, the well-known Pixies of Devonshire and Cornwall—those rewarders of industry, and punishers of "sluttery" and indolence; the Kobold of Germany, and the Nis of Scandinavia, who were to be found in almost every house, ship, and church, the ingenious pesterers of bad conduct and guardians of the good; and the Brownie of the south of Scotland, one of the most interesting of the family, the little spare man, with his sharp, wrinkled face, and brown cloak and hood, who attached himself inseparably to some kindred among men, having "no chief save the master of the house to which he attached himself; no kindred except the master's family; no home save the master's domain;" who devoted to the service of that master all his energies; but formed his attachment only for those who loved and practised charity and hospitality.

Another point to which we would draw especial attention is, the curious similarity which exists between some of the most striking of the Fairy myths, and certain portions of the Christian faith. To those who have gone into the subject, the way in which Christian doctrine is parodied or travestied in these figments of the popular fancy, must appear quite singular and startling. We must recollect that at the time whence Fairy tradition bears its date, the belief in the existence of these super-mortal agencies was *a real faith*, part of an old and sublime creed discrowned, and that the true faith has penetrated into and swings magically, and with discolorations, among the Runes. We have already observed something of this in the destiny of Oberon, in Huon de Bordeaux, who is more Elf than Fée. We now add a few other leading facts illustrative of this singular thing—a thing nowhere else perceivable—that the Christian

faith, which overthrew all other faiths in Europe, yet left surviving in force and universality, the ancient Fairy-faith, and that some curious attempts have been made at the reconciliation of the two.

Thus, first, we may notice the life of Robin Goodfellow, son of the king of Faerie, by an earthly mother. He was sent to our world for a probationary period, to encourage the good and to comfort "the weary." This was accomplished by his removal to his father's court. Again, the legends connected with the Scandinavian water-spirit, the Neck, already mentioned, take up another portion of Christian faith, that of temporary and probationary punishment. The Swedish legend which expresses this is so beautiful, that we give it entire, from Keightley:—

"Two boys were one time playing near a river that ran by their father's house. The Neck rose and sat on the surface of the water, and played on his harp; but one of the children said to him, 'What is the use, Neck, of your sitting there and playing? you will never be saved.' The Neck then began to weep bitterly, flung away his harp, and sunk down to the bottom. The children went home and told the story to their father, who was the parish priest. He said they were wrong to say so to the Neck, and told them to go immediately back to the river, and console him with the promise of salvation. They did so; and when they came down to the river, the Neck was sitting on the water, weeping and lamenting. They then said to him, 'Neck, do not grieve so; our Father says that your Redeemer liveth also.' The Neck then took his harp and played most sweetly until long after the sun was down."

Again, our readers are aware of the dispute among clergymen and laics, as to whether children dying before baptism are admitted into heaven. The Fairy faith contains an attempt to meet the difficulty. The Pixies of Devonshire and Cornwall are by some persons thought to be the souls of children who have died unbaptized.* Again, the Korrigan of Brittany, or Elfish maids, who appeared beautiful by night, but foul by day, were, according to some, seven princesses, who for their crime in opposing the Gospel, when preached in Armorica by the Apostles, were doomed to wander in the forests until the end of the world. We might bring forward many other singular traditions, in proof of this odd rendering of the Christian faith into the language of the faith of the fancy; but these are sufficiently numerous, and illustrate once more the propensity of that human nature which we always love and honour, to mingle the preconceptions of its own beliefs, as it has done those of its own theories, with that which is matter of pure, simple,

* Mrs. Bray's "Peep at the Pixies."

and direct revelation. Much of that beauty which in Art is the highest truth, has sprung from this tendency, at which we rejoice; most of the wrongs and sorrows of history, the deceitfulness of base policy, the subtler dangers of false philosophy, spring also from it; whereat, we mourn.

Another point to be noticed is the increasing scarcity of the Fairy traditions, as we advance towards the South of Europe. They abound in the Northern and Central parts of Europe, amongst the Gothic and Celtic nations, and are pretty plentiful amongst the Sclaves; but in the South the Fairies are comparatively unknown. From Spain they were so completely expelled by the inquisitions of the Holy Office, that no trace of them is left even in the writings of her poets.* Calderon in one of his plays, mentions a Fairy, which he calls *Duende*, but all that is said about it leads to the supposition that the dramatist, merely for the purposes of his art, introduced the *Kobold* of Germany under a Spanish name, and (possibly to propitiate the priesthood) under the gown of a friar. By the same means they were expelled from Italy; no trace of them is left from the Alps to the Mediterranean, except at the very extremity of the Peninsula; and there we find just one little solitary *Monk*, the Monaciello, whom the people of Naples describe as "a short, thick kind of little man, dressed in the long garments of a monk, with a broad-brimmed hat. He appears to people in the dead of the night, and beckons them to follow him; if they have courage to do so, he leads them to some place where treasure is concealed." In the Italian poets, we have several *Fate* mentioned, besides the famous Fata Morgana of Ariosto; but they are Romance Fairies more than popular ones. It is to be observed that the earliest collection of Fairy tales in prose belongs to Italy; the "Notti Piacevoli" of Straparola, which were published at Venice, 1550; and in 1637, Battista Basile published his "Pentamerone," which Keightley, who has in his "Tales and Popular Fictions," given some translations from it, calls "the best collection of Fairy tales ever written." Some of the best-known nursery tales are contained in Straparola, which was translated into French about ten years after its publi-

* Perhaps it would be more correct to say, that the Fairy Mythology of Spain has never yet been collected and published. Keightley gleans two or three little myths from Spain. Borrow, in his "Bible in Spain," gives many a wild legion of night and cloud-time. Lockhart, in his "Spanish Ballads," speaks, we believe, of Fairies, but not in a way to let us know whether he means mythologic Fairies, or spirits merely. From what may be gathered from the hints of travellers, there must be as complete a system of Fairy Mythology amongst the half-Spanish races of the New World as any in the North of Europe or among the Arabians.

cation; and was the beginning of a literature fruitful enough. On the other hand, the "Pentamerone," according to account, is written evidently for grown-up persons; it does not yet conceive that Fairy lore is a thing only of the nursery, and its fictions are not more extravagant than those of the Italian poets, Boiardo or Ariosto.

It is very notable that the literature, of which these works formed the commencement, and which represents to the minds of the majority the idea of Fairy lore, is in comparison with those true Fairy tales, which were indigenous and in which may be marked the vital action of a people's mind, a very foul and deformed thing. The legends of the North, derived from the ante-Christian Eddaic mythology—the legends of Germany in the Heldenbuch and the Niebelungen Lied—the vast mass of miscellaneous traditions, of which Thiele in Sweden, the Grimms in Germany, Chambers in Scotland, and Keightley in England, have been such diligent collectors,—have a prevalent character of benevolence and justice, as if touched with some gentle and kindly influence from the true Faith, with which they strove to reconcile themselves. As specimens of truth in Art—that *vraisemblance* which is the glory of Art—they are unsurpassed. They are turns and twists which happen with a beauty which is life-like, and with a moral very like-life too. They are unlaboured and not long; incidents, and little more; facts, with the belief of the heart pressed upon them; and above all, with the wayward fortuitous character which seems part of the events of this world; they image out a justice, as we have said, and a kindliness which no less strongly reside around us and clip us in. But the tales which now are called Fairy, and are sung in the nursery, are for the most part defaced with a monstrous morbidity, belonging least of all to the Fairy faith of yore; they are full of blood, rapine, and cruelty. The "Notti Piacevoli" are full of indelicate allusions, so is the "Pentamerone;" and almost all the children's tales, such as Jack the Giant Killer, Tom Thumb, Blue-beard, &c., are disfigured with needless outrages and crimes. The extravagance of some of them is really unmeaning. They are totally unfit for young hands, teaching as they do, the "devil before God." The same is true of the books which generally succeed them; most of the tales translated from Grimm have the same morbid impress. We are not to be charged with narrowness, or a desire to curtail the imaginations of the young, from these remarks. We regard the imagination as the highest of all the human faculties, and know that it must be fed with many kinds of food. But we certainly do think that a reform is needed here. These tales are not the ancient tales: some of them may be distortions

of the ancient tales, but they are not the ancient tales. They come of a bad age; they have passed through many vitiations; they are tinctured with the morbidity of the modern world, which has displaced naturalness by extravagance. Let us have a Fairy realm, but let it be such a one as God makes with His sunlight and His shade, when the broad sun-strokes reach over even to our feet, and beyond them lies the wood, deeper and deeper in its blue shadows.

We have several instances of attempts to remedy the evil of which we complain, such as the exquisitely pure, simple, and graceful tales of Hans Christian Andersen, and Ruskin's "Legend of the King of the Golden River." This observation brings us more especially to the new work at the head of our article, "The Fairy Family." The author proposes to himself a good, and we may say, an original end. Lamenting, as we also do, the untrue and unpoetic nature of the Fairy fictions in current use, and acknowledging, as we do with him, the undesirable character of much even of the *ancient* Fairy Mythology, he sees in it beauty and morality enough to warrant its retention as food for the imaginations of the young. Accordingly, while holding on to the beings which in the olden time peopled the whole earth, meadows, woods, seas, hills, and caves, and dwelt in the homes of the woodman, fisherman, herdsman, and peasant, he yet adapts these beings to other actions and incidents than are known of them, relating a new legend concerning each. This is the plan of the work, to introduce the principal Fairy folk of the different parts of Europe, under a new legend, purified from whatever remains were clinging to them of injustice and cruelty. The plan of the work has our entire approval. It is the part of true faith to know where to disbelieve as well as to know where to believe; and with all our veneration for antiquity, and out longing after the indescribable spirit of the ancient world which seems gone, never to return, irrevocable, we must not deify or transfigure with reverence everything which simply is old. Our author in his preface states:—

"Some of these tales may be considered as too trifling for adult readers, and others as too advanced in language and treatment for children: but from the nursery to the study is a wide step,—a numerous and very important portion of our thirty millions stands between, and it is for this portion more especially that they were written;—although the author will have somewhat mistaken his purpose and failed in his efforts, if they be not read with profit by the intelligent child, and with interest by the indulgent reader of more advanced years."

To the execution of this task is applied great diligence and research. All the countries possessed of a Fairy Mythology,

contribute towards the volume. The author is evidently master of the range of Fairy Mythology, and to the majority of readers his work will be pleasing and instructive. To each ballad is prefixed an introduction, which gives the substance of the ancient mythologic accounts of the subject in question, and conveys in a short compass a large amount of information. The stories of the ballads are mostly very slight, and we suppose, the author relies for popularity more upon his ways of telling them than upon their construction. We are not certain whether his evident desire to represent faithfully the features of the mythologic personages introduced, has not re-acted upon the imagination or inventive power of the writer with a somewhat chilling effect. Perhaps, he would have done himself better justice had he told us what he had seen himself of the fair shapes of the wonderful land of which we are all conscious, instead of giving in another form the things that other people have seen. A vision is seen once and once reported of: we rejoice in its beauty, and admire it as we do a picture; at least this is the case with ourselves. To others, no doubt, there is a charm in association otherwise unattainable, and which is the appeal to what stands first in their nature. To all such lovers of faithful tradition, with which indeed is combined the invention of new groupings, the present volume will speak meaningly, and we may add, that we can sympathize with what has evidently been the labour of years. Several of the more important ballads possess historical as well mythological interest. "La Dame Abonde," for example, or the Legend of the Fay who foreshadowed to Joan of Arc the things that were to happen to her: striking with a wand into magical mirrors the surface of a well in the forests of Lorraine. It was this supposed intercourse with the Queen of Fées which was charged against the inspired Maid of Orleans by the unprincipled Bishop of Beauvais. Another ballad entitled "The Vila," is of still more curious interest, as illustrative of the newly introduced mythology and poetry of Servia.

The execution of the ballads is rather unequal. The imagination of the writer seems, as we have thought, to be somewhat stunted by his evident historical conscientiousness. In order to produce good poetry, it seems as if the mind were obliged to have a certain amount of loose swing in order to avail itself of instantaneous effects. It must not have its line of march too rigidly chalked out; but must be at liberty ever and anon to break through the hedge in a rain of dew-drops and May-blossoms, and so to run along through the sweet-scented fields, and beside misty rivers. What is most valuable in Art is the grace that is snatched, beyond the reach of Art, the instant the adventitious, which is owing to God more than to man, and comes

only to the inspired watcher in the universe made by God. In this aspect we think the ballads before us to be somewhat defective; but considering the difficulty of the task undertaken, together with its peculiar nature, not more so than was to be expected. The volume abounds with detached pieces of strong and vigorous verse; the marks of great labour bestowed are everywhere visible; there are many bits of detail very faithfully wrought out; and the whole work is pervaded by intense purity of moral feeling, and a healthful and candid enjoyment of life. The following is a favourable specimen of our author's verse. It is from "The White Dwarfs,"—perhaps the best ballad in the volume, The good knight, Sir Otto, in captivity, sees a snow-white dove through the prison window. He is sore athirst, and lifts the water cup to his lips, but then shuddering, meets a loathsome toad in the water:—

"A moment, and with gentle smile,
He turns the thing to see—
'Tis without guile thou didst defile
The water set for me.
And it lessens this burning thirst of mine
To see thee happily slaking thine;
Nay, look not with timid eye on me—
I would nor hurt thee for liberty."

He turns to throw himself on the ground, but his straw-pallet is pre-occupied by an adder, which he likewise spares. He next finds the dove which he saw at first nestling within his cell, as though to share his captivity. But he sets it free. He watches its flight, and lo, from the point of its disappearance on the horizon, behold, there comes towards him a white-sailed boat, bearing a Fairy child, who thus addresses him, giving him an Elfin brand:—

"Sir Knight, that didst but gently smile,
Or shuddering turn away
From reptile vile that did defile
Thy cup wherein it lay.

"Sir Knight, that didst in pity spare
The venom'd adder's life,
'Tis thou may'st dare this brand to wear,
And wield in knightly strife.

"Sir Knight, that didst set free again
The dove from prison lone,
That would'st not gain by other's pain,
A solace for thine own.

"Sir Knight, that would'st not captive keep,
No more shall captive be:
Come forth and sweep the briny deep,
Come, gentle knight, with me."

The volume is very tastefully got up, and the three engraved designs are among the finest things in black and white which have lately been produced; the title-page in particular, illustrating the return of Robin Goodfellow to earth, is magnificent in design and execution.

Quarterly Review of German Literature.

It were but a trite commonplace to repeat in so many words that Britain and Germany have each their national peculiarities, defects, and excellences. To point out each other's failings is comparatively easy, but to profit by them, and discriminatingly to acknowledge and to appropriate distinguishing excellences, requires liberality of mind, thoughtfulness, and extensive observation. It is on this ground that we turn with special zest to the descriptions which well-informed foreigners give of our national institutions, and of the impression made upon them by our national life. Not that we can expect entire freedom from prejudice, but that we hope to profit by "seeing oursel's as ithers see us." This desire may now be gratified to our heart's satisfaction, especially in the case of those of us who inhabit the northern portion of Her Majesty's dominions, "commonly called Scotland." Dr. J. A. Voigt, teacher in the Pedagogium, at Halle, has given an account of his visit to England and Scotland, with special reference to their educational institutions.[1] The work is manageable in size, readable in point of style, thorough and comprehensive in point of substance. We feel convinced that, if known, it will attract general interest. The greater portion of the volume is dedicated to Scotland, for which the author seems to feel the enthusiasm which the characteristics of its population and the beauty of its scenery are, when known, calculated to inspire. But specially interesting must it appear as a contribution towards that great educational question, which is at present agitating Scotland. Unlike the exclusiveness which shuts out the stranger from Eton, from Rugby, and from so many of the colleges and universities of England, every educational establishment in Scotland was thrown open to the inspection of Dr. Voigt, and all necessary explanations were readily given. The result of his personal experiences is stated at length. We have been much

[1] Mittheilungen über d. Unterrichtswesen Englands u. Schottlands. Von Dr. J. A. Voigt. Halle: E. Anton. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

struck with one inference which seems to have been impressed upon the author's mind, viz., the impediment which the purely commercial principle lays in the way of superior education. Too much dependent upon popular support, and far too utilitarian in their constitution, even our best schools are obliged to yield to pressure from without, and to conform to the superficiality of a gross *cui bono* training. At the same time the attention drawn to this subject, will, we trust, at no very distant day, help to remedy the evil. Dr. Voigt gives his experience of Scottish manners, modes of thought and life; in many respects, just they are, however, often chargeable with reasoning upon insufficient data. Had our author been better acquainted with the history and relations of Scotland, he would not have found fault with the act by which persons, not members of the Established Church, are admitted to chairs in the universities, nor would he have disapproved of the attempt to vindicate the same right for the parochial schools. These, indeed, are occasional blemishes, which may fully as much be imputed to those under whose guidance our author saw the country as to Dr. Voigt himself. We hasten to add that exceedingly accurate notices are given of such schools as the High School of Edinburgh, the Edinburgh Academy, Heriot's Hospital, the Madras Institution in St. Andrew's, London University and School, and the various Scottish colleges. If anything, we miss a discussion of abstract principles and inferences from the facts which are so abundantly accumulated in the pages of this book. We recommend it to the serious attention of educational men in Britain.

From training to thinking there is but one step, although in this case we confess it must be pretty large. It is not our intention to involve our readers in the mazes of German metaphysics. But as it is our duty and their interest to know what is going on in the field of German speculation, we may at once redeem our pledge and introduce them to the Philosophy of Schopenhauer, as defended by Mr. Bähr,[2] and attacked by Mr. Seydel.[3] The philosopher, whose name the system bears, was born in 1788 (he is the son of the authoress of that name), and still lives to receive the homage of his admiring disciples, who declare that his philosophy is destined to outlive all others. Schopenhauer is an adherent of Kant, whose speculations he carries to their utmost limits. If we had formerly been given to understand that all which was ideal was not necessarily real, we are now told, in one and the same breath, that everything is real and yet everything ideal. Our philosopher claims to start from the external world and from experience. But if Kant still believed that external objects were something real, Schopenhauer holds that the only thing real is our inward experience. Two principles express his system in this respect: *no object without a subject* (*à la* Berkeley), and again,

[2] Die Schopenhauersche Philosophie in ihren Grundzügen dargestellt u. Britisch belenchtet. Von C. G. Bähr. Dresden: R. Knutze. 1857.

[3] Schopenhauer's Philosophisches System. Dargestellt u. Beartheilt. Von Rudolf Seydel (Gethrönte Preisschrift). Leipzig: Breitkopf u. Härtel. 1857.

no subject without an object. All the world, of which we form part, is one great manifestation of life or of will, and the highest art consists in merging and losing our own life and will in the general living and willing. Connected with this, or probably forming the woof of the system, is a corresponding theory of ethics. Duty and the categorical imperative, in short, all our common principles of acting, are relegated as so much refined egotism. The high *spirituale* of the system consists in making the feeling of *compassion* the highest and fundamental principle, and in an attempt to abnegate the *principium individuationis*, or any separate wishing, willing, or thinking. In fact, hatred of the world and misanthropy is carried to its last extreme. This world is represented as a wretched thing, in which living creatures eat up each other, — a scene of unmitigated woe and wretchedness. In the midst of all this, true morality consists in denying one's self and all one's distinct and separate willing and wishing. Asceticism becomes the highest morality, and the highest aim is, at death, wholly to lose one's individuality, and to be absorbed in the general life. However, rather inconsistently, suicide is reprobated as a species of egotism only to be tolerated on the condition of going through the ordeal of starvation. Such, in some of its leading outlines and in popular language, is the system for which its disciples claim future universal dominion. In truth, it is nothing more than a completion of the self-contradictory logical idealism of the German schools, and in its ethical elements a very poor modification of the Buddhism of India. To the reader who would further acquaint himself with the subject, we would specially recommend the tractate of Mr. Bähr. Although written by a partisan, it has the advantage of being lucid and intelligible—qualities these which cannot be predicated of Mr. Seydel, although the latter seems to have been a prize essay. Perhaps both had best be read in conjunction. While on this subject, we may also mention the appearance of a tractate, by Dr. Woysch,[4] on "Materialism and the Christian View of the World." In this essay, the various systems of materialism, which unfortunately seem to be spreading among the lower classes in Germany, are discussed in the light of Christianity. The essay is a first attempt at authorship, and too brief to enter deeply into the question; but it is conceived in an earnest and pious spirit, and, remembering our own tremor on first appearing in print, we cordially welcome Dr. Woysch as a promising fellow-worker in an important field.

As usual, our table is covered with German books, waiting for notice. Among them those of an historical character are the most numerous. On general history, we have the commencement of a comprehensive work, by Dr. Weber,[5] Professor at Heidelberg, from

[4] Der Materialismus u. die Christliche Weltanschauung. Von Dr. Otto Woysch. Mit einen Vorwort von Dr. W. Hoffmann. Berlin: Weigandt u. Grieben. 1857.

[5] Allgemeine Weltgeschichte mit besondrer Berücksichtigung d. Geistes u. Cultur-Lebens d. Völker u. mit Benutzung d. neuern Geschichtlichen Forschung

whose pen we already possess several historical productions. In the publication before us, the religious and political life, as well as the civilization of every nation, are to be traced and discussed. The opening volume is very promising; an excellent introduction gives the great principles of historical study; and valuable notes, on the history of commerce, &c., are appended. When we add that it is conceived in a Christian spirit, recommended by the popularity of the author's former works, and last, though not least, that it is cheap (the proposed ten volumes being under six shillings each), we have said enough to recommend it to notice. One of the most interesting productions which it has of late been our duty to notice, is a Monograph on Henry IV. and his Age, by Mr. Flotto.[6] This work has, indeed, the advantage of treating of the most important period in German history, which decided the after-fate of the empire, and, at the same time, it displays a thoroughness of research and elegance of diction which show that Germany has got another historian in Mr. Flotto. What a noble prince, right imperial, swaying over pope and knight, was Henry III.! His son had similar natural qualities, and had he not been treacherously stolen from his excellent mother, brought up and betrayed for purely selfish purposes, how different would the history of Germany have been! Mr. Flotto derives all the misfortunes of his country from its divided state, and traces the latter to this age. In the first book we have a description of the appearance of the country, of the priesthood, of episcopal cities, of monasteries, peasants, of religious and scientific culture, &c. Italy and France were the great seats of learning; but so scarce were books, that a good prior could truthfully boast that he possessed all the books in the world. There was a kind of free trade in teaching, however, and educational quacks would upset the minds of foolish youths by their lectures. A treatise of Abbot William on natural philosophy, dating from 1080, though somewhat rationalistic, is curious, as showing the common notions then current. The world is likened to an egg. The earth is the yolk, the water the white, the air the skin, and, lastly, the fire the shell of the egg; only that in that altitude it is too fine to burn! The relation between pope and emperor was sadly reversed under Henry IV. What a change had taken place between the time when the Pope beseeches Charlemagne not to ally himself with that "stinking nation," the Longobards, and the Emperor admonishes the Pope evidently as his superior, and the day when Henry IV. does penance barefoot and in the rigour of winter! Spoilt by bad education, harassed by external foes, and betrayed by his own princes, who were too glad to use the Pope as a pretext for their own rebelliousness, the sad history of that promising prince is well known. We cordially recommend it to the attention of students.

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für d. gebildeten Stände. Von Dr. G. Weber. 1ter Bänd. Leipzig: W. Engelmann. 1857.

[6] Kaiser Heinrich d. Vierte u. sein Zeitalter. Von Hartwig Flotto. 2 Bände. Stuttgart u. Hamburg: Rud. Besser. 1857.

A kindred branch of historical inquiry is that into the history of literature, of which we have two specimens before us. Dr. Arnd[7] has the merit of being the first to give a complete history of French literature during the sixteeenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Without committing ourselves to the correctness of all his judgments, we can cordially recommend the book as a valuable contribution,—more valuable, perhaps, if it had fewer philosophic digressions.

Of a different cast is Cholevius's "History of German Poetry,"[8] in which the author views German poetry in its relation to the antique classical element, and arranges it accordingly. The two great phases of German literature, the antique and the romantic, should, according to Cholevius's view, be combined. To us it appears that our author lays too much value upon the antique and heathen element, while, however, we agree with him that the romantic school has too often presented the merest caricatures of life. In modern times, the antique school was founded again by Winkelmann, continued by Herder, and represented by such men as Stollberg, Voss, and Schiller. The latter is styled the German Homer. He generally fails in his representation of women, except when pourtraying them as suffering and sorrowing. The celebrated song of "Die Glocke," reminds us of the shield of Achilles, in Homer. Often passages from Horace are also recalled. Next we have the period of naturalism, prepared by Goethe, which it need not be said was carried to most unreasonable lengths by his followers. To those who would study German literature in its connexion, we would commend the work of Mr. Cholevius, as a useful auxiliary. Before leaving this subject, we may as well give a passing sentence to three other historical works: Mr. Häusser's "German History from the Death of Frederick the Great,"[9] brings down the record to the formation of the German Federation in 1815. The volume before us (IV.) commences with the so-called Wars of Liberation in 1813. The events of these two years are fully and correctly stated. We have been specially interested with the *exposé* of Russian diplomacy and devices which it affords, and we cordially commend it to attention. Mr. Renmont's "Contributions to Italian History"[10] are interesting essays, based on extensive reading. but vitiated by a popish bias, which continually re-appears. The two volumes before us contain sketches—from the history of the most celebrated Italian families—on the literature of the nineteenth century—from the time of the Reformation—from the lives of Italian artists—on the Great Academy, and others too numerous

[7] Geschichte d. Französischen National-Literatur. Von d. Renaissance bis zu der Revolution. Von Eduard Arnd. 2 Bände. Berlin: Duncker u. Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

[8] Geschichte d. Deutschen Poesie nach ihren Antiken Elementen. Von C. Leo Cholevin. 2 Theile. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1856.

[9] Deutsche Geschichte. Von Todl Friedrich d. Grossen bis zur Gründung d. Deutschen Bandes. Von L. Häusser. 4 Bände. Berlin: Wiedmann. 1857.

[10] Beiträge zur Italienischen Geschichte. Von Alfred von Renmont. 6 Bände. Berlin: Decker. 1857.

to mention. Mr. Mommsen's "Roman History"[11] lies before us in second edition, and from its ability and comprehensiveness well deserves that honour.

An intermediate position between history, properly so called, and biography, affords those correspondences or portraitures of celebrated men, of which so many now appear in Germany. Among them the correspondence between Gentz and Müller[12] deserves the first place,—two rare specimens of the success of journalists. Müller was born at Berlin in 1779. In 1805, he becomes a Roman Catholic in Vienna, and then successively lectures there, at Dresden, and at Berlin. In 1813, he is a state official, and follows, in that capacity, the Emperor to Paris. We find him next as consul-general, at Leipsic, and as the editor of a political journal. He died in 1829, leaving behind him many valuable political works. Gentz was born at Breslau in 1764, entered the Austrian service, and wrote the protocols at all the great European congresses of his time. He died in 1832. The correspondence between the friends is peculiarly piquant. It not only lets us behind the scenes, and describes the impression made upon cotemporaries by passing events, but gives a picture of their private life. Müller was an enthusiastic Catholic; Gentz now half persuaded, then almost an infidel;—both sufficiently concerned for the *principium individuationis*, and not scorning to enter even on the *minutiæ* of cookery. On the whole, these peeps do not increase our admiration either of that period or of its leading men. It is somewhat characteristic to notice the fear with which Gentz contemplated electricity and thunderstorms. A heroine in a different department was Rachel Levin (by birth a Jewess), whose literary sway Mr. Schmidt-Weissenfels[13] describes in such glowing language. Everybody has heard, or should have heard, of the saloon of Rachel, where in Berlin she held sway over the literature of Germany—herself the great female "Schöngeist" of the Fatherland. She was born in June, 1771, and by her extraordinary conversational and epistolary powers, attracted men of letters around her. Never, perhaps, as when the political power of Germany was as its lowest ebb, did its literature flourish so much. Rachel was an enthusiast. She raved about Goethe, whom, to use her language, she adored. On meeting him she was almost in hysterics. She was the friend of Fichte, Humboldt, and La Motte Fouqué, that German knight-errant. She "brought out" Heine, knew Kleist, and was stirred up by the trenchant language of Börne. In short, she was a literary centre. Her hand and heart she gave to the well-known Varnhagen Ense. We cannot say that we are charmed by her rhapsodies, either in literature or religion. But no doubt the ringletted, blue-eyed, fairy-like genius of the saloon was

[11] Römische Geschichte. Von Theodor Mommsen. 3 Bände. 2te Aufl. Berlin: Weidmann. 1857.

[12] Briefwechsel zwischen Fried. Gentz u. ad. H. Müller, 1800—1829. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1857.

[13] Rahel v. ihre Zeit. Von Eduard Schmidt-Weissenfels. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1857.

different from the spasmodically painted portrait of Mr. Schmidt. At any rate, she exercised a vast influence; and however, for our own taste, we vastly prefer a Caroline Perthes, we readily bow before the sway of the departed. To complete our literary budget, we may mention a "Collection of Sclavonic Fables," by Mr. Wenzig,[14] and one of "Lithuanian Proverbs, Enigmas, and Songs," by Mr. Schleicher,[15]—both interesting and instructive. The latter has a neat musical appendix. Dr. Hermann Felten dedicates a little volume of very well-done poetical translations from our English classics (among them some of Burns)[16] to four well-known literary friends in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin.

In church history we have first and foremost the second volume of Dr. Neander's "History of Dogmas,"[17] of which we shall say the less, that we expect so soon to see it in an English garb. The volume before us is most interesting. It traces the history of dogmas during the Middle Ages and after the Reformation. The history is divided into three periods: the first extending to Gregory VII., or the commencement of scholastic theology; the second embracing the first stage of scholasticism; and the third its close, down to and after the Reformation. The reader, who with us may have felt how superficially and summarily scholasticism is dismissed in general, will be thankful for this contribution from one who could so well distinguish and bring out its chracteristic elements. Next in importance are the three volumes of Dr. Heppe on the "Dogmatics of German Protestantism in the Sixteenth Century."[18] The standpoint of the author is sufficiently described by stating that, in opposition to strict Lutheranism and Calvinism, he regards Melancthon as the only genuine representative of Protestantism. The plan of the work is as follows: first, the ancient Protestant dogma, held in common till the Peace of Augsburg, is stated; secondly, it is corroborated by many passages from Protestant writers; thirdly, it is shown how this dogma was set aside by Lutheranism on the one hand, and how, on the other, it developed into the German reformed dogma, and ultimately merged into Reformed theology generally. If we say that this is carried out through the whole range of dogmatics, the reader will gather how much information is compressed into these three volumes; only that it cannot be forgotten that Dr. Heppe sets himself to advocate a certain view. The first dogmatic work of the Reformation were Melancthon's "Lectures on the Romans," afterwards comprised in his

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[14] Westslawischer Mährchenschertz. Deutsch bearbeitet, von Joseph Wenzig. Leipzig: C. B. Lorck. 1857.

[15] Litanische Mährchen, Sprichworte, Rätsel, u. Lieder. Gesammelt u. übersetzt, von August Schleicher. Weimar: H. Böhlan. 1857.

[16] Englische Gedichte, übersetzt, von Dr. Hermann Velten. Aacken, Benrath & Vogelgesang. 1857.

[17] Dr. A. Neander's Christliche Dogmengeschichte. Herausgegeben von Dr. J. L. Jacobi. 2ter Theil. Berlin: Wiegandt u. Grieben. 1857.

[18] Dogmatik d. Deutschen Protestantismus im 16ten Jahrhundert. Von Dr. H. Heppe. 3 Bände. Gotha: F. A. Perthes. 1857.

"Loci Communes." These, however, were only meant to explain the sense of Scripture, and treated of the most important dogmas: such as the Fall, Man's Inability, the Law, the Gospel, Grace, Faith, Justification. Fundamental doctrines, such as the Trinity and the Incarnation, and statements about the Sacraments, were only alluded to in passing. But the controversy with Unitarians and Romanists gave prominence to those points which appeared in the edition of the "Loci," of 1535, and still more in that of 1543. If philosophy was formerly reprobated, it is now reinstated, and some use made of the fathers and of the "consent of the church." Still nothing was to be received as dogmas but what contributed to piety, edification, and confirmation; and dogmatics were to be "an edifying treatise." We cannot mention particularly his other works, of which the most notable was an elaboration of Cruciger's work on the "Nicene Symbol." A similar spirit breathed in the writings of his contemporaries and immediate successors. The first really dogmatic and controversial work of Protestantism was by Robert Barnes, chaplain to Henry VIII. (one of our martyrs), published at Wittenberg in 1536, with a preface by Bugenhagen. The most important reformers after Melancthon were Brenz, the Swabian divine, and Bucer, who was quite at one with Melancthon, only that the Lutheran writers regarded theology in its subjective light, so far as it bore on the individual, while Bucer, who was a Calvinist, viewed it objectively, as bearing on the glory of God. It would require too much space to follow the two churches in their separate development. Reformed theology adopted the analytic, Lutheran the synthetic method. Gradually the latter separated from Melancthon, and disowned the confession of 1540, clinging to the so-called Schmalkald articles of 1537. By-and-bye the Lutherans condemned Melancthon, until Chemnitz made this a criterion of orthodoxy; and Hutter even doubted his ultimate salvation. The Reformed Church of Germany was founded in the Palatinate in 1562. Its exponent is the Heidelberg catechism, and its three great principles are the gracious covenant of God, essential union with Christ, and the perseverance of saints—the latter in preference to Calvin's doctrine of predestination. We have said enough to interest the student in Dr. Heppe's work.

A monograph on "Ulrich Zasius," by Professor Stinzing, of Basle,[19] is probably more curious than important. Zasius was a celebrated lawyer, born at Constance in 1461. Early cast upon the world, since his grandfather had otherwise disposed of his goods, considering that the father of our hero would be unable to marry, as he wanted the fingers of the left hand, our Ulrich went through the various degrees of official life, advancing, with his popularity, from a professorship with a salary of forty-six florins a-year to one at a hundred. It is interesting to notice how this celebrated jurist

[19] Ulrich Zasius: Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte d. Rechtswissenschaft im Zeitalter d. Reformation. Von Dr. A. Hintzing, Prof. d. Rechte zu Basel. Basel: Schweighauser. 1857.

viewed the Reformation. With his friend Erasmus, whom he throughout followed, he first approved of Luther and then drew back. Still the majority in his University of Freiburg were with the reformer; and Zasius sadly complains that his lectures on canon law were nearly empty. Withal, he was a hearty and kind man, who enjoyed life, and in his sixtieth year married a second time, and became the father of seven children. At his table, such men as Eck and Rhegius (both students at Freiburg—the latter boarded with Zasius) met. The volume affords curious glances into university life. At his promotion, an LL.D. rode in state to the church, where he solemnly received book, ring, and hat. On the way sweetmeats were distributed among the people, the whole pageant costing about seventy florins, including the usual wind-up of a feast, with smoking viands and flagons of wine. The Peasants' War in 1525 and the taking of Freiburg decided the old jurist against Luther. He died November 24th, 1535, aged seventy-four.

Holland has this time contributed two historical works: the one, in Dutch, being a promising monograph on "Zwingli," by Dr. Tichler;[20] the other, in excellent German, by Mr. Land.[21] The subject of Mr. Land's tractate is John of Ephesus, the first Syrian ecclesiastical historian. The researches of the author are based on Canon Cureton's "Syriac Edition of the Works of John" (Oxford, 1853). In five sections, the general circumstances of Syrian literature, the historical works of Syria, the biography of John, his method, and the sketch of his history, are traced. John was born in the beginning of the fifth century, and long enjoyed the favour of the Eastern Court. He distinguished himself by converting the heathen in Asia, of whom 70,000 are said to have been baptized by his means. Thus successful, he was employed in similar work at Constantinople. He seems to have proceeded *vi et armis*, advocating that refractory heathens should be thrown to the wild beasts. Apparently, some magistrates also—and they the only honest officials in the city—fell victims. But soon John became Monophysite, and in turn experienced persecution. Irrespective of his peculiar views, his history is valuable. Mr. Land has produced an excellent treatise, and aptly dedicated it to his celebrated teacher, Professor Juynboll, of Leyden. Lastly, on this branch, we have to notice the completion of the late Dr. Gieseler's "Church History," under the editorship of Dr. Redepenning;[22] and a first volume on the "History of Judaism and its Sects," by Dr. Jost.[23] The section of Gieseler before us extends from 1648 to 1814, and bears the same marks of thoroughness and excellency as the other volumes. Dr.

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[20] Huldrich Zwingli de Kerkhervormer door J. Tichler, Theol. Doct., Pred. te Leyden. Met twee Platen. 1ste Dell. Utrecht: Keminck a Zoon. 1857.

[21] Johannes, Bischof von Ephesos, d. erste Syrische Kirchenhistoriker. Einleitende Studien, von. J. P. N. Land. Leyden: E. J. Brill. 1856.

[22] Lehrbuch d. Kirchengeschichte. Von Dr. J. C. L. Gieseler. Herausgegeben von Dr. E. R. Redepenning. 4ter Band. Bonn: Marcus. 1857.

[23] Geschichte d. Judenthums u. Seiner Secten. Von Dr. J. M. Jost. Erste Abtheilung. Leipzig: Dörffling u. Franke. 1857.

Jost is a well-known Jewish historian, whose honesty and straightforwardness favourably distinguish him. His volume extends to the destruction of the temple under Titus. We have been impressed with his emphatic disavowal of the crucifixion, which he ascribes to a wicked and fanatical section of the Sanhedrim. He also expresses his belief in the historical reality of most of the New Testament history. Students of Jewish history will find the book well deserving their attention, though with us, they would, perhaps, wish to see it a little more extended.

Not exactly historical, but allied to it, are certain works on India and Egypt before us. To the first class belongs Mr. Koeppen's "Religion of Buddha."[24] The author first treats of the development in India previous to Buddhism, of the origin of castes, &c., then of the life of Buddha, and, lastly, of Buddhism as a system, of its monks and priests, of its laity and morals, of its worship and contemplation. We have already stated that, like the philosophy of Schoppenhauer, it springs from a deep disgust of the world, engendered in those thinking minds who had not found rest in Christ. According to the Vedanta, only Brahma, i.e., pure being, really *exists;* all the world does not exist, save in appearance, and is unreality. Everything, therefore, which appears is destined and intended to return into Brahma, and this constitutes its salvation. On the other hand, the Sankhja denies Brahma, and makes matter and individual souls to be the sole reality. Buddhism goes a step further, and denies not only the creative Brahma, but also eternal matter or nature. It is an atheism, without God and without nature, in which the "*Tohu va Bohu*" occupies the place of Brahma and of eternal nature. The world arises from this emptiness, and everything is empty. Everything that is, or appears to be, is nothing, arose from nothing, and shall become nothing. This vast moral scepticism which, in opposition to the pride of the Brahmins, leads to a complete levelling of all, is, however, not consistent throughout, as it, for example, admits the migration of souls, &c. The highest aim of the Buddhist is to seek annihilation. This is not necessarily attained at death, on account of the migration of souls, but by the extinction of all desires and attachment to being. The four great truths which Buddha preached near Benares, are thus formulated: *Pain, the origin of pain, the annihilation of pain, and the way in which this annihilation is to be attained.* However grateful we feel to Mr. Koeppen for his able contribution, we must express our decided protest against the unwarrantable and frivolous manner in which Christianity is ranked along with the religions of error. From the fertile pen of Dr. Uhlemann we have three works on Egypt. The first of these is entitled "Three Days in Memphis."[25] The

[24] Die Religion des Buddha u. ihre Entstehung. Von C. Fr. Koeppen. Berlin: Schneider. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

[25] Drei Tage in Memphis. Ein Beitrag zur Kenntniss d. Volks u. Familienlebens d. alten Ægypter. Von Dr. Max Uhlemann. Göttingen: Vandenhoek u. Rupricht. 1856.

author wanders in spirit, under the guidance of the god Horus, through the ancient Egyptian capital; and in the garb of an interesting story, describes family and popular life. The second and third treatises form the two first volumes of a comprehensive manual on Egyptian antiquities. Vol. I. is a "History of Egyptian Studies."[26] Probably many of our readers know that two systems divide the learned world on the subject of hieroglyphics. The one, that of Champollion, regards the hieroglyphics as symbols of *ideas*, the other, that of Seyffarth, as *phonetic symbols*. Even the followers of Champollion allow that proper names were written with phonetic hieroglyphics; and both reason and experience seem to point towards the ascendancy of the views of Seyffarth. Dr. Uhlemann has further applied and developed this system, and ranks high as an Egyptian scholar. In another volume the same author gives us the "Archæology of Egypt,"[27] in a manner equally comprehensive and thorough. We could wish to see this volume translated into English. While on the subject of ancient languages, we may mention that Mr. Stier[28] has just supplied a long-felt desideratum, in giving us a "Hebrew Vocabulary for the Use of Schools." The part before us arranges the verbs, giving a full index of them. Of a kindred nature is Dr. Friedlander's "Hebrew Scholæ,"[29]—a useful adjunct for teaching Hebrew to young people. The Oriental scholar will be interested in the appearance of Rabbi Jehuda Ben Kareish's "Hebrew Epistle on the Use of the Targum," with an able Hebrew biography, by Mr. Goldberg.[30] Of Greek grammars we have a Latin elaboration of Winer's "New Testament Grammar," by no less a person than Mr. Beelen,[31] an honorary chamberlain of Pio Nono, and professor at Louvain. The work is mainly a reproduction of the German, with a few omissions and additions. In the first sheets the accents are omitted; and we must rest satisfied with the author's assurance, to the effect that the reason of this is not important to the reader.

In exegetics, the first place is due to the continuation of the late Dr. Drechsler's "Commentary on Isaiah," by Drs. Delitzsch and Hahn.[32] We may congratulate the theological world that this great work is at last finished. In the part before us, Dr. Hahn comments on chap. xl. to the end: dividing these prophecies into

[26] Handbuch d. Gesammten Ægyptischen Alterthamskunde. 1ster Theil—Geschichte d. Ægyptologie. Von Dr. Max Uhlemann. Leipzig: Wigand. 1857.

[27] Ægyptische Archäologie. Von Dr. Max Uhlemann. Leipzig: Wigand. 1857.

[28] Hebräisches Vocabularium zum Schulgebrauch. Zusammengestellt von G. Stier. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner. 1857.

[29] Scholæ Hebraicæ Minores. Curavit Dr. C. A. Friedländer. Fasc. I. Berlin: Springer. 1857.

[30] R. Jehuda Ben Kareish: Epistola de Stadii Targum Utilitate. Ediderunt J. J. L. Bargés et D. B. Goldberg. Paris: Duprat. 1857.

[31] Grammatica Græcitatis Novi Testamenti, quam ad G. Wineri ejusdem argumenti librum. Composuit J. Th. Beelen. Louvain: Fontyn. 1857.

[32] Der Prophet Jesaja. Uebersetzt u. erklärt von Dr. M. Drechsler. Nach d. Tode Drechsler fortgesetzt u. vollendet von Dr. F. Delitzsch u. Dr. A. Hahn. 3 Theile. Berlin: Schlawitz. 1857.

three times nine addresses, each consisting again of three times three. Delitzsch adds a few concluding remarks, in which he occasionally dissents from Hahn. Delitzsch divides the prophecies in the following manner: 1. Chaps. i. to vi., The Hardening; 2. Chaps. vii. to xii., Immanuel; 3. Chaps. xiii. to xxiii., Judgment and Salvation of the Heathen; 4. Chaps. xxiv. to xxvii., The General Judgment of the World; 5. Chaps. xxviii. to xxxiii., The Apostacy of Ashur and its consequences; 5. Chaps. xxxiv. and xxxv., The Judgment of the World; 7. Chap. xxxvi. to xxxix., The Fall of Ashur. Then in the following three sections: 1. Chaps. xl. to xlviii., Deliverance of Israel from Babylon and Destruction of Idols; 2. Chaps. xlix. to lvii., The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ—Israel fulfils its Great Calling for the World; 3. Chaps. lviii. to lxvi., Climax, showing the Future Glory. The commentary is thoroughly orthodox, and as able as we would expect from those who had written it. The only other commentary which we shall notice, is that on "Esther," by Dr. Nickes, a Benedictine monk, at Rome.[33] A Biblical commentary by a monk, written at Rome, dedicated to the Cardinal, Chief of the Congregation of the Index, and printed by the Propaganda—will the reader expect a religious or a scientific work? We assure him he will find neither. A wordy and unmeaning congeries of dissertations, pedantic, laboured, and trifling.

On the subject of theology, properly so called, we have a new edition, by Dr. Krabbinger, of St. Ambrose's book on the "Duty of the Clergy,"[34]—an excellent edition, furnished with good annotations, which form the larger portion of the volume. Similarly we have a treatise, by Dr. Lisco,[35] on the "Dogmatics of the well-known Theologia Germanica," followed by a brief but good sketch of the "History of Mysticism to the time of Luther." A neat and useful work this. Dr. Lechler writes a book on the "New Testament Doctrine of the Ministry, with special reference to the present Political State of the Lutheran Church."[36] The author treats, first, of the institution of the kingdom of God; next, of that of the ministry; then, of its various degrees in apostolic and in our days; lastly, of the qualifications for it, of ordination, and of clerical duties. The book contains much that is valuable, but is fearfully Lutheran and priestly. The writer believes in the supremacy of Peter, that ordination is a sacrament, that the Holy Spirit is given in it, that the priest does officially communicate blessings and what not.

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[33] De Estheræ libro et ad eum quæ pertinent vaticiniis et Psalmis, libri tres quos scripsit D. Joannes Aus. Nickes. Pars prior. Romæ: typis S. C. de Propaganda Fide. 1856.

[34] S. Ambrosii: Episcopi Mediol. de Officiis Ministrorum. Libri III. cum Paulini libello de Vita S. Ambrosii. Recognovit et Illustravit J. G. Krabbinger. Tubingen: Laupp. 1857.

[35] Die Heilslehre d. Theologia Deutsch nebst einen auf sie bezüglichen Abreiser d. Christl. Mystik bis auf Luther. Von Dr. F. G. Lisco. Stuttgart: Liesching. 1857.

[36] Die Neubestennentliche Lehre vom heil. Amte in ihren Grundlagen. Dargestellt u. auf d. bestenhenden Rechtsverhältnisse. d. Evang. Luther. Kirche Deutschlands. Angewendet, von Dr. K. Lechler. Stuttgart: Steinkopf. 1857.

Lastly, Pastor Ehmann collects and reprints Œtinger's "Sermons."[37] It is well known that this celebrated Wurtemburg divine was a Theosophic Mystic, distinguished not only for his faithfulness and popularity, but for introducing the knowledge of Swedenborgianism into Germany, and doing stout battle against Semmler. We have no doubt this divine was useful in his time, but we cannot see what good purpose the republication of his sermons can serve. In these circumstances, generally, the husks are taken, and the kernel is left.

We would fain not part on theological, but on secular ground. Has the reader ever heard of Caspar Hauser whom Professor Eschricht, of Copenhagen, introduces once more, first to a Danish, and then to a German audience?[38] It will be remembered that one day in 1828, an apparently idiotic lad was found in the streets of Nuremburg, who, from the mystery that hung over his parentage, and his imperfect mental development soon attracted attention. Police officials questioned him in due form, professors examined him, a royal commission was appointed to investigate his history, and last though not least, Lord Stanhope adopted him. The excitement of the people reached its climax, when it was circulated that his life was attempted. Armed soldiers now guarded him day and night. He was declared to be a son of Napoleon, or at least some unknown and ill-used prince. At last he actually fell, whether by his own hand or another's, it was never ascertained. Since then, opinions have been pretty unanimous in representing him as a half-witted boy, purposely exposed by unfeeling parents. The whole story well exhibited the want of practical sense among our German friends, and this somewhat tedious book is none less a confirmation of it. We close the year's review by mentioning that Gregorovius has attempted to show that Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" contains the germ of all socialistic elements.[39] For ourselves, whatever we thought of the ability, we never admired the tendency of the book. To the reader who wishes to peruse an able and well-done *résumé* of present events and persons, we cordially recommend Brokhaus's "Supplement to the Conversations-Lexicon,"[40] of which seven other numbers lie on our study table.

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[37] Des Würtembergischen Prälaten F. C. Œtinger sämmtliche Predigten, zum ersten Male vollständig gesammelt. Von K. Ch. E. Ehmann. Reutlingen: Rupp u. Barr. 5 Bände. 1857.

[38] Unverstand u. schlechte Erziehung. Vier populäre Vorlesungen über Kaspar Hauser. Von Dr. D. F. Eschricht, Professor zu Kopenhagen. Berlin: Decker. 1857.

[39] Goethe's Wilhelm Meister in seinen socialistischen Elementen entwickelt. Von Ferd. Gregorovius, Schwäb. Halle: Fischhaber. 1855.

[40] Unsere Zeit. Jahrbuch zum Conversations-Lexicon. Heft II.—VIII. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1857.

Brief Notices.

BRITISH LAND BIRDS. Pp. 282. London: Religious Tract Society. 1857.

WE have not seen any book belonging to general literature published by the Religious Tract Society, which has given us so much pleasure as the volume before us, and we recommend it most cordially to our juvenile readers. The compiler is evidently not only well acquainted with the best works on the subject, but is himself an observer of that interesting class of the animal creation which he describes. The book abounds with curious and entertaining anecdotes. The engravings are extremely well executed; the attitudes of the birds are most true to nature; and we cannot bestow higher praise than to say, that on looking at them, we thought them scarcely inferior to the workmanship of Thomas Bewick, in that chosen companion of our boyhood, his "British Birds."

LABOUR AND LIVE: a Story. By the Author of "Blenham." London: Wm. Freeman. 1857.

THE author of "Blenham" has succeeded in weaving a second story no less interesting than the first. The mystery of the plot in "Labour and Live" is well sustained to the last, whilst the characters are vividly and naturally drawn. The gloomy and reserved spirit of Mr. Heathcote, tempered by his lurking affection for his son and devoted attachment to the memory of the past; the innocent wildness of the "Child of Solitude;" Aunt Deborah, the cheerful yet the suffering; the subdued Mrs. Norton; the gay young folk who give the tone and brightness to this picture of life, and for whom the *dénouement* is arranged and brought about—all cleverly pourtrayed—show that Mr. Elliott is master of some of the best elements of story-telling. The present tale is healthy in its tone, and points many a moral which the world would do well to learn. Throughout the narrative there runs a harmless current of satire, which gives an agreeable zest to the conversations, and is in good keeping with the character of those who use this generally dangerous weapon.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WESTERN TEXAS: Descriptive and Narrative (including an Indian campaign). By Two of the U. S. Mounted Rifles. London: Cash & Co. 1857.

THIS is the narrative of two young men who served nearly four years in the U. S. Mounted Rifles, against the frontier Indians of Texas, and who found upon their return to their native country a third person ready to clothe their adventures and experience in appropriate language, and give them a form and address fitted for public presentation. The most interesting portions of the work are those devoted to a description of the climate and scenery, natural productions, zoology, and inhabitants of this wild and beautiful,

though comparatively little known country. It is now several years since Texas was regarded as a favourable region for emigration; yet there are still living many families who rue the hour when they were first tempted to quit England for that productive and ill-regulated state. Not only is the Indian hostile to the new settlers; the dangerous insects of every kind which swarm in this delectable climate war against his peace, and make it anything but a desirable abiding-place. Of course, as the hand of man cultivates the soil, and uproots the mighty forests that abound there, and drains the heavy swamps that breed the noxious vermin and create disease, these disadvantages will gradually vanish; and then, probably, no country will be better adapted for colonization, or repay more prolifically the care and the toil of the husbandman. We cannot enter into a description of the adventures of the two brothers. The reader will find, however, much that is amusing and instructive in "Recollections of Western Texas."

A KEY TO THE ADULTERATION OF OUR DAILY FOOD: Compiled from the Evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons in the years 1855–56. By William Dalton. London: Marlborough & Co. 1857.

THOSE who have not had the opportunity or leisure to run through the minutes of evidence published by the committee appointed by the House of Commons to investigate the question of the adulteration of food, will find Mr. Dalton's book a convenient and useful compendium. "Adulteration," says Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall, "I find to prevail in nearly all articles that it will pay to adulterate." And what articles, we may venture to ask, that constitute a substance for food, will not pay for adulteration? A cheap substitute, we believe, may be found for everything that we eat or drink. It is the bane of society that we live in a state so dependent upon the honesty and caprice of unscrupulous persons; and when we read the accounts of the manner in which our most essential food is corrupted, we might with reason exclaim, "There is death in the pot." However, we have the consolation that if there are to be found persons who wilfully adulterate our food, there are also scientific chemists who can detect the fraud, and thus, in a measure, protect society.

SCRIPTURE STUDIES; or, Expository Readings in the Old Testament. With an Appendix. By Rev. G. S. Drew, M.A.

THIS volume is very similar to the preceding—similar in its object, and not unlike in its execution. Both for its matter and tone, we can cordially recommend it to all readers who take interest in such subjects.

ADOLPHE MONOD'S FAREWELL TO HIS FRIENDS AND THE CHURCH. Translated from the French. London: Jas. Nisbet & Co. 1857.

WHEN we have said that this farewell consists of a series of addresses delivered by the illustrious French preacher, during the last six months of his life, to friends standing around his bed-side, we shall have said enough to excite the deepest interest in the book. From

the preface we gather that M. Monod "resolved to partake of the Lord's Supper every Sunday, and to admit a few friends to partake of it with him." Such was the origin and the occasion of these addresses. They — twenty-five in all — embrace a wide range of subjects, the concluding one of which is "God is love." What could have been more appropriate than this last testimony of the dying servant of God? Richest Christian sentiment, the most profound submission, and the most exalted faith, are blended with the deepest tenderness and feeling, throughout these discourses, indicating a mind that was "meetened for the inheritance of the saints in light." We trust that many will derive consolation from the last words of Adolphe Monod, who "being dead, yet speaketh." Of the translation we cannot say anything, as we have not had an opportunity of comparing it with the original.

SUCH IS LIFE: Sketches and Poems. By Double-You. London: Samuel Eyre. 1857.

MANY persons will purchase this book for the sake of the cover and frontispiece, drawn by-the-bye by Robert Dudley, rather than for the merits of the tales and versification within. Double-You is not only an unskillful story-teller, but is at the same time miserably prosaic in his style—a style infinitely different from that of Mr. Charles Dickens, to whom the hundred and sixty pages are dedicated by permission.

A MANUAL OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY. By Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

THE object of the author in these pages is to adopt a middle course —to give in his own words a brief Scriptural history, and accompany the same with remarks instructive and useful, though not too elaborate, explanatory of many of the peculiarities which meet us in the sacred narrative. The work may be profitably studied by young persons, and is, therefore, suitable for schools and private families. The principal value of such a work, when well written, is, that it gives freshness and novelty to familiar scenes, making the reader feel almost as if he were perusing a new history. It is not unlike studying the Bible in a new language, which continually suggests ideas that did not strike us in the old familiar version of our childhood.

THE OLD BACHELOR OF THE OLD SCOTTISH VILLAGE. By Thomas Aird. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. William Blackwood & Sons. 1857.

SOME of the descriptions of Scottish scenery and character in this little volume are exquisitely fine. That Mr. Aird is a poet, his prose demonstrates. But some of the tales are so wild, and the tragic element so largely preponderates in the book, that we have our doubts as to its healthy tendency. Even we, accustomed as we are to all sorts of writings, have shuddered at two or three of these dark tales. A proof of the author's dramatic power, but a proof, also, that the multiplication of such books would hardly be a blessing to the country.

Books Received.

Adeline: Mysteries and Realities of Jewish Life. (Run and Read Lib.) 296 pp. Simpkin & Co.
Aird's (Thos.) Old Bachelor of the Old Scottish Village. 2nd edit., 323 pp. Blackwood & Sons.
Alexander on the Acts of the Apostles. Vols. I. & II. Nisbet.
Alexander's (Rev. Thos., M.A.) New Year's Address to S. S. Teachers. 16 pp. S. S. Union.
American Monthly. No. I., November. Trübner & Co.
Anti-Slavery Advocate, for November. Wm. Tweedie.
Aveling's (Rev. Thos.) England's Faults and India's Claims. 16 pp. Judd & Glass.
Buchanan's (Robt. W.) Poems and Love-Lyrics. 146 pp. Glasgow: Murray & Son.
Cassell's (John) Art Treasures' Exhibition. Part VI. Kent & Co.
Cassell's (John) Illustrated Almanac for 1858. Kent & Co.
Chapeltown, or the Fellow-Students. 192 pp. Ward & Co.
Christian Errors Infidel Arguments: Seven Dialogues. 372 pp. Edinburgh: Elliot.
Churches, sects, and Religious Parties. 337 pp. Dolman.
Clark (Rev. Jas.) Outlines of Theology. Vol. II., 433 pp. Ward & Co.
Cobbin's (J. I.) Chants for Congregations and Sunday Schools. 24 pp. Sunday School Union.
Cole's (Alfred W.) Lorimer Littlegood. Parts V. and VI. James Blackwood.
Commentary Wholly Biblical. Part XIII. Samuel Bagster & Sons.
Congregational Pulpit, for November. Judd & Glass.
Conscience's (Hendrick) Demon of Gold. 226 pp. Wm. Lay, King William Street, Strand.
Cousin's (William) The Two Cities: New Year's Parable for Sunday Scholars. 16 pp. S. S. Union.
Craik's (Georgiana M.) Riverston. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Darling's (James) Cyclopædia Bibliographica. Subjects: Part II. Darling, 81, Gt. Queen Street.
Ellis's (Wm.) Religion in Common Life. 470 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Fitzhugh (Fras.) Curse of Schamyl; and other Poems. 119 pp. Sutherland & Knox.
Fraser's Magazine, for November. Jno. W. Parker & Son.
Freytag's Debit and Credit (with preface by Chev. Bunsen). 2 vols. Constable.
Gathered Gems from Orations of Edward Irving. 208 pp. Jas. Nisbet & Co.
Glendenning's (Rev. Jno.) Fast-Day Sermon. 16 pp. Jackson & Walford.
Homilist, for November. Ward & Co.
Homilist. Vol. VI. Ward & Co.
Hutton's (Jas.) A Hundred Years Ago: an Historical Sketch. 405 pp. Longmans.
Irving's Catechism of General Knowledge. New edit., 124 pp. Aylott & Co.
Jewish Chronicle, for November. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.
Jewitt's (Llewellyn) Antennæ; and other Poems. 159 pp. Longmans.
John H. Steggall: a Real History of a Suffolk Man. 312 pp. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
Keil and Bertheau's Commentaries on Kings and Chron. 2 vols, pp. 450 & 463. T. & T. Clark.
Leisure Hour, for November. Religious Tract Society.
Lewis's (Richd.) Our Life-Boat. 24 pp. Roy. Nat. Life-boat Association.
Liberator, for November. Houlston & Wright.
Lisle's (Anna) Almost, or Crooked Ways: a Tale. 269 pp. Groombridge & Sons.
Livingstone's (Dr.) Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa. 688 pp., maps, &c. Murray
London University Magazine, for November. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
Marsh's (Rev. E. G., M.A.) Second Essay on Divorce. 24 pp. Nisbet.
Meek's (Rev. Robt., M.A.) Memorials of Ensign A. M. H. Cheek. 70 pp. Nisbet.
Metropolis of the Water-Cure: Malvern, &c. 204 pp. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
Murray's (P. J.) Life of John Banim, the Irish Novelist. 334 pp. Wm. Lay.
Normandy's (Lord) Year of Revolution in Paris. 2 vols. Longmans.
Notes on Scripture Lessons, for January, 1858. 20 pp. Sunday School Union.
Notes on Scripture Lessons, for 1857. 282 pp. Sunday School Union.
Onesimus. Papers for the People. No. II.: Reading-Books—Best Book. Judd & Glass.
Our Home Islands: their Natural Features. 318 pp. Religious Tract Society.
Patagonian Mission: Brief Reply to Charges of W. Parker Snow. Bristol: Chillcott.
Petherick's (Rev. I.) Essay on the Atonement. 255 pp. Bath: Binns & Goodwin.
Phillips's (Dr. P. L.) Principles of Agriculture, especially Tropical, &c. 203 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Presbyterian Liturgies; with Specimens of Forms of Prayer for Public Worship. 57 pp. Macphail.
Psalms and other portions of Scripture for Chanting. 40 pp. Sunday School Union.
Pupil-Teacher. Nos. 1, 2, 3. G. J. Stevenson.
Quatrefages's (A. de) Rambles of a Naturalist. 2 vols., pp. 355 & 375. Longmans.
Reed's (E. J.) Corona; and other Poems. 130 pp. Longmans.
Revue Chrétienne, for November. No. XI. Paris: Ch. Meyreuis et Cie.
Ritchie's (J. Ewing) The London Pulpit. 2nd edit., 236 pp. Wm. Tweedie.
Royle's (Dr J. Forbes) Cotton Culture: Review of Indian Measures. 104 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Serjeant's (Rev. J. F.) New Year's Address to Parents. 16 pp. Sunday School Union.
Shipley's (Rev. Orby, M.A.) Purgatory of Prisoners. 150 pp. Joseph Masters.
Sinclair (Cath.) Torchester Abbey, or Cross Purposes. (Run and Read Lib.) 431 pp. Simpkin & Co.
Stovel's (Rev. C.) India: its Crimes and Claims. 31 pp. Jackson & Walford.
Sunday at Home, for December. Religious Tract Society.
Sunday School Teacher's Class Register, 1858. Sunday School Union.
Sunday Scholar's Penny Almanac for 1858. Sunday School Union.
Thompson's (Rev. D.) Sabbath School: its Aspect to Church and World. 22 pp. Judd & Glass.
Three Serjeants (The), or Phases of the Soldier's Life. 302 pp. Effingham Wilson.
Voices from the Rocks: a Reply to Hugh Miller's "Testimony," &c. 147 pp. Judd & Glass.
Wallace's (T.) Devotional Retirement: Scriptural Admonitions for Closet. 692 pp. Griffin & Co.
Wright's (Rev. Geo.) Geology and Genesis. 268 pp. John Snow.

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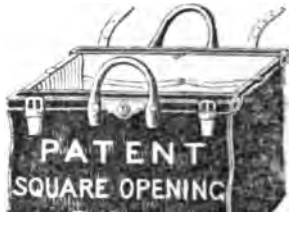

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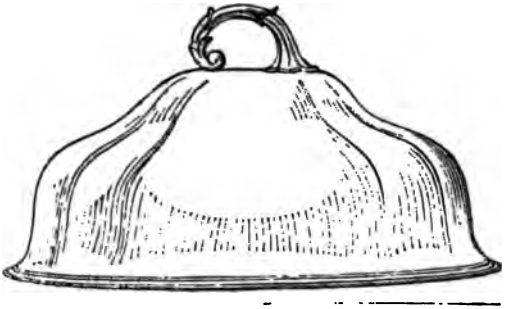

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THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW:

A

Critical Journal

OF

BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

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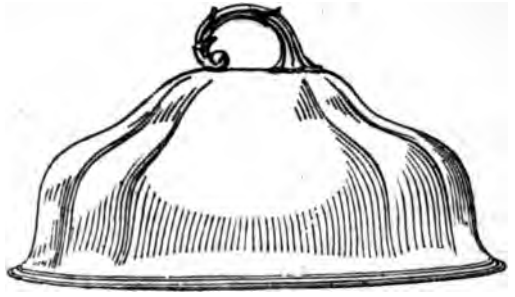

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